

REAL SPECIAL EDITION CRIME ANNUAL

INSIDE THE MINDS OF
HISTORY'S SICKEST CRIMINALS

VOLUME 4



132
PAGES
OF TRUE
CRIME



MEETING
'MR KIPPER'

KIDS
THAT KILL

STANFORD PRISON
EXPERIMENT

Digital
Edition



VOLUME 4

WELCOME TO

REAL CRIME ANNUAL

EVERY FEW YEARS THE NEWS OF A BRUTAL MURDER BREAKS – A SLAYING SO HEINOUS AND SICKENING THAT AS MUCH AS IT REPULSES US, IT ALSO INTRIGUES US. IN 1991, THE SORDID TALE OF JEFFREY DAHMER'S 13-YEAR REIGN OF TERROR HIT THE HEADLINES. READ ON TO FIND OUT THE TRUTH ABOUT DAHMER'S CRIMES AND HOW THE WORLD REACTED. ELSEWHERE, FIND OUT HOW COPS BUSTED THE BIGGEST LOTTERY SCAM IN AMERICA, AND DELVE INTO THE SEEDY UNDERBELLY OF 1960S LONDON.

「 FUTURE 」

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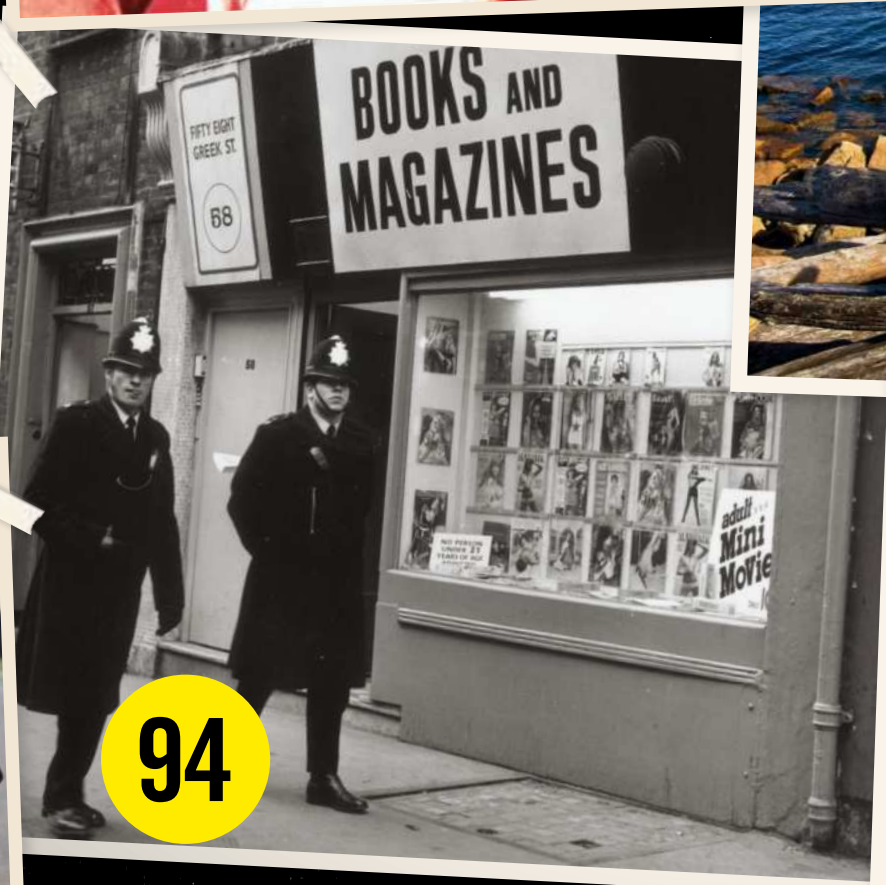
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EVERY PARENT'S NIGHTMARE

KIDS THAT KILL

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH TWO 10-YEAR-OLD CHILDREN WHO MURDER A TODDLER?

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

A mob of people 300 strong gathered outside the South Sefton Magistrates' Court on 22 February 1993, baying for blood as the trial of two 11-year-old boys was referred to Preston Crown Court. In the meantime, the accused and their families, with new identities, laid low away from the area until 1 November, when Robert Thompson and Jon Venables returned to face trial. They are to date among the youngest offenders to ever stand trial for murder in England. Outside the doors of the court, the public queued from 7am hoping to snag one of 48 seats in the public gallery, as the trial of the century began. Venables and Thompson, accused of the cold and calculating murder of a little boy, would be tried as adults despite their young age. Only a select few journalists were allowed access and media reports on the two defendants were allowed to name them only as Child A and Child B to protect their identities. Not since the case of Mary Bell, a child who strangled two toddlers in 1968, had such a crime captivated the nation.

"I WANT MY MUM"

Barely able to touch the floor with their feet, the two chubby-cheeked defendants sat on chairs that had been raised almost half a metre in order to allow them to see over the top of the rails. The sight of them in the dock was shocking; their ages alone stunned the public – but the harrowing account of the suffering that their victim, a toddler only two years old, had endured as he cried out for his mother was gut wrenching.

Thompson and Venables had stolen James Bulger away in a busy shopping centre in Liverpool on 12 February 1993. Captured on camera in one of the most iconic stills in criminal history, the boys took James by the hand and led him out of the shopping centre and away from his mother, who was paying for her shopping just metres from her son. They walked him four kilometres up the road to a disused railway line, where they kicked, stoned and beat the toddler to death. What the boys did next churned every parent's



stomach. The boys placed the tiny broken body on the railway tracks, weighing it down with boulders, and left. The victim's body was sawn in two by a train. After hours of interviews and interrogations, Venables admitted he had killed the child. Thompson, also implicated in the killing, was less forthcoming with details, but his involvement in the murder was evident. It would be the jury's job to decide to what extent the boys were responsible for their actions.

The presiding judge, Sir Michael Morland, ordered that the hours of the trial be similar to the children's school days – starting at 10.30am and finishing at 3.30pm. Addressing the court and the judge, Thompson's defence attorney David Turner argued that his client could not receive a fair trial due to the media coverage of the two boys, in which they had been branded “evil”, “demonic”, “monsters” and “fiends” over the months prior. He also requested that the two evidence photos of James's head be removed because of the, “potential emotional effect on the jury”. The judge denied both requests.

In his opening speech, lead prosecution counsel Richard Henriques, QC, told the court that the aim of the trial was to prove three things: that the boys killed James; that they had intended to do it; and that when they did, they knew their actions to be wrong. The boys were also charged with the attempted abduction of another boy prior to the murder of James. They denied all of these charges.

James's mother, Denise, heavily pregnant with her second child at the time, did not attend the court hearing, but his father, Ralph, sat within metres of his son's killers and their parents – Venables's mother (Susan) and father (Neil), and Thompson's mother (Anne). Like Denise, Thompson's father did not attend the hearing either. Accusing stares bore into the parents, who were under scrutiny from the watchful eyes that blamed them for their sons' behaviour.

BODY OF PROOF

In painstaking detail, the final thoughts and feelings of James were illustrated by his extensive injuries, which were shockingly grotesque and begged the question of how children could be so cruel. Exhibits submitted to the court included: a box of 27 bricks; a bloodstained stone found near a child's scarf; a selection of debris found around the body; his blood-soaked underpants that had been removed and placed over his bloody face as he lay dying; and an iron bar measuring half a metre long and weighing ten kilograms – the bar that was used to administer some of the 42 injuries that led to the young boy's death.

It took pathologist Dr Alan Williams more than half an hour to describe the external injuries that James had suffered: 22 bruises, splits and grazes were found on his head and 20 more wounds on his body, many of which were less than 2.5 square centimetres large, while others were much bigger. The post-mortem examinations revealed that James had been struck by at least 30 blows, and that for a brief period of time he survived his injuries, before succumbing to the arduous pain he was suffering from. Extensive brain damage was evident, including a haemorrhage at the centre of his brain. Bruising on his right cheek and ear was consistent with a severe blow to the area such as stamping or kicking – the tread pattern matched Thompson's boot. Once dead, Venables and Thompson moved James's beaten body to the train tracks to make his death look like a tragic accident.

The victim had suffered so many injuries during his attack that it was impossible to tell what might have been the fatal

blow. Many of the injuries on his legs had been inflicted while he was naked. Prosecutors alleged that the boys had stripped him from the waist down. They also argued that the foreskin of his penis had shown signs of trauma, suggesting that one or both of the boys had sexually assaulted the victim. However, the sexual motivation behind such a crime was not explored thoroughly during the trial for the want of limiting stress to the victim's family. When questioned about the trauma James's genitals and rectum had suffered during his initial police interview, Thompson became distressed, screaming, “I'm not a pervert,” adding that Venables would tell the police that his friend had removed Bulger's trousers and underwear and, “...played with his privates.”

THE LIVERPOOL 38

During their walk across Liverpool, 38 people spotted the three boys. Some had enquired as to why they were unattended; some asked them why the youngest of the three had a grazed forehead; all were met with innocent smiles and angelic voices. When challenged, the boys lied and said that James was their younger brother, or they told people they had found the lost tot and were taking him to the police station for safety, leading no one to suspect anything might be wrong.

One of the most important witnesses to the whole case was Diane Power, a woman whose son, much like the little boy who was now dead, had been lured away by the two boys who sat in the dock. She had been in Bootle Strand Shopping Centre that day when she noticed her son's absence from her side. When she searched for him, she almost immediately found him with the two boys a short distance away. She called her son back to her, thinking nothing sinister of the two, but in court she cried as she realised the gravity of what could have happened to her child.

Despite the inability to pick up their first victim, the boys were spotted on one of 16 CCTV cameras later that afternoon enticing James to follow them. At 3.42pm, Venables, dressed in a mustard coat, is seen holding James's hand, leading him through the crowds while Thompson was up ahead, carving out a route through the busy shopping centre. It is an image that over the years would become iconic, sending an icy shiver down the spines of all who see it. They know the little boy in Venables's grasp is just hours away from death, and the surrounding people in the shopping centre know nothing about it. Less than a couple of minutes afterwards, his mother can be seen on a separate security camera looking for the little boy who has disappeared.

Lorna Brown gave evidence that she had seen James with the two boys and a fresh-looking bump on his forehead. She too broke down in court, giving her evidence through tears. 45-year-old Kathleen Richardsdon spotted Thompson, Venables and James as she passed them on the number 67a bus. She saw the boys, with James between them, hoisting him into the air by his hands and swinging him about. She shouted: “What the hell are those kids doing to that poor child. What kind of parents have they got to allow them out



ABOVE On the day Bulger was killed, Venables (left) and Thompson (right) were at the Strand Shopping Centre thieving sweets and a tin of lead paint. Police identified paint stains on Bulger's body



“ THE BOYS PLACED THE TINY BROKEN BODY ON THE RAILWAY TRACKS, WEIGHING IT DOWN WITH BOULDERS, AND LEFT. THE VICTIM'S BODY WAS SAWN IN TWO BY A TRAIN ”

ROUTE TO EVIL

IN JAMES BULGER'S FINAL HOURS, HIS KILLERS PARADED HIM ACROSS LIVERPOOL, THEIR PHYSICAL ABUSE ESCALATING. WITNESSES CAN ACCOUNT FOR THEIR MOVEMENTS AT ALMOST EVERY STEP OF THE WAY

STRAND SHOPPING CENTRE

Bulger is sat outside the butchers in the shopping centre. A woman notices him "skipping and running" towards his abductors. A taxi driver outside sees the little boy "yanked up and carried off" by Thompson and Venables.

CANAL

Another witness notices the three boys near the canal. James looks "extremely distressed."

POST OFFICE

A witness sees Bulger with two boys who are carrying him across the road. She notices that he has a bump on his forehead.

BREEZE HILL

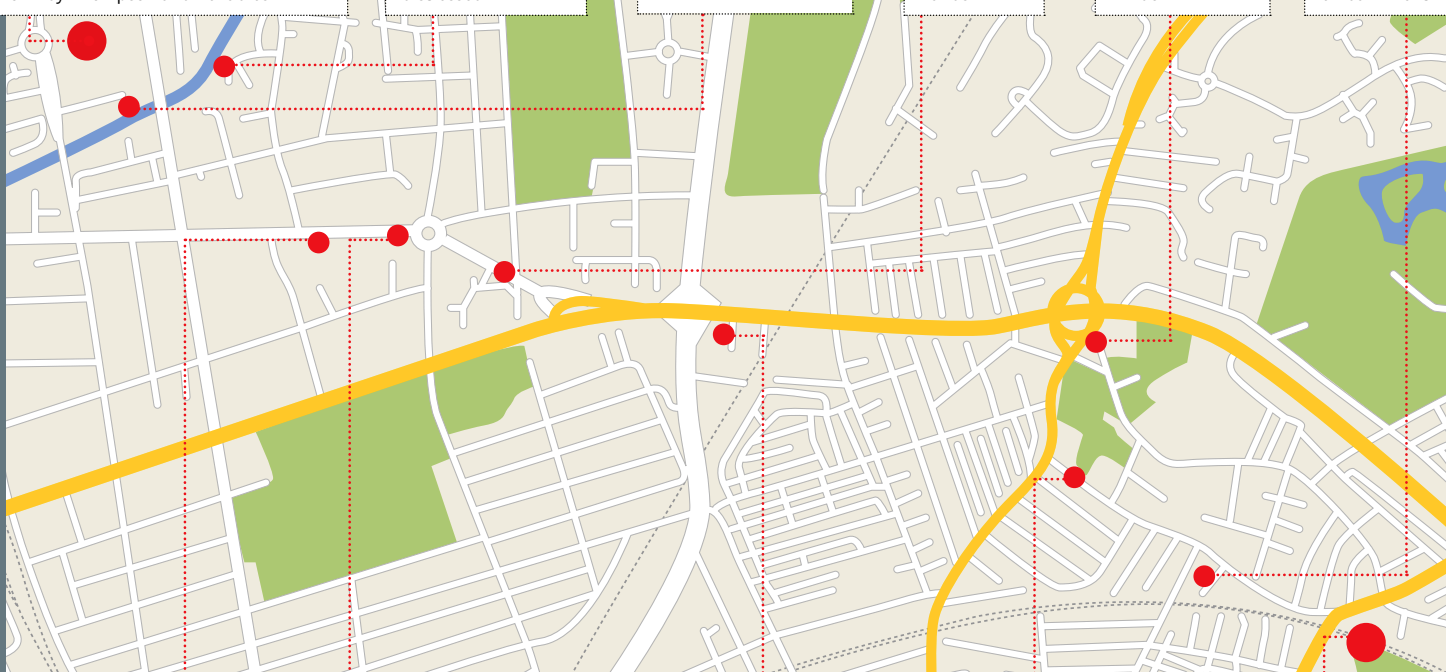
A young woman sees the killers holding James's hands.

COUNTY ROAD WALTON VILLAGE

A woman hears James moaning outside of her living room window.

TUNDRA CLOSE

Witness H spots the boys carrying Bulger up the embankment.



BREEZE HILL

A passenger on a bus notices the two boys swinging the little tot by his arms.

MERTON ROAD

A driver notices James leaning back and digging his heels in. One of the boys delivers a kick to the boy's body to speed him up.

MANOR CLOSE

A woman spots the killers shaking their helpless victim.

CHURCH ROAD WEST

A boy who knew the killers spots them with the younger boy and tells them to take him home.

WALTON TRAIN TRACKS

Using rocks, bricks and a metal bar, Thompson and Venables kill Jamie and then mutilate his body.



ABOVE The arresting officers were shocked to discover the young age of the boys, believing the killers to be older and having told media they were searching for two "youths"



ABOVE Police arrested the boys after a woman recognised Jon Venables in an enhanced CCTV image shown during coverage of James Bulger's murder

All images: © REX Features, Topfoto

CONFESSION OF A CHILD KILLER

IN A CHILLINGLY FRANK POLICE INTERVIEW, 11-YEAR-OLD JON VENABLES GIVES A MACABRE AND DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF HOW JAMES BULGER DIED



Venables was known as Child B throughout the trial, but Judge Morland decided to release the killers' identities after sentencing

OFFICER: You're under caution and you do not have to say anything unless you wish to do so but anything you say may be given in evidence, now you understand that don't you Jon?

VENABLES: (Sniffing) Yeah.

OFFICER: All right. I've a photograph here, which is a video camera photograph

VENABLES: That's me, that's me and Robert.

OFFICER: So the boy holding James's hand is you?

VENABLES: Yeah.

OFFICER: And the boy ahead of you in the dark jacket and trousers?

VENABLES: Is Robert.

OFFICER: Robert Thompson. And what was it you told us?

VENABLES: That I killed James.

OFFICER: Right, now I know that took a lot of doing.

VENABLES: I can't tell you anything else.

OFFICER: Why?

VENABLES: 'Cause that's the worst bit.

OFFICER: Right, okay, right. I know that's the worst bit, but you know what you did, think about it and tell us what happened.

VENABLES: We took him on the railway track and started throwing bricks at him.

OFFICER: Who did?

VENABLES: Robbie.

OFFICER: Why did he throw bricks at him?

VENABLES: I don't know.

OFFICER: Where did the stick, where did the stones and bar hit him?

VENABLES: In the head.

OFFICER: Was he bleeding?

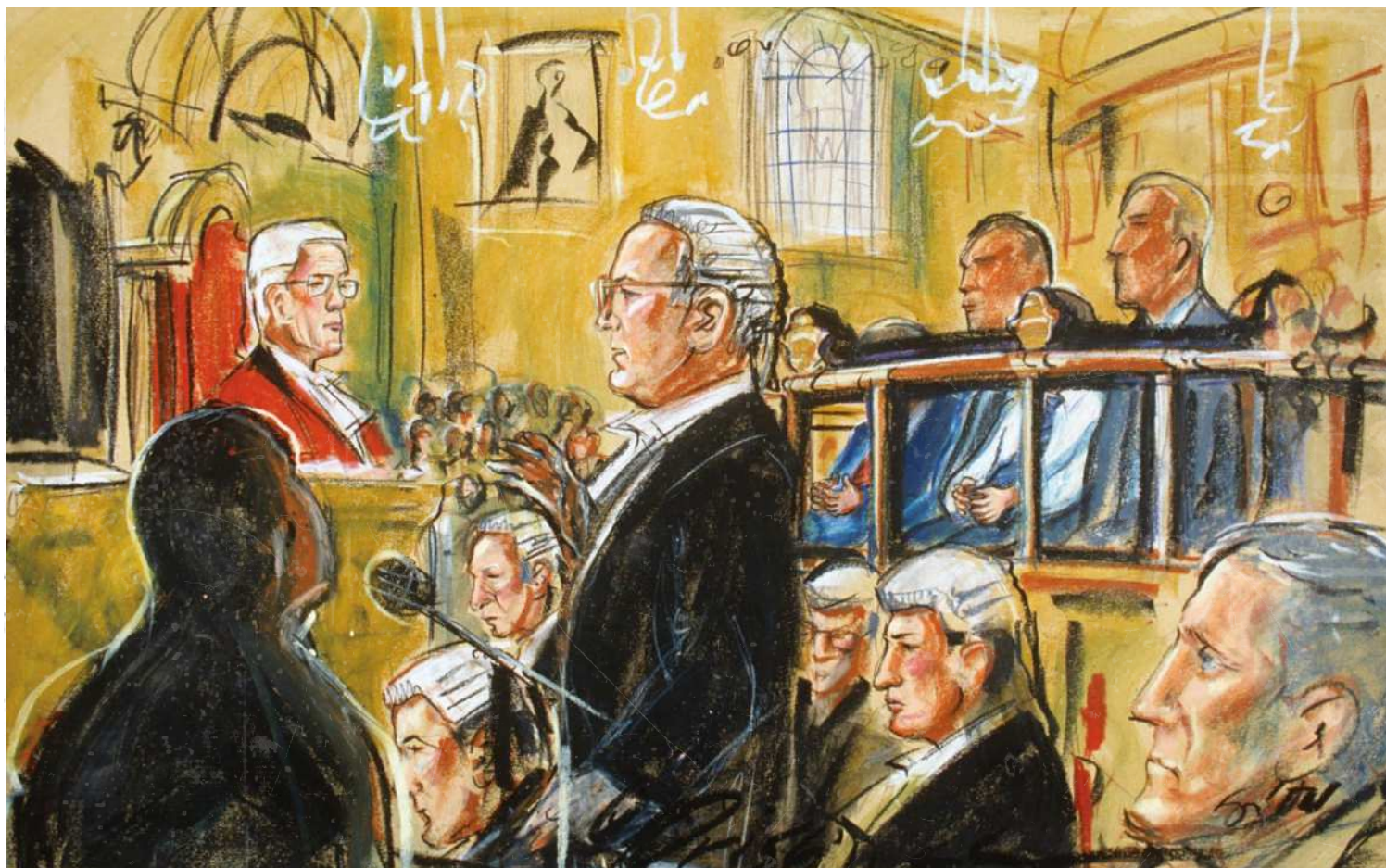
VENABLES: All over.

OFFICER: Where was he bleeding from?

VENABLES: His face. Then it was Robert's idea to kill him,

OFFICER: Okay.

VENABLES: Have we finished now? 'Cause I can't speak any more



ABOVE Judge Morland made a strong statement on the impact of violent films on children, telling the court, "I suspect exposure to violent video films may in part be an explanation"

LEFT James's body was found two days after he was murdered, on 14 February 1993, on the railway tracks where the killers had left it

with a child like that?" Mark Pimblett, a van driver, claimed that he saw one of the boys deliver a "persuading" kick under the arm to the little boy. He said that he did not think anything of it as, "It's usually grown-up fellas who do that kind of thing," when speaking of the little boy's murder.

Most likely the last person to see James alive was Witness H, a 12-year-old girl who saw the trio close to the Walton embankment at 5.20pm. Walton Lane Police Station was just yards from the scene. For ten seconds, she saw James being pushed towards the road; she said he was laughing. She saw one of the older boys climbing towards the embankment, and the other boy, with James in his arms, was following him.

While the witnesses described what they saw to the court, the boys busied themselves with petty tasks, such as playing with the ends of their ties. Thompson occupied his hands by tearing up paper handkerchiefs, and gazed at the surroundings as though he might be in a boring classroom. While Thompson's stagnant glare at the journalists was noted, Venables cried and rested his head on his social worker. When he was not crying, he was trying to meet his parents' gaze as they sat within touching distance of him. But they spent most of the time with their eyes focused on the courtroom floor.

AGE OF RESPONSIBILITY

With the evidence against the boys watertight that they had killed James, the defence went about arguing that they had not been fully aware of the seriousness of their actions. They argued that boys of such a young age could not be fully and legally responsible for what they had done that day. For four days, the recorded voices of the accused filled the

courtroom. The first voice they heard was that of Thompson, categorically denying that he murdered James before sobbing: "Why can't I go home with my mum?... I don't want to sleep here again." Venables sounded even more distressed in his interview, his voice culminating to his confession. "I did kill him," Venables admitted. "What about his mum? Will you tell her I'm sorry?"

Venables claimed that it was Thompson who had suggested they steal a baby and let it wonder into the road to make it seem like an accidental death. When they had spotted James outside the butcher's shop, where his mother was paying for her goods, it was supposedly Venables who suggested they take him, but Thompson who had been the one to suggest killing him. The three boys had been at the canal side when Thompson tried to get James to look at his reflection in the water with the intention of pushing him in and leaving him to drown. But James would not look in the water as instructed. Thompson had then picked him up and thrown him on the ground, causing the bump that many witnesses noticed a short while later.

Dr Susan Bailey, a psychiatrist with the Adolescent Forensic Service, said that Venables was incapable of talking in any meaningful way about his participation in the death of James – even to her. Dr Eileen Vizard, also a psychiatrist, told the court that Thompson had suffered post-traumatic stress disorder since the killing. With the boys unable to talk in any great detail about what happened, and with no forensic evidence in their favour, the defending arguments as to why these boys could not be held legally responsible dwindled. In the closing arguments, the prosecution portrayed the boys as equally liable, eager to avoid detection rather than help James: "Together they abused James.

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“THE VICTIM HAD SUFFERED SO MANY INJURIES DURING HIS ATTACK THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE FATAL BLOW”

Robert Thompson delivered a persuasive kick, while Jon Venables chose to shake James. Venables led him from the Strand, with Thompson leading the way... at the tracks, their roles reversed. Thompson carried him up on the railway embankment with Venables leading the way. They each heard each other lie to adults... if ever a crime was committed jointly and together, then this was that crime. They were clearly both together as James sustained his terrible injuries.”

The defence countered the argument, citing that both boys had not done anything of a violent nature before, only shoplifting, and that the incident was a, “...mischievous prank gone out of control.” Furthermore, it was argued that had the boys intended to kill the captive child, they would have done so at the canal or thrown him into oncoming traffic during their journey, during which time they almost paraded him past numerous witnesses. The only mitigation came from Brian Walsh, QC, on behalf of Venables. He told the court how the boy had shown remorse as he confessed

BELOW Several members of the angry mob that lay waiting for the killers outside the magistrates' court attempted to attack a decoy van that they believed was carrying the two child murderers

to the murder. The judge told the jury that having heard all the evidence in the past three weeks, it wasn't an issue of whether Thompson and Venables intended to kill Bulger at the time they abducted him, but whether they intended to kill him at the railway.

HER MAJESTY'S PLEASURE

One person present on the final day of the trial, which had lasted for 17 days, was Denise Bulger, the mother of the murdered child. Disturbed by the media attention, she had come to witness the sentencing of the boys who stole away her first born and murdered him. It took the jury just five and a half hours to reach a decision. At 5.15pm, the jury filed back into the polished courtroom and the foreman delivered the verdict for the charges of abduction and murder: guilty. Venables sat, looking wide-eyed at the court as tears escaped from his mother's eyes while his father Neil buried his head in his hands. Thompson's mother, Anne, was not in court to hear the verdict; her son sat passively on his raised chair.

The judge asked that the jury take a further half an hour to deliberate on the attempted abduction of Mrs Powers' son. The two boys were brought back into the dock shortly before 6pm; Venables was inconsolably sobbing. His solicitor Lawrence Lee later said that the boy had broken down upon hearing the murder verdict and asked Lee, “Would you please



tell them I'm sorry." The jury could not unanimously decide a verdict on the charge of attempted abduction, the judge ruled that it lie on file, and was discharged.

Addressing the boys, who sat mere metres away, Judge Justice Morland called the boys, "...cunning and very wicked," declaring their crime, "An act of unparalleled evil and barbarity." The boys were to be detained in custody for an infinite term until the secretary of state was confident that they had been rehabilitated and had matured. They would not be released until they were no longer a danger to the public. The judge also made the iconic decision to publish the boys' names in media reports, which until now had only been able to refer to them under a pseudonym. The unit where they would be held, however, was to remain a mystery to the public. The recommended minimum tariff for the boys would be eight years. As the boys stepped down from the dock once again, someone in the gallery shouted, "How do you feel now, you little bastards?"

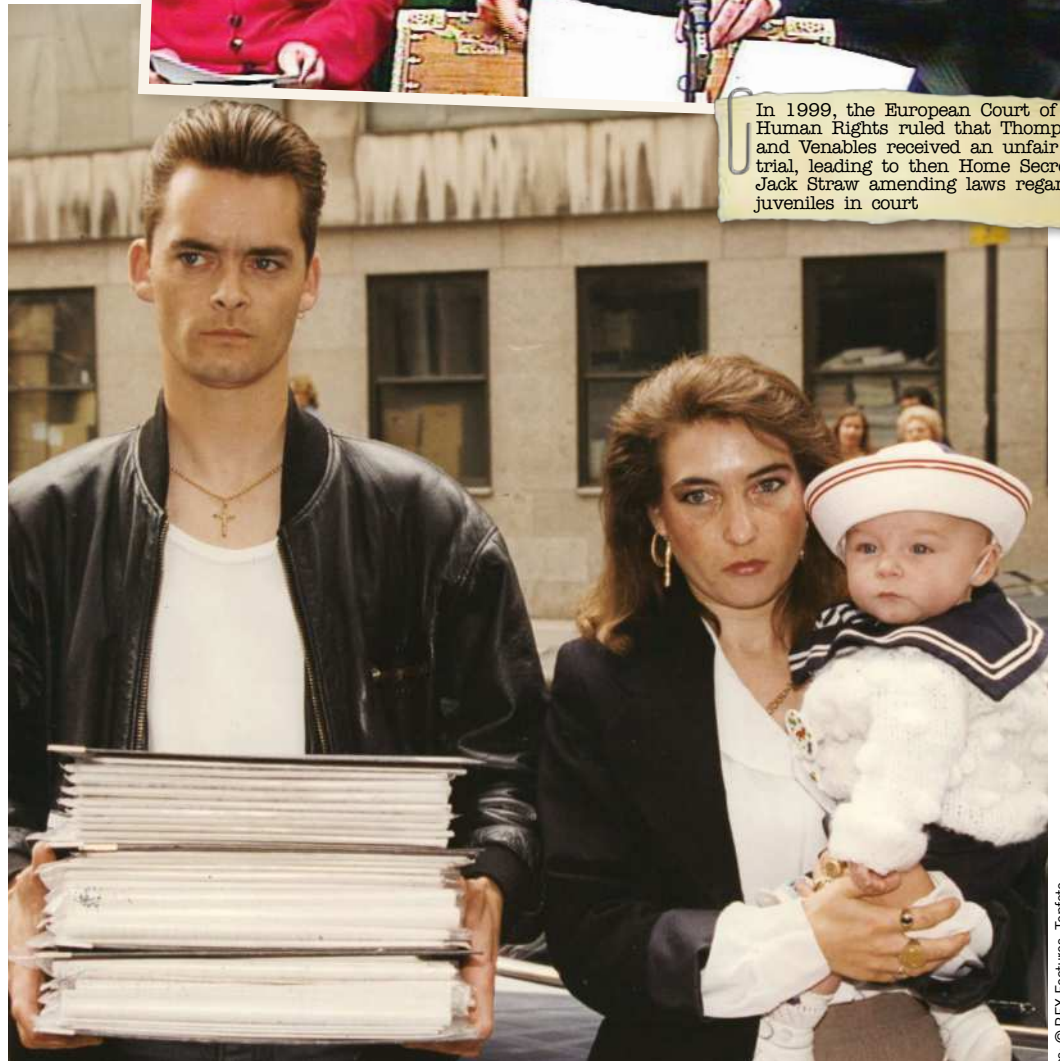
The judge partially blamed the violent nature of the two boys on the disturbing after effects of exposure to violent films. It had been revealed during the trial that Venables's father had rented the slasher horror film *Child's Play 3* just weeks before his son murdered James, and scenes of the film apparently bear a similar resemblance to the horror inflicted on the victim. However, after the case, Detective Superintendent Albert Kirby said he had seen no evidence

to suggest that the boys had access to videos any worse than those found in a generic family household.

There were shouts of "kill them" and "hang them" outside the courtroom as a police van that contained Britain's youngest and most shocking of murderers drove away.



In 1999, the European Court of Human Rights ruled that Thompson and Venables received an unfair trial, leading to then Home Secretary Jack Straw amending laws regarding juveniles in court



ABOVE After the trial, Denise and Ralph Bulger made no comment to the media. Instead, their lawyer told journalists that although the trial had finished, "The nightmare will never end" for the Bulger family

All images: © REX Features, Topfoto



BABY-SNATCHING

“DEVIL IN DISGUISE”

LISA MARIE MONTGOMERY MURDERED BOBBIE JO STINNETT
AND RIPPED HER UNBORN CHILD FROM HER WOMB. A HORRIFIC
CRIME, BUT DID SHE DESERVE TO BE PUT ON DEATH ROW?

WORDS BEN BIGGS



A booking photo of Montgomery taken on 20 December 2004. She quickly confessed to the police





Bobbie Jo Stinnett had just turned 23 years old when she was brutally murdered for her unborn baby. She was found by her mother about an hour later, lying in a pool of blood



Bobbie Jo Stinnett's funeral

On 16 December 2004, Lisa Marie Montgomery drove 175 miles from her house in Kansas, over the state line into Skidmore, Missouri – approximate population 342, according to the census four years previously. This town straddles one main street flanked by old red brick buildings: grocery and hardware stores, a bar and the town hall – the lifeblood of such tiny settlements. Generations of farmers have been brought up and died here in Skidmore, people know each other by name, there's that sense of community you just don't get in the big city.

Montgomery turned down West Elm Street where the red brick was replaced by small wooden houses, and parked near number 410. Clutching a bag containing a length of rope, a sharp kitchen knife, a syringe and a surgical clamp, she got out of her car and knocked at the door. It was the home of Bobbie Jo Stinnett, a 23-year-old dog breeder who was heavily pregnant at the time. The two women had met at a dog show and then had some online interaction on a rat terrier forum called Ratter Chatter, but still, Bobbie Jo must have been surprised to see Montgomery on her doorstep. She had actually been expecting a visit from a Fairfax, Missouri woman by the name of Darlene Fischer, who was interested in buying one of her puppies. In fact, Darlene Fischer didn't exist, and Montgomery had no interest in purchasing a puppy – she had come for Bobbie Jo's unborn child. Montgomery overpowered the pregnant woman, strangled her with the rope, cut open her stomach, severed the umbilical cord and took Bobbie Jo's little girl away with her. The baby, Victoria Jo Stinnett, survived, but tragically her mother was pronounced dead at St. Francis Hospital in Maryville.

PREMEDITATED MADNESS

It's hard to overstate the horror of Montgomery's crime – there was clearly planning and forethought that went into it at least a day before it was carried out. Montgomery had established a false identity on Ratter Chatter so she could set up a meeting with Bobbie Jo. Her screen name was 'fischer4kids' and 'Darlene Fischer' had her own email address, so that they could chat via MSN Messenger without Bobbie Jo connecting her to Montgomery. Darlene Fischer was a red herring for the authorities to chase in the wake of Bobbie Jo's murder. But Montgomery sorely underestimated the resourcefulness of both the Sheriff's Office and the Ratter Chatter community.

At 4.22pm on Wednesday 15 December 2004, 'Darlene' had messaged Bobbie Jo on the forum: "I was recommended to you by [user name redacted] and have been unable to reach you by either phone or e-mail. Please get in touch with me soon as we are considering the purchase of one of your puppies and would like to ask you a few questions."

A few hours and some MSN messages later, at 7.44pm, Bobbie Jo replied: "Darlene, I've emailed you with the directions so we can meet. I do so hope that the email reaches you. Great chatting with you on messenger. And do look forward to chatting with you tomorrow am. Thanks [user name redacted], and talk to you soon, Darlene!"

As the awful news reports went viral the following morning, it didn't take long for other Ratter Chatter regulars to realise that Darlene would have met with Bobbie Jo on the same day that she was murdered. Forumites being forumites, they pieced together a breadcrumb trail of digital

evidence that linked ‘Darlene’ with Montgomery, whom they recalled having an online conversation with Bobbie Jo about both their current pregnancies. But Montgomery was not pregnant. She had been sterilised after her fourth child, so that was another complete fabrication – to what end isn’t clear. Perhaps Montgomery had already targeted Bobbie Jo and was trying to assess what stage of pregnancy she was in, assess the likelihood of an unborn child surviving an amateur caesarian. “Now I’m just sick as heck,” one woman wrote, “If this is true, she just posted to me not long ago that she was going to have her baby Thursday.” Whatever Montgomery’s reason, this lie alone had the hallmarks of someone who wasn’t in her right mind.

By 8am on Friday 16 December 2004, less than 24 hours after Bobbie Jo’s murder, one forumite had managed to trace the creation of Darlene’s account back to Kansas. Alarm bells were ringing, and several Ratter Chatter members phoned the police with their suspicions. It took no time at all for the police to discover that Montgomery and Darlene’s accounts linked back to the same IP address. Armed with this information and with tip-offs from observant members of the public who had noticed Montgomery’s car, the police were quickly able to zero in on Montgomery’s home address later that day. They found her with a newborn baby she said she had given birth to the day before, but after questioning, her story fell apart and she confessed to her crime.

DOCTORS’ NOTES

PSYCHOLOGISTS AND MEDICAL EXPERTS ASKED TO PROVIDE EXHIBITS FOR THE CASE CAME TO SIMILAR CONCLUSIONS: MONTGOMERY WAS NOT OF SOUND MIND

It is my opinion, to a reasonable degree of medical certainty, that Mrs. Montgomery’s medical complaints are the result of marked and repetitive head trauma and brain injury. Mrs. Montgomery’s brain is compromised not only by traumatic brain injury, but also by psychiatric symptoms for which she was genetically predisposed and which also are known to result from trauma.

A persistent postictal psychotic state is more likely than other theories to offer insight into her behaviour surrounding the offense and during other times in her life when she was unable to mediate her emotions and control her behaviour.

Lisa Marie Montgomery has suffered extreme trauma and degradation throughout her life, first at the hands of her mother, then her step-father, then each of her husbands in turn. Her life has been characterized by extreme physical, sexual and emotional abuse, which compromised her ability to form an identity and to develop as a moral agent.

As the police ramped up the investigation into Montgomery’s actions in the days before she murdered Bobbie Jo, a chilling picture of the scope with which she planned the crime emerged. She had worked three jobs at one point – at a petrol station, a Wendy’s restaurant and a Greyhound bus contractor. But she had wound down her hours and had stopped working altogether by mid-November 2004, telling her employer at the Wendy’s franchise that she was expecting a baby. She had also told her second and current husband, Kevin Montgomery, as well as family and friends that she was pregnant. On the day of the murder, Kevin had picked up his wife and ‘their’ new baby then driven around their home town, showing off the child. “I had no idea,” he later told the press outside the Kansas City courthouse where his wife was charged.

When police began to investigate the files on her computer and her internet history, they discovered that Montgomery had been looking up caesarian sections and birthing kits. She had the means, method and opportunity – not that anyone questioned her guilt by that point. However, some expressed doubts over Montgomery’s responsibility for Bobbie Jo’s murder.

EVIL INCARNATE

“This is a devil, come back to Earth disguised as Lisa Montgomery,” Nodaway County Sheriff Randy Strong told the BBC in an interview shortly before Montgomery’s death by lethal injection on 13 January 2021. “I have no remorse for her, it just needs to be done.”

Sheriff Strong has as valid a reason for wanting retribution for Bobbie Jo’s murder as anyone, second only to the Stinnett family themselves. He worked the case from the very start, interviewing Montgomery when her fragile tissue of lies came apart and she confessed, referring to herself as being a “monster”. He was one of the first lawmen at the awful crime scene after Bobbie Jo’s mother had discovered her, lying unconscious, in a maelstrom of blood and viscera. Between sobs, Becky Harper described the scene to the 911 dispatcher, as if her daughter’s stomach had “exploded”. And he’d had to listen to her mother break down. “She’s just beside herself,” he said. “It’s just too much. You’re listening to a mother who just found her daughter dead. That anguish... I don’t ever want to hear it again.”

BELOW Kathy Sage, the owner of a cafe in Melvern, was one of the first people to see the baby after Montgomery brought her in to show her off





ABOVE Bobbie Jo Stinnett's mother, Becky Harper, attends the funeral with family to say farewell to her daughter

What was going on in Montgomery's mind that compelled her to plan such a uniquely terrible attack on another mother? Montgomery's motive wasn't to murder Bobbie Jo, there was no bad blood between them – quite the opposite, in fact. Bobbie Jo had defended her future killer once, after fellow dog breeders had questioned the lineage of Montgomery's puppies. She just wanted Bobbie Jo's baby. Why would she go to such lengths to take the child in utero, risking both the baby's life and being charged with a federal crime, when she could have just planned to abduct Victoria Jo Stinnett after she was born? It makes no sense, from a pragmatic point of view. How could Montgomery have endured the horror of what she was doing, the choking and cutting and ripping over what must have been many minutes? Then leaving the house and Bobbie Jo's butchered body so she could parade her child around her home town in Melvern as if she was her own? And what person in their right mind could think for a second that they would get away with any of this? Skidmore is small and remote but it's not an old Frontier town – it's still modern-day America with digital communications, CCTV, highways and 21st-century policing.

She wasn't a bad person, at least not before damning herself to death row. Before murdering Bobbie Jo, 36-year-old Lisa Marie Montgomery was guilty of no other crime except being born into the wrong family and having a bad lot in life. She was subject to severe emotional, physical and sexual abuse that began when she was still in the womb. Her mother, Judy Shaughnessy, was an alcoholic who drank throughout her pregnancy, leading to foetal alcohol syndrome, a form of irreparable brain damage that affects the child for the rest of their lives. When she was still a little girl, Lisa's father abandoned Judy, Lisa and her older half-

sister, Diane. Judy was the antithesis of what a caring mother should have been. She whipped her children with belts, duct-taped Lisa's mouth shut, and kicked Diane out of their trailer, naked, into the cold Kansas winter. On one occasion, Judy decided to punish her children by beating their dog to death with a shovel. It was a lesson in violence that made an impression on young Lisa, and far worse was to come.

Judy would attend the local bar in Ogden almost every night, often leaving the girls with strange, male babysitters. When Diane was eight and Lisa only four, one of the men raped Diane in the small bedroom the girls shared. She told the BBC that she remembered trying to keep quiet throughout the ordeal, in case Lisa woke up and the man decided he would do something to her, too. Not long after, child protective services picked Diane up and took her to a foster home around 60 miles away in Salina, where her new parents and three foster siblings treated her as if she was a long-lost family member. Lisa, left behind, would never see her sister again, and her nightmare was only just beginning.

Judy married Jack Kleiner, with whom she had at least one thing in common: he was a brutal drunk. Together they had three children, whom Kleiner punched and kicked regularly. After Lisa turned 11, the sexual assaults began. Kleiner built a room on the side of their trailer so he could rape her in relative privacy, while slamming her head into the concrete floor. Judy witnessed one of these assaults, later testifying during divorce proceedings that, "He was in her. He was pumping her." Judy Shaughnessy cared little for her daughter's safety and well-being, though. When Lisa was 15, her mother started to pimp her out, allowing men to rape her in exchange for money and sometimes service, such as the plumbing. "I still can't grasp," said Diane in a BBC interview,



Skidmore, Missouri is a small community with a troubled history

UNRESOLVED

THE MURDER OF BOBBIE JO STINNETT ISN'T THE ONLY HIGH-PROFILE CRIME THAT SKIDMORE HAS BEEN HOST TO IN RECENT YEARS

For a town with such a small population, Skidmore has had more than its fair share of high-profile crimes. Before the murder of Bobbie Jo was the disappearance of her cousin, 20-year-old Branson Perry, in 2001. He has never been found, although police arrested a Missouri minister called Jack Wayne Rogers on child pornography charges in 2003 and discovered records on Rogers' computer that described the rape and murder of Branson.

And 20 years before that came the strange case of Ken McElroy, who was widely considered a town bully of sorts, accused of dozens of crimes including arson, rape, child molestation and burglary, but managed to slip through the prosecution's fingers every time he was indicted. When he shot and injured the town's elderly grocer, Ernest Bowenkamp, and then embarked on a campaign of harassment against everyone sympathetic to the grocer's plight, the town snapped. They'd had enough of McElroy. On 10 July 1981, McElroy left a bar in broad daylight on Skidmore's main street and got into his pickup truck, where he was shot at several times. Two bullets from two rifles found their mark, killing him. There were 46 potential witnesses but no one called an ambulance and no one could identify a gunman apart from McElroy's wife – but no charges were ever pressed.

All images: © Getty Images

“how a mother can say to her child, ‘You have to earn your keep. So you have to have sex with this man, so I can get the plumbing done.’ It went on for years. Years, years, years.”

While some of Montgomery's abuse and mental condition was brought up at the trial, it didn't sway the jury. She was sentenced to death on 22 October 2007. After her conviction, psychologists and experts who examined her concluded that she had an array of serious mental conditions she had been living with for decades, including bipolar disorder, epilepsy and complex post-traumatic stress disorder. Years of sexual torture had forced Montgomery to dissociate from reality, a mental condition that child psychologist Dr. Katherine Porterfield, an expert in trauma resulting from torture, described as “one of the most severe cases of dissociation I've ever seen”. When Montgomery's brain was imaged with an MRI scanner, doctors discovered that it was damaged both structurally and functionally.

According to US law, executing a person with an intellectual disability constitutes a “cruel and unusual punishment” and is a violation of the Eighth Amendment. The prosecution said they found it convenient that these diagnoses, as well as her sister's statements, were only put forward 12 years after Montgomery's conviction. Sheriff Strong simply didn't believe that Montgomery was mentally ill at the time of the murder – he thought it was “an insult to sexual assault survivors to imply that they're ticking time bombs and they're just going to go out and do some horrendous crime. I think that's a cop out.”

Debate about her mental health at the time of the murder still rages to this day. Should she have been found not guilty by reason of insanity? Regardless, it's too late for her now – Lisa Marie Montgomery was executed in January 2021.

RIGHT Zeb Stinnett, Bobbie Jo's husband, attends the Price Funeral Home in Maryville





PSYCHO

"IF YOU SCREAM I WILL PUNISH YOU"

BANKER

DRUGS, ALCOHOL AND AN UNRELENTING DESIRE TO "PUSH THE BOUNDARIES OF COMPLETE AND UTTER ABNORMALITY" FUELLED RURIK JUTTING'S GRUESOME DOUBLE MURDER OF TWO INDONESIAN VICE GIRLS

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS



Smiling sweetly in a brick-coloured school uniform and with tousled hair, six-year-old Rurik Jutting looks positively angelic. But skip ahead 23 years and that candid smile is replaced by a menacing grin. The 'boys' beside him are no longer his school friends, but prison officials escorting a murderer from the courthouse where a judge will later hand down a sentence for the barbaric slayings of two migrant sex workers. Sumarti Ningsih and Seneng Mujiasih had been lured to his lavish apartment in the heart of Wai Chan, Hong Kong's red light district. On Halloween 2014, while the British banker rambled on about a new journey, Mujiasih was stabbed, even by her killer's own admission, by a "fucking psychopath", intoxicated on cocaine and alcohol. Meanwhile Ningsih's rotting corpse lay metres away in a maggot-infested Chanel suitcase. The shocking case was relayed to a jury by a series of video clips shot on the killer's phone showing his "depraved" acts, and caught the attention of the media worldwide, as the trial exposed Hong Kong's seedy underbelly and the narcissistic expat who exploited it in the lap of luxury.

A KILLER REPUTATION

Parents usually believe their children to be unique and special, and Rurik Jutting's were no different. Even his name was that of royalty, belonging to a 9th-century Russian prince and translated as 'special one' or 'great one'. Jutting's upbringing was privileged, but in no way spectacularly different from that of a number of children. He was born in the picturesque suburb of Chertsey, Surrey, in south-east England. His father, Graham, was an engineer, while his mother, Karen, ran a nursery class. But from a young age, Jutting's sense of self-entitlement defined him.

He grew up affluent and well educated, starting his education at prep school, before attending Abberley Hall, a boarding school in the heart of Worcestershire's countryside. From there he went to a £34,000-a-year boarding school, Winchester College. His classmates dubbed him 'Killer' after they reversed his name to spell 'Kirur' – a chillingly foreboding nickname. Pictures from his university days show a good-looking, slim young man nearly always surrounded by friends and smiling faces. However, Jutting later claimed that his teenage years were not all that happy.

He alleged that while he was at school he was forced to perform oral sex on an older boy. In a separate incident he claimed to have been sexually assaulted by a female, when he was too drunk to fend off her advances. Rumours also allegedly circulated that Jutting was in a gay relationship with another boy, and at the age of 16, Jutting had intervened in his father's suicide bid. Despite his hardships, he won a scholarship to Peterhouse College in Cambridge. When his mother congratulated him on his achievement, he was offended that she had even considered the possibility that he would not have won the opportunity.

At Cambridge he studied history and law. Jutting appeared to evoke a mixed reaction from his peers. While some regarded him as pleasant and mannerly, others noted his arrogance and strange behaviour. After he graduated, Jutting went to work for Barclays bank in structured capital markets.

His somewhat controversial job involved helping clients to reduce their taxes on stock dividends with international tax rules. He left Barclays in 2010 to join Merrill Lynch, a division of the Bank of America, which paid Jutting a six-figure salary and multiple bonuses for his quick ascension through the ranks.

Jutting was never short of female attention. He dated a long-term girlfriend, Sarah Butt, for two years. They had met in 2010 when they both worked for Barclays, but on a secondment to New York, she kissed another man. Although the pair reconciled and attempted to work through the betrayal, the trust in their relationship was gone and after a few months, Jutting called time on their relationship. He also dated London-born model and actress Sonya Dyer, aka Sonya Milkshake. Years later they parted ways, however, Dyer told tabloid newspapers that her ex-boyfriend had treated her with nothing but respect. Everyone Jutting dated said the same. No one had a bad word to say about his temper or his mannerisms. But Jutting had a darker side; in his teens he gorged on violent pornography and attempted to initiate rough sex in his relationships. As a young adult he became addicted to sadomasochist pornography, which shaped his fantasies and dark desires for submissive partners.

Just months before he moved to Hong Kong in 2013, Jutting was in line for a vice president role at the bank. But he came under investigation by financial watchdogs for violating trading rules. It was at this point that psychiatrists deemed his life began to spiral out of control. While believing himself brilliant, he received criticism of his work and felt that his job was in jeopardy. He admitted that he was under a great deal of stress and was drinking three quarters of a bottle of vodka every night to help him sleep as well consuming large amounts of cocaine. A former girlfriend told news outlet Channel 4 that in October that year he had tried to kill himself. When he was transferred to a branch in Wai Chan, Hong Kong, his vast bank account combined with so few friends saw his state of mind plummet.

FROM HUMILITY TO HUMILIATION

25-year-old Sumarti Ningsih's life had not been as lavish or as ripe with opportunity as Jutting's. She was from Gandrungmangu, a small village in Central Java, Indonesia. Married at 17, her husband had left days before their son's birth. At the age of 19 she left the quiet community in search of a better life for herself and her family, travelling across the South China Sea on a domestic worker's visa to Hong Kong. Back home, her family of six lived on the equivalent of £56 a month, earned from labouring days in their small rice field. But when Ningsih found work as a maid in Hong Kong, she sent them money on a monthly basis, sometimes equating to almost £400.

She returned to Indonesia in 2013 wanting to improve her skills but the potential to earn big bucks in Hong Kong was too enticing. She promised her father she would be returning home at the beginning of November when her



Merrill Lynch decided to transfer Jutting to Hong Kong in 2013, a move that expert witnesses would later testify was to "get him out of the way"



Mujiasih met Jutting at the New Makati Pub and Disco, a nightclub near to his home, between 1.35am and 2.15am according to two witnesses



Mujiasih, who also went by the name Jesse Lorena, was the second victim enticed to the psycho banker's apartment by the promise of large sums of money, just days after Ningsih had been killed

“ HIS CLASSMATES DUBBED HIM ‘KILLER’ AFTER THEY REVERSED HIS NAME TO SPELL ‘KIRUR’ — A CHILLINGLY FOREBODING NICKNAME ”

WHAT DROVE JUTTING TO TORTURE AND MURDER?

AS A PROFESSIONAL WITH EXPERIENCE IN THE ASSESSMENT, MANAGEMENT AND TREATMENT OF THOSE SUFFERING WITH PERSONALITY DISORDERS, DR VAN VELSON EXPLAINS THE INNATE TRAITS OF NARCISSISTIC PERSONALITY DISORDER

BIO

DR CLEO VAN VELSON

Dr Van Velson is a consultant psychiatrist at the Personality Disorder Medium Security Unit in East London. She is also a member of the British Psychoanalytical Society. She did not assess Rurik Jutting.

How is narcissistic personality disorder, which Jutting was found to suffer from, defined?

The central core of the disorder is the belief that their needs and wants are the only ones that matter, and that other people are instruments in achieving that, rather than people with their own needs and wants. Another trait is the need for other people to acknowledge their importance, and the sense of self-entitlement is terribly important:

they feel entitled to do what they want to get where they want. Having read about the case it's clear Jutting had a feeling he was quite special and unique. Narcissists can also be interpersonally exploitative and take advantage of others to achieve their own ends. Some say the person lacks empathy, but I don't think it's always that. When they talk about lacking empathy I think they mean cold and callous, particularly because of the sadism of the first killing (in Jutting's case) – he received gratification from inflicting cruelty, but you have to recognise suffering to get gratification from it.

How does torture feed the ego of someone with such a disorder?

The central part of narcissism is the feeling that one is omnipotent. To torture others makes them feel more powerful.

What factors aid the development complex personality disorders?

Sometimes, in certain circumstances, say if children are neglected or abused, then they might develop ways of coping, ie make themselves overly self-sufficient. That is a response to an adverse environment in combination with aspects of their own temperament, but, at the more severe end, we think narcissism is more genetic. Most of the people I see are not at the most severe end, but I think there's always a combination of the genetics plus the response to an environment.

With Rurik Jutting, by the time he had killed his victims his disorder had "progressed to the most severe end of the spectrum".

What's the thought process of a person in this mental state?

He had killed them, so he wasn't managing himself or coping. He broke down with the help of drugs and alcohol, which have a disinhibiting effect and make the whole situation a lot worse. It's a bit like the famous scene in *Scarface* where Pacino has become a monster with his face in the pile of cocaine. People turn to drugs and alcohol to try to reinforce a sense of themselves – cocaine is notorious for that, to make you feel powerful and omnipotent.

What kind of treatment might someone with a narcissistic personality disorder receive?

Some people can mature out of it, but it's mainly about managing it with the use of psychological intervention. You might use psychodynamic psychotherapy, cognitive behavioural psychotherapy, Schema therapy or mentalisation-based therapy.



The bustling city life was a world away from Ningsih's mundane routine in her home village, where job prospects are poor and women spend their days cleaning, farming, cooking and praying



visa expired. Back in Hong Kong she gave up working as a domestic worker, making her residency there illegal, but she stayed to rack up some cash to send home. When or how she became a sex worker remains unclear, but she began to hang out in bars where girls were “paid to have a good time”. She had met Jutting in a hotel room on one occasion before her death. He had paid her for sex but she had offered him half of his money back if she was allowed to leave early, after he became particularly rough. She agreed to meet him on 25 October once again for an undisclosed amount of money for her services. Stressed out by work, Jutting had sought solace in sex, drugs and alcohol in Hong Kong. His tastes for pushing his sexual boundaries had expanded to searching Grindr for gay black men, transsexuals and prostitutes.

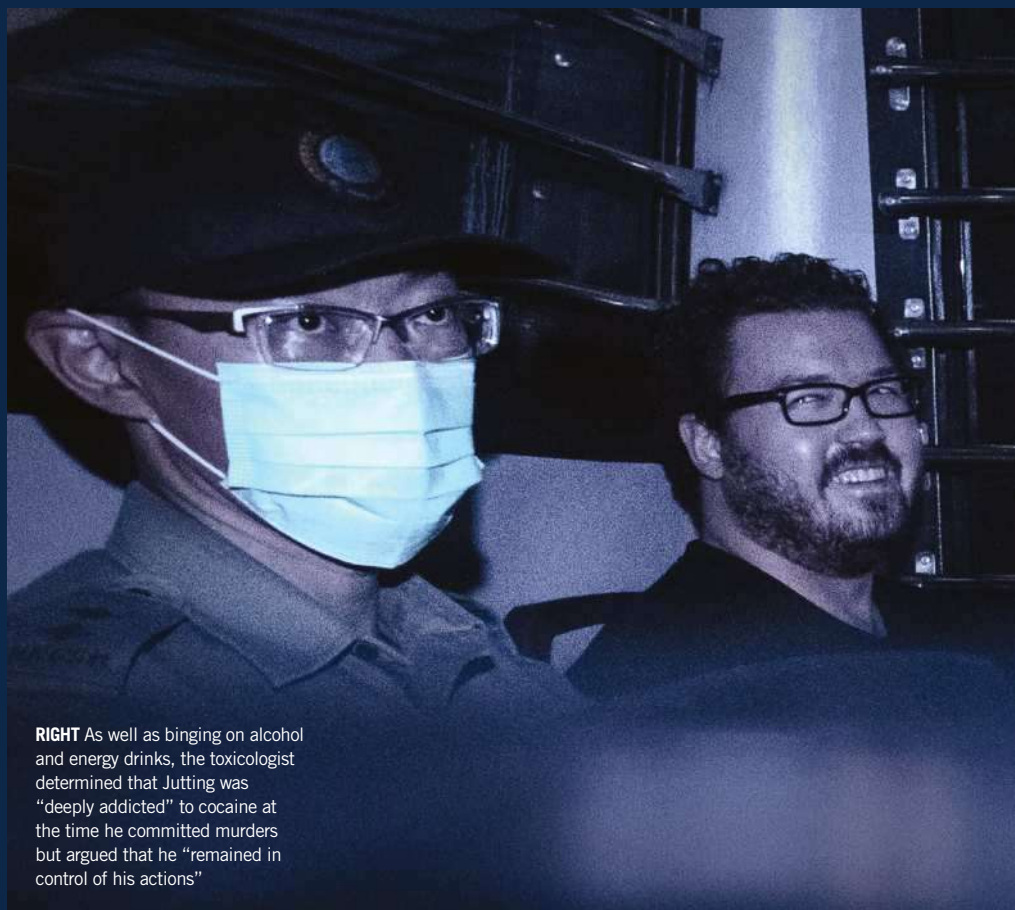
Just days before her death, Ningsih phoned home for the last time. She and her parents spoke about work and she told them it was going well. She told them that Jutting was “haunting her”, that he wanted to “force me to marry him”, and that he often wanted to kidnap her or seduce her. At around the same time, Jutting quit his job at Merrill Lynch, leaving an automated out of office reply on his emails. It read: “For urgent inquiries, or indeed any inquiries, please contact someone who is not an insane psychopath.”

Once back in his flat, just days after her first encounter with him, the nightmare for Ningsih was captured in a series of videos, narrated by Jutting and filmed on his iPhone. What started out as an unremarkable homemade sex tape of Jutting instructing the woman to use a sex toy turned into substantial torture. Overweight, topless and snorting cocaine, Jutting’s unstable psyche was the star of the show as the clips range from Jutting’s incoherent ramblings, talking about films, masturbation, drugs and prostitutes, to frames so gory they echo those of a horror film. Except in this case it’s all very real, especially to the woman whimpering in pain in the background. Over three days Ningsih was raped, tortured and brutally beaten by Jutting, who used his fists, belt, sex toys, and a pair of pliers to inflict agony on the woman in his flat.

A number of videos depicted Jutting’s sadistic tendencies. He describes how back in the UK he wanted to kidnap girls and keep them captive as sex slaves. In one clip he describes how he had raped two other sex workers in the past during a trip to the Philippines: “She said no but I carried on.” He recalled how he had given another sex worker a “big tip” to make up for her ordeal. “Other than that I don’t think I have physically harmed anyone,” Jutting said.

At various intervals in Jutting’s homemade horror clips, he speaks to his victim in a soft and gentle tone, before only moments later threatening and scolding her. In one particularly vile video, Jutting calmly and softly speaks to Ningsih, who he often calls ‘Alice’: “Do not move. That’s a good girl. Don’t you like the fucking fist?” He violently shoves his fist into her genitals, telling her: “Good girl. See it’s not that bad. It’s better than being beaten, right?” Jutting forced Ningsih to eat faeces out of the toilet. He urinated in her mouth and when she threw up, he forced her to eat her own vomit and take drugs. For three torturous days he subjected her to his own sick fantasies. He confessed on camera how he “beat her pussy so badly” that she bled.

On the third day that Jutting held Ningsih captive, his trading permit was cancelled by the Securities and Futures Commission watchdog in Hong Kong, although it was not due to expire until October 2016. On the same day, Jutting filmed Ningsih bent over the toilet in his bathroom, licking the rim of the bowl with her hands fastened behind her back. Jutting had originally wanted to strangle his victim to death



RIGHT As well as bingeing on alcohol and energy drinks, the toxicologist determined that Jutting was “deeply addicted” to cocaine at the time he committed murders but argued that he “remained in control of his actions”



ABOVE Migrant workers gathered outside the court as Jutting’s trial commenced, campaigning for the families to receive compensation for their loss following their daughters’ deaths

LIGHTS, CAMERA, EXECUTION

THE SICKENING CONFESSIONS MADE BY JUTTING WERE PLAYED TO THE JURY AS HE SPOKE FRANKLY TO CAMERA OF HIS WRONGDOING

"One of the triggers (for killing Ningsih) was when I made her shave her eyebrows. That made her less like an attractive hooker and more like a thing."

"Killing her may have been a kindness, living with that would have haunted her."

"I genuinely feel sexually happy after the event, even when not under the influence of alcohol."

"Mum and Dad, don't blame yourselves, there's nothing you could have done. Regular phone calls would not have changed the person I am. I think genuinely I have a darkness."

"Some might see this as the narcissistic ramblings of a torturer and a murderer. Hopefully someone, somewhere will find this vaguely useful... to understand basic abnormality. Maybe I should put it on my Facebook page."

All images: © Alamy, Getty Images, wikiwing1990hk



© Wing1990hk



The knife Jutting used to kill his victims was discovered next to the body of his last victim when police searched his flat

ABOVE Jutting told police during the interview following his arrest that after he had killed Mujiasih, he considered jumping from the balcony of his apartment on the 31st floor of the J Residence

but instead slashed her throat with a serrated knife over the toilet. Death did not come instantly for the mum-of-one and Jutting dragged her into the nearby shower where he began to saw through her neck, filming it. Speaking to the camera, high on between 50 and 60 grams of cocaine, he said: "I just killed someone, first person I ever killed, I cut her throat in the bathroom... To be precise I cut her throat while she was bending over licking a dirty toilet bowl. I treated her as a non-person, a sex object and that turned me on." At one point Jutting pans his camera down to where the body of his victim lays face down on the floor. "I feel a bit sad because she was a good person, but I don't feel guilty," he said.

I WANT TO GET OUT

31-year-old Mujiasih's background was similar to Ningsih's. She was from Indonesia. Her family in Muna, in the south-east Sulawesi provenance, depended on her income. She too worked as a maid before finding that serving the steady stream of egotistical and sexually demanding businessmen that visit the strip every year could provide her with a regular income. Jutting had dismembered and stuffed his first victim into a Chanel suitcase and dumped it out on the balcony of his 31st-floor apartment. Thirsty for more unrelenting pain, he visited a sex shop and a hardware store for torture devices. Just hours later, on another recording, he showed off his new torture toys that he planned to use on his next victim, a blowtorch and a sex toy wrapped in sandpaper.

Mujiasih told friends she was going to a Halloween party. The pair were seen walking off together, presumably to Jutting's home, just a five-minute walk away. At 3.25am Mujiasih sent a text to her friend, telling them: "Something smells really bad. I want to get out of here." The smell was Ningsih's rotting corpse, which neighbours told newspapers smelled like a "dead animal". According to Jutting, Mujiasih had spotted a gag and a condom and begun to shout. Jutting lunged at his victim, grabbing her and threatening to cut her throat with a knife he produced from beneath a cushion. When Mujiasih continued to struggle, he cut her throat, leaving her to bleed out on his living room floor. He made a final video before 3am. Signing off, he said: "I imagine this will be my last movie," with the camera showing the body of the woman he had killed just moments earlier.

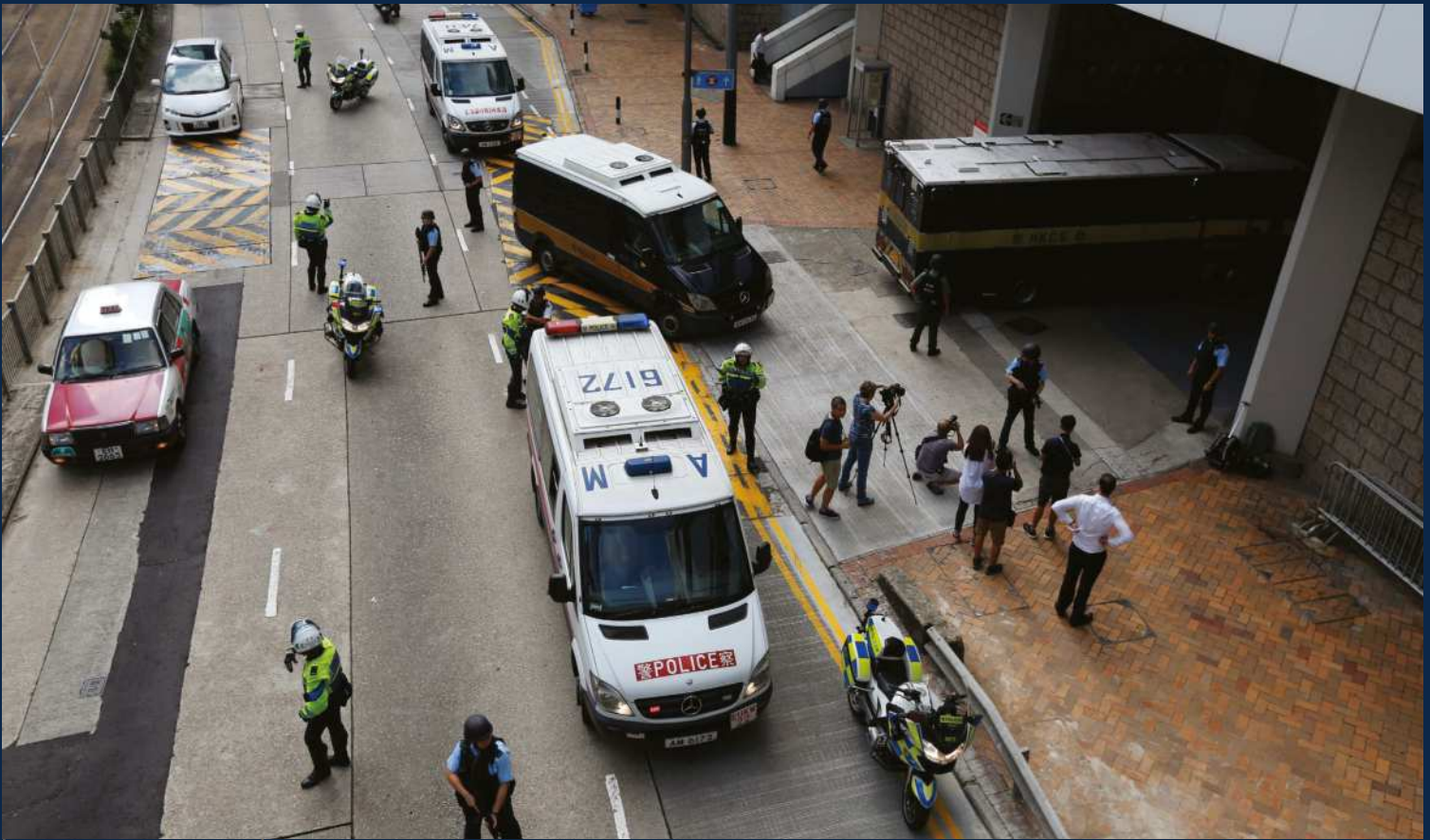
Jutting had snorted enough cocaine to put a regular person in a coma and by this point was delusional and paranoid. Exhausted, he collapsed onto his balcony before standing on the ledge of his apartment and screaming at the passersby below. He dropped his blood-covered knife to the floor and barricaded himself in his bedroom before calling the police to confess, believing them already on their way to arrest him. He then phoned his previous employers, Merrill Lynch, informing them that he was in trouble and that they needed to "protect the reputation of the bank". Inside Jutting's flat the police found cans of red bull, more than 60 plastic bags that once contained up to a gram of cocaine each and the bodies of the two women. They arrested Jutting, who simply handed them his phone, telling them that all the evidence they needed was there.

DIMINISHED RESPONSIBILITY

Jutting attempted to plead guilty to manslaughter on the grounds of "diminished responsibility," but prosecutors rejected this plea leaving Jutting to simply plead not guilty to murder. He also pleaded guilty to the unlawful burial of



Jutting admitted that he had spent more than £800,000 on drugs and prostitutes in the two years before his murder charges, splashing out on luxury hotel suites for his drug-fuelled orgies



ABOVE Jutting's murder trial hit the headlines in 2016 as he returned to the high court and faced a jury for his crimes against his two victims

LEFT The murderer's lawyers have told media outlets how their client will apply to serve his sentence in Britain as opposed to in the maximum-security Stanley Prison where he currently resides

Ningsih's body. In Hong Kong the maximum sentence for manslaughter is life in prison, whereas murder carries a mandatory sentence of life behind bars.

After his second appearance in court, a hearing at which Jutting simply said, "I do", when asked if he understood the charges, the case was adjourned to allow for psychiatric reports to be prepared that would deem whether Jutting was mentally fit to stand trial. As he left court in the back of a van, he was snapped chuckling. The fatter, bearded man was almost unrecognisable from the pictures that once showed an academic, popular and well-rounded human being. Dr Richard Latham was one of four psychologists to examine Jutting during his two-week mandatory assessment at a maximum-security psychiatric centre on Siu Lam. He concluded that Jutting suffered from sexual sadism and narcissistic personality disorder, yet he was declared fit for trial. The trial date was set for June 2016 after the prosecution argued that they would need time to examine about 200 pieces of evidence.

Nine jurors were tasked with deciding if the defendant was guilty of murder, of whether he had been incapable of rational thought as a result of his personality disorders and intoxication. Judge Michael Stuart-Moore had warned them at the start of the trial that the photo and video evidence they were about to see would be "extremely upsetting". At times the trial had to be moved into a private room where only the jury were allowed to watch the clips; meanwhile the journalists inside the courtroom could only hear the audio.

“ THEY ARRESTED JUTTING, WHO SIMPLY HANDED THEM HIS PHONE, TELLING THEM THAT ALL THE EVIDENCE THEY NEEDED WAS THERE ”

As the movies played, Jutting, concealed in a glass box and surrounded by four prison guards, stood motionless with his eyes cast down. A pathologist testified how Mujiasih had defence wounds to her hands from where she had desperately tried to fight off her attacker. Pathologist Dr Poon Wai Ming said that Mujiasih's windpipes were "visible from the outside" and that it was clear she had "put up a very active struggle for her life." Bruising to her shoulders showed she had been pushed to the floor in her attempt to flee. She had also been stabbed in her left buttock.

Dr Latham and Professor Perkins, a psychiatrist at Broadmoor Hospital, were the only witnesses in the murder trial. None of Jutting's family members were called to give a character reference or evidence. Perkins told the court how during the 15 hours he had evaluated Jutting, he had shown a rare moment of emotion when talking about his first victim. He became tearful when he spoke of her attempts to do the best for her family back home. However, such a display was a rare occasion. Throughout much of his trial, Jutting remained impassive and some journalists remarked how he had looked "bored" at his trial. His defence lawyer, Tim Owen, QC, argued that just weeks before the murders Jutting had told his employers that he was HIV positive as an excuse for his large amount of absence from work. Owen added that such behaviour showed Jutting was losing his grip on reality.

After careful deliberation, the jury found him guilty of murder and he was sentenced to life in prison. The families of the victims have called for the death penalty although Hong Kong doesn't support capital punishment. Jutting unsuccessfully attempted to gain a transfer to a British prison while apparently relishing his notoriety as Hong Kong's worst killer. His narcissism and sense of self-importance, even in the face of the pain he has caused the victim's families, is still at the forefront of his mind.



BLUEPRINT FOR MURDER

IN 2010, BLAKE LEIBEL CREATED A GRAPHIC NOVEL FULL OF TORTURE, MURDER AND BLOODLETTING. SIX YEARS LATER, HE ACTED IT OUT FOR REAL

WORDS GAVIN MACKENZIE

On or around 25 May 2016, Blake Leibel cut and tore at the skin of his fiancée's head, removing her entire scalp piece by piece, along with her right ear. Then he dragged her, still alive and probably conscious, to the bathroom of his West Hollywood apartment. There, he positioned her so that her head was both under the tap and lower than her feet. He then ran water over her exposed skull for half an hour, increasing blood flow and preventing her blood from clotting.

When police arrived on the scene, they saw patches of blood scattered across the apartment. But it wasn't until crime scene investigator Leslie Thompson sprayed a chemical compound called Bluestar Magnum ("I like to call it 'luminol 2.0'" she told CBS News) throughout the apartment, that the full extent of the horror became clear. The compound reveals traces of blood invisible to the naked eye, and it showed that before Leibel had cleaned up there had been blood everywhere.

By the time Iana Kasian died, at least six hours after the father of her new-born child scalped her, she had lost half the blood in her body. There were bruises and scrapes on her face and body, and a human bite mark on her jaw. County coroner Dr. James Ribe said of the condition of Iana's corpse, "I have never seen this before. And I doubt if hardly any forensic pathologists in this country or abroad have even seen this outside of, perhaps, wartime..."

Leibel too was covered in scratches and blemishes, including one severe bruise across the bridge of his nose. Iana had done what she could to fight him off, but to no avail.

Why would someone do this to the woman he wanted to marry? Why would he do this to the mother of his three-week-old daughter? Why?

This question was asked repeatedly during Leibel's 2018 trial, both by Olga Kasian, Iana's



mother, and by prosecuting attorney Beth Silverman. No clear answer has ever been forthcoming, certainly not from Leibel himself. However, there was one piece of evidence that suggested Leibel may have been fantasising about a crime of this nature for quite some time: *Syndrome*, a graphic novel he conceptualised, funded and published in 2010.

The book's cover illustration – a plastic baby doll with part of its skull removed – is immediately reminiscent of Iana Kasian's murder, and there are echoes of Leibel's horrifying actions inside as well. In one graphically depicted crime scene, a couple is found bound together and suspended upside-down from a bedroom ceiling, their bodies drained of blood. In another, a naked, headless woman is found sprawled on a blood-soaked mattress.

"The defendant basically handed us a blueprint," Silverman explained during the trial. "A case of life imitating art."

The defence team argued that Leibel would have to be a criminal mastermind to have telegraphed his crime so far in advance, but this ultimately proved a moot point. Regardless of his novel's gruesome content, there was other, overwhelming evidence against Leibel. He was convicted of first-degree murder, torture and mayhem and sentenced to life imprisonment without the possibility of ever being considered for parole.

Despite the chilling similarities between Leibel's fictional work and his real-life crime, no one could seriously argue that the comic served as a 'blueprint' for the atrocity he committed. After all, the vast majority of the people involved in creating horror fiction live otherwise normal, harmless lives. If indeed there was a blueprint for Iana Kasian's murder, then it must have been a complex one comprised of many factors.

"I like to say that genetics loads the gun," former FBI profiler Jim Clemente told WIRED, "personality and psychology aim it, and your experiences pull the trigger."

To even begin to attempt to understand how and why Leibel did what he did, we need to look beyond *Syndrome* and examine his family history, his personality, and the



experiences and events that led up to his utterly appalling and totally unprovoked crime.

BORN TO KILL?

Blake Leibel is the son of extremely rich parents. His mother, Eleanor Chitel, inherited her father's plastics empire, and his father, Lorne Leibel, is a property developer whose Canada Homes venture has built more than 30,000 homes since its inception in 1975. It's safe to say that the well-established link between poverty and violent crime does not apply here. However, a less well-researched area might offer up one piece of the puzzle.

In a 2013 study, researchers at the University of California found strong links between inherited wealth and narcissistic personality traits, in particular a sense of entitlement. Put simply, the rich are so used to getting what they want that they tend to feel they deserve it. This certainly applies to Leibel, whose monthly allowance was a reported \$18,000 and who, according to Olga Kasian, had been constantly demanding sex from Iana in the weeks leading up to her murder. Experts advise that a woman should wait at least six weeks after a caesarean section before having sex. Leibel didn't care.

Leibel was born into money and privilege, but what of his genes? The nature versus nurture debate is one of the fiercest and longest running in all of psychology, with expert opinions on the degree to which our personalities

TOP Up until the final weeks of her life, Iana's relationship with Leibel had seemed happy and loving

ABOVE The last photo of the whole family together. Baby Diana was just days old at the time this was taken

LEFT Iana Kasian was a qualified tax lawyer but had been pursuing a career as a model since 2014, when she moved to California from her native Ukraine



MAYHEM, ILLUSTRATED

THE CRIME OF 'MAYHEM' ISN'T WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK

In modern-day English, the word 'mayhem' is commonly a synonym of 'chaos', but the original meaning of the word – the definition still used in criminal law – is something more specific. To commit mayhem is to maim, disfigure or mutilate; essentially to inflict an injury so severe that

it won't ever heal, such as the removal of a body part. In the Leibel case, the removal of Iana's scalp and ear were enough to constitute mayhem and, even if she had lived, Leibel could have faced life imprisonment for inflicting the injuries shown in the autopsy sketches alone, recreated here.

SAVAGE PRECISION

The coroner remarked that Iana's scalp had been cut neatly across the back, leaving only a few little pieces of skin still attached. On other parts of her head the scalp had been torn away piece by piece.

TORN AWAY

On the right side, in addition to cutting away the scalp, Leibel had ripped off Iana's ear, removing a long section of the skin of her cheek, all the way down to the jaw.

SCALPED

This shows how much of Iana's scalp was removed from the left side of her head, as well as several bruises and abrasions on her face, including a human bite mark on her jaw.

are genetic ranging from 20 per cent to 60 per cent. So even according to conservative estimates, genes play a big part in shaping who we are. Is Leibel descended from a long line of sadistic killers? No, he isn't, but there have certainly been some extreme personalities on both sides of his family.

Outside of the humdrum world of his property development day job, Leibel's father Lorne was known as something of a thrill-seeker. A lover of boats from a young age, he represented Canada as a yachtsman in the 1976 Olympic Games, earning himself the dubious honour of becoming the first Canadian ever to be disqualified from the Olympics for failing a drug test. Apparently, the medication he'd been using to control his asthma was a banned stimulant. He later took up both powerboat racing and motorsport, competing as recently as 2018.

There have also been allegations of extreme behaviour in his personal life. His former girlfriend, Michelle Vasic,

“TO UNDERSTAND WHY LEIBEL DID WHAT HE DID WE NEED TO EXAMINE HIS FAMILY HISTORY AND PERSONALITY”

RIGHT Blake Leibel married Californian model Amanda Braun in 2011. He left her shortly before the birth of her second son, and divorce proceedings were still ongoing at the time of Iana's murder



© Alamy

© Getty Images

wrote a book about their two-decade relationship, one that she describes as “abusive”.

The book promised a tell-all account of “an outrageous Miami lifestyle filled with nightclubs, drug addictions, sex addiction, jet setting and all the corruption, power and ego that fall in between”, but Lorne filed an injunction blocking its publication. This ruling was overturned two years later, but there’s currently no sign of the book ever having been published. The whole thing could have been a jilted lover lashing out, of course. But perhaps volatile relationships run in the family.

Leibel’s grandfather on his mother’s side, Paul Chitel, was also a notorious character. A lawsuit filed by a supplier in the 1990s described Chitel as a control freak and a bully, and his will stipulated that payments should be withheld from any would-be beneficiary found to be carrying the HIV virus. Paul Chitel’s wife Leona, Leibel’s grandmother, suffered from severe mental illness, specifically bipolar disorder, which is largely hereditary.

A family history of thrill-seeking, controlling behaviour and mental instability certainly looks like a genetic recipe for the killer Leibel became. But even without taking this history into account, it would still be reasonable to simply ask was Iana Kasian’s murder an act of sheer madness?

While Leibel’s defence team did request that his mental competence be evaluated, an insanity plea was not made and he was deemed fit to stand trial. To be clear, for a defendant to be deemed legally insane under Californian law, they must have been unable to distinguish between right and wrong at the time of committing the crime. Leibel doesn’t even come close to meeting this definition.

If he hadn’t known that killing Iana was wrong, he wouldn’t have barricaded himself inside his apartment immediately after doing it. Police also found his passport



“IT WOULD BE REASONABLE TO SIMPLY ASK: WAS IANA KASIAN’S MURDER AN ACT OF SHEER MADNESS?”

“HER LIFE IS IN DANGER”

HAVING ALREADY CALLED POLICE TO LEIBEL’S APARTMENT THE PREVIOUS DAY, A DESPERATE OLGA KASIAN, FEARING FOR HER DAUGHTER’S LIFE, CALLS 911 ONCE AGAIN

OLGA: My name is Olga Kasian. I want to get my daughter out of that apartment. Basically, I want to open the doors to break into that apartment and get my daughter out. It’s been three weeks since she had a C-section and she needs to... she needs doctor’s attention.

911: Okay, this is what I’ll do. I will send deputies to do a welfare check to see if she is there. If she is there, we’ll talk to her and ask her several questions, and tell her that her mother’s concerned because she hasn’t heard from her in several days.

OLGA: Yes m’am, he won’t open the door. They already tried to do that, and they tried to knock but he doesn’t open. He won’t open the door.

911: Okay, we will do another welfare check, and we will call her [Olga] to let her know the outcome. And then we’ll go from there, as far as possibly doing a missing persons report.

OLGA: Yes m’am, when are you going to go there? Because her life is in danger.

911: We’re going as soon as we hang up.

together with \$4,000 cash in a pair of his trousers, which suggests that he planned to escape abroad, presumably back to Canada.

But someone can be mentally ill without being legally insane. At this point it’s vital to acknowledge that the vast majority of people who experience mental illness are not in any way dangerous. In fact, research into the correlation between mental illness and violent crime hasn’t consistently revealed a strong link between the two. The CDC does include “traits associated with borderline personality disorder” among its list of risk factors for the perpetration of intimate partner violence, along with other factors sometimes associated with mental illness.

However, the link here is between violence and specific behaviours, not between violence and mental illness itself. So, even if Leibel were mentally ill, his illness would not form part of the blueprint for his abhorrent crime. And, according to one expert involved in the case, he’s perfectly sane anyway.

“Blake Leibel is not crazy,” Kris Mohandie, a forensic psychologist recruited to advise the prosecution on Leibel’s case, told CBS News.

UNRESOLVED ANGER

The wealth and perhaps even the genes that Leibel was born with may make up part of the ‘blueprint’ for his crime. But what of his early life experiences? Did someone



or something plant a traumatic seed that somehow grew into monstrous rage and bloodlust?

From what is known of his childhood, one incident does stand out as a possible risk factor. Leibel's parents separated in around 1990, when he was about nine years old, although they never actually divorced. Following the separation, Leibel lived with his mother, while his older brother, Cody, lived with their father.

While this wasn't technically a divorce, it's fair to assume that it would have had much the same emotional impact as one, and statistically, the children of divorced parents are more likely to develop behavioural issues, social problems and mental health issues. They also tend to have greater difficulty maintaining relationships in adult life and are more likely to commit serious crimes.

Little is publicly known about Leibel's personality and behaviour during his childhood and teenage years, so we can't know if his parents' separation had an immediate impact on him. But we do know that he had a complicated, tumultuous love life as an adult.

At the time of Iana Kasian's death, Leibel was still divorcing former model Amanda Braun, who he had married in 2011, and with whom he had two sons. He had abruptly left her in the summer of 2015, just a month before their second son was born. Six months later, Leibel was engaged to Iana, who was by then already pregnant.

If all that weren't complicated enough, Leibel had also been seeing a third woman, Constance Buccafurri, behind Iana's back. Less than a week before the murder, Buccafurri had accused Leibel of sexual assault, for which he'd been arrested. It was Iana who had to post

the \$100,000 bail to get him out of jail. Leibel was never prosecuted for the assault, but still, all this paints a picture of someone with a deeply unhealthy attitude to sex and relationships. Can that attitude be blamed solely on his parents' separation? Certainly not. But the absence of a stable, positive role model to follow was likely a contributing factor.

The next traumatic event in Leibel's life was the death of his mother, who succumbed to cancer aged 61 in 2011. Some friends believe that this was when his behaviour started gradually becoming more erratic, with one telling the *National Post*, "She was really an anchor for him."

Not just an anchor but a source of income for someone who otherwise had very little. Leibel inherited millions of dollars from his mother, but it apparently wasn't enough. In 2013, he sued to get her will overturned and thereby secure more of her fortune, but the suit was unsuccessful.

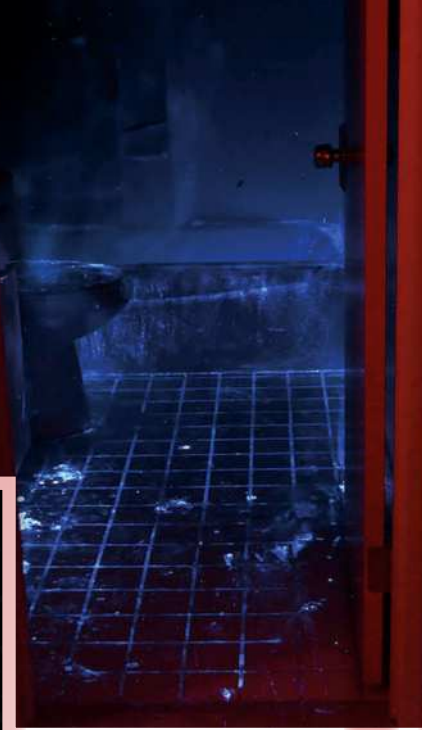
Setting the huge piles of cash aside for a moment, the death of a parent is extremely difficult for anyone, and Leibel, having been especially close to his mother and only 30 at the time of her death, must have been hit hard.

ABOVE LEFT Leibel was described as vacant and largely emotionless throughout his trial

ABOVE RIGHT Leibel speaks to his attorney as the judge sentences him to life in prison



RIGHT "There are no words to express the pain and despair in my heart," Olga Kasian told the court in an emotional impact statement



“FROM THE OUTSIDE HE LOOKS TO HAVE HAD A PERFECT LIFE. HE WAS RICH, MARRIED AND HAD TWO SONS”

It's normal for anyone experiencing grief to go through a cycle of intense, often conflicting emotions. Denial, numbness, anger, depression, anxiety and guilt are all common, and it's perfectly normal to take several circuits around this 'wheel of grief' before eventually finding a way along the path to recovery.

Serious problems occur when the bereaved gets stuck on one phase of the wheel and fails to reach the resolution necessary to move on. If Leibel had been harbouring unresolved anger for the five years since his mother's death, then this could go some way to explaining the severity with which he eventually snapped.

NO PERFECT STORM

Leibel doesn't appear to have experienced any further major triggering incidents since the loss of his mother. In fact, from the outside he looks to have had a more-or-less perfect life. He was rich, he married a model, he had two sons he adored, and he was able to pursue whatever creative projects he wanted – an enviable lifestyle by anyone's standards.

But while Leibel's millions ensured every opportunity was open to him, they didn't guarantee success, either in his personal nor professional life. While the first few

ABOVE LEFT Leibel drained Iana's blood by running her scalped head under the tap for half an hour. The plughole contained both blood and “freshly cut” hair

INSET Leibel had been unable – or just hadn't bothered – to clean off the bloodstain on the headboard by Iana's scalped head

LEFT Thanks to the use of Bluestar Magnum spray, police were able to see how bloody a murder this was

FROM BIRTH TO DEATH

IN THREE WEEKS THE VICTIM'S MOTHER WENT FROM THE HAPPIEST DAY OF HER LIFE TO THE MOST DEVASTATING

3/5/16

Blake and Iana's daughter, Diana, is delivered by caesarean section on the day of her grandmother Olga's 60th birthday.

20/5/16

Following a sexual assault allegation by storyboard artist Constance Buccafurri (who Leibel's been seeing behind Iana's back) Leibel is arrested and jailed. That same day Iana posts the \$100,000 bail required for his release.

24/5/16

21:30

Iana arrives at Leibel's apartment. Since learning of his affair she has been staying with her mother but has agreed to visit him after he reached out and apologised.

25/5/16

1:48

Leibel uses Iana's phone to order a food delivery, repeatedly emphasising that the package should be left outside the apartment door and that the delivery person must not ring the bell.

13:44

Having made numerous unanswered calls to her daughter throughout the day, a worried Olga goes to Leibel's apartment accompanied by a friend. He ignores the doorbell and closes a window when Olga calls out to him. She calls the police, but when officers ring the doorbell and call Leibel's phone they also get no response. After two hours the officers leave the scene, believing they have no justification for a forced entry.

years of his marriage seemed happy, his personal life was latterly characterised by a seemingly desperate lurching from one situation to the next. Whatever he was searching for – attention, status, gratification, power, love – he was unable to find it anywhere or with anyone.

His professional life was similarly erratic and unsuccessful. He wrote and directed a goofy teen sex comedy, *Bald*, which went straight to DVD and has an average user rating of 2.5/10 on IMDB. He also directed three episodes of the animated spin-off of Mel Brooks' classic *Spaceballs*, but that wasn't a critical or commercial success either. And the only one of his comic book projects that made any impact at all was *Syndrome*, which only saw a spike in sales after the details of his crime went public. As in his personal life, the attention and status he wanted – that he felt entitled to – was hard to come by, even with near-limitless cash flow. Underneath it all, frustration and anger were building and struggling to find a healthy outlet.

One outlet that Leibel was known for was his almost constant marijuana use, and heavy drug and alcohol use appear on every list of risk factors for violent crime ever published. Cannabis is not typically associated with violence, but smoking a lot of pot can induce psychosis and increases the risk of mental illness. Leibel's crime wasn't just an act of violence, it was an act of blurring the lines between fantasy and reality, a blurring that heavy cannabis use could have contributed to. It's worth noting that only a small amount of marijuana was found in Leibel's system following his arrest, but this doesn't provide any measure of the long-term effects his smoking habit may have had.

Leibel's heavy cannabis use may also have been a symptom of his state of mind, not only a cause; a way to temporarily numb the anger, frustration and pain caused by other unresolved issues in his life. A patch or a crutch perhaps, but not in any way a solution.

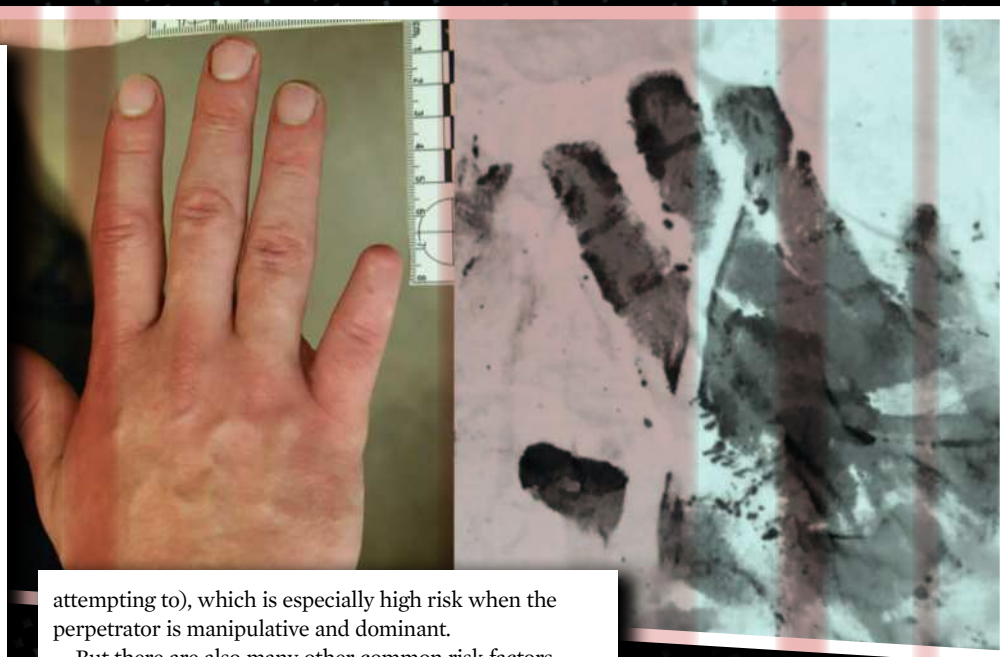
Several other risk factors for intimate partner violence apply to this case: isolation (Leibel had cut ties with most of his friends since leaving his wife), possessiveness and jealousy (he was jealous of the attention his newborn child was getting), and most pertinent of all, the victim leaving the relationship (or at least threatening or

attempting to), which is especially high risk when the perpetrator is manipulative and dominant.

But there are also many other common risk factors that don't apply here at all. Aside from the sexual assault allegation (for which he wasn't charged), Leibel had no known history of violent, threatening or abusive behaviour. He was also well-educated and financially secure and owned no guns or other weapons.

The fact is, there is no way to explain what Leibel did. There is no 'blueprint' for this or any murder, no perfect storm of patterns and circumstances that guarantee that a person will kill. And unless Leibel ever decides to speak publicly about what was going through his mind when he made that first incision across Iana Kasian's brow, we'll never truly know why he did it.

However, while it doesn't constitute a blueprint, it is possible to paint a speculative picture of a child who learned the false lesson that he could always get whatever he wanted. Someone who, in adulthood, was unable to process the harsher but much more valuable lesson that sometimes you absolutely cannot get what you want, no matter what lengths you're prepared to go to. Had he appreciated this most basic fact of life then an innocent woman, a mother to a newborn daughter, would still be alive today.



ABOVE Leibel's hand is measured for comparison to a blood-smeared handprint found at the scene of Iana's sickening murder: both hand and print are missing the little finger tip

26/5/16

1:45

Olga sends the first of a series of desperate messages to Iana. One reads, "Are you alive, my dear daughter?"

8:44

Deputy Micah Johnson calls Leibel's phone having been called to his apartment building again by Olga. There is still no response, so Johnson obtains a key to the apartment from the building manager.

11:30

Accompanied by Deputy Todd Mohr, Deputy Johnson enters the building and unlocks the apartment door, only to find it latched from the other side. After consulting their sergeant, the deputies kick open the door. Inside the blood-stained apartment they find Leibel barricaded in the master bedroom.

12:37

Leibel's friend, accountant and mentor, Steven Green, arrives at the apartment building having spoken to Leibel on the phone. He persuades Leibel to let the officers into the room, where they discover a deathly pale Iana covered up to her chin by a Mickey Mouse blanket.

13:02

Deputy Mohr summons paramedics who have been waiting outside the building. Iana is examined and pronounced dead.

WEREWOLF OF SIBERIA

MIKHAIL POPKOV DESCRIBED HIS 18-YEAR REIGN OF TERROR AS A “CLEANSING”, BUT THIS WARPED SERIAL KILLER WAS IN FACT LITTLE MORE THAN A MANIAC WHO HATED WOMEN AND LOVED MURDER

WORDS GAVIN MACKENZIE

On 28 January, 1998 17-year-old Svetlana Misyavitchus was walking home from a friend's house through the streets of Angarsk, Russia, when a police car pulled up alongside her. The lone officer inside the car wound down the window and asked her if she needed a lift home. Angarsk is in Siberia, a region that lives up to its reputation for harsh, bitterly cold weather – the average temperature in January in the city is around minus 18 °C. Understandably then, Svetlana accepted the policeman's offer. It proved to be a catastrophic decision.

As they approached Svetlana's home, the officer did not turn in and stop as he'd promised; he kept driving. “Where are we going?” Svetlana asked. The policeman did not answer, silently driving Svetlana to remote woodlands near the small town of Baykalsk, over two hours' drive from Angarsk. The next thing Svetlana remembers, the policeman was smashing her head repeatedly against a tree before taking off her clothes and raping her. Dazed but still conscious, she crawled out from under her attacker and made a run for his car. Unable to find the car's keys, she ran again and stumbled into the path of some passersby, but incredibly they refused to help her. Moments later, Popkov's car burst through some bushes by the roadside. The uniformed rapist emerged, chased her down, beat her unconscious and left her for dead.

When Svetlana woke up she was indoors. She sat up and looked around. Beside her was a corpse with a name tag on its toe. She was in a morgue, but she was not dead. She

had survived an attack by Mikhail “The Werewolf” Popkov, one of only two women known to have done so. His other victims, at least 83 of them, were not so lucky.

Not that ‘lucky’ really describes Svetlana's story at all accurately. While she was able to describe quite accurately what had happened, even identifying Popkov as her attacker when shown a photo, police dismissed her account when Popkov's wife provided an alibi. The police reasoned that Svetlana's head injuries must have made her delusional. After all, such a heinous crime couldn't possibly have been committed by one of their own, could it?

It could. And it was. At the time of his attack on Svetlana, Popkov was already a seasoned killer, having begun what he sickeningly described as a “cleansing” six years previously in 1992. Thanks in large part to the police's firm belief that the attacker must be some kind of low-status worker and not an upstanding family man with a police badge, Popkov was able to continue his bloody rampage for another 12 years.

He has since confessed to committing 83 murders during that 18-year period, making him the most prolific Russian serial killer of the last 100 years, if not longer. Among those 83 victims were Tatiana Martynova and Yulia Kuprikova, who Popkov killed after they attended a concert in Angarsk.

A LOVE OF KILLING

Tatiana Martynova was only 20 when she had the grave misfortune to encounter Popkov. Married with one young child, her husband Igor had not wanted her to go to the concert, but her older sister, Viktoria, had bought her a ticket, so, accompanied by 19-year-old Yulia Kuprikova, she

“SVETLANA ACCEPTED THE POLICEMAN'S OFFER. IT PROVED TO BE A CATASTROPHIC DECISION”

RIGHT Popkov never tried to deny his crimes. “I admit my guilt in full,” he told the court. “Committing the murders, I was guided by my inner convictions.”



went out against her husband's wishes. Neither of the two women ever came home.

The following night a shepherd found their naked bodies lying side by side close to the nearby village of Meget. They had both been raped, killed and mutilated.

Open-casket funerals are traditional in Russia, where mourners are offered the chance of a final face-to-face farewell with the deceased. Tatiana's funeral was open casket – Popkov had smashed the back of her skull and made cuts all over her body, but her face was untouched. However, Yulia's funeral had to be a closed-casket gathering: her face had been cut up and disfigured so badly that no amount of makeup or reconstructive work could hide the damage.

This horrific attack was typical among Popkov's catalogue of murder and mayhem. While the weapons he used were usually selected at random (he would help himself to confiscated weapons stored at the police station, and later he'd use knives, axes, hammers, baseball bats, screwdrivers, shovels and so on), his methods and their outcomes tended to be much the same.

His victims' bodies bore numerous wounds; one intended to kill and many more intended to maim or mutilate, all to satisfy his sadistic urges. He even beheaded one of his victims and carved the heart from another. As prosecutor Alexander Shkinyov said of Popkov, "He clearly loved killing."

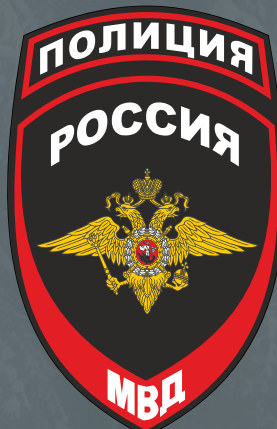
HER FACE HAD BEEN CUT UP AND DISFIGURED SO BADLY THAT NO AMOUNT OF MAKEUP COULD HIDE THE DAMAGE

SAVOURING DETAILS

Despite the high body count the police investigation into the string of murders was slow. At first it was simply assumed that the victims were casualties of the mafia warfare rife in Angarsk at the time. It wasn't until the late 1990s that a task force was set up to investigate whether or not the killings were connected, and it took a few more years before any definite link was found – sperm samples taken from three of the bodies all came from the same man. Yet it would be another decade before any real progress was made in identifying who that man might be.

Investigators eventually noticed that tyre tracks found close to some of the crime scenes were from a 4x4 Lada Niva, a popular model of car in Russia at the time and, more importantly, a vehicle commonly used by the police force in the Irkutsk region. By this time it was 2012 and DNA profiling had come on a long way since Popkov's murder spree began two decades before. Using car registration records, police were able to identify every man who'd owned a 4x4 Lada Niva in the Irkutsk region during the period the crimes were committed. Added to that list were the names of 3,500 men who had served as police officers in the region during that same period.

It appeared as if forensic investigators had a long, laborious task ahead of them, with thousands of saliva samples needing to be taken and tested, but in the end Popkov saved them a lot of work. When, during an interview with investigator Olga Likhodeeva in March 2012, Popkov asked what would happen if he refused to give a saliva sample, Likhodeeva's suspicions were raised. None of the other interviewees had asked that.



ABOVE Had the police believed Svetlana's account of the attack countless women could have been saved from falling into Popkov's clutches.

Popkov did actually give a saliva sample, but police didn't wait for the results to come back: Popkov was immediately put under close surveillance and, sure enough, he started acting suspiciously right away. He consulted a lawyer, quit his job and boarded a train to Vladivostok, a three-day journey away in the southeast. By that time, Popkov's DNA test had come back as a 100 per cent match, and officers were ready and waiting to intercept and arrest him on the train. He made no attempt to resist and quickly began confessing to his crimes, recalling (and in many cases savouring) every little detail.

DNA evidence tied Popkov to just three murders, but he willingly incriminated himself in a great many more, describing his actions, the locations in which they had taken place and the tools he had used with a disturbing degree of accuracy and clarity. The killer was taken handcuffed to crime scene after crime scene, where he re-enacted his crimes using dummies and showed investigators exactly where he had discarded his victims.

THE BLACK DOLPHIN

Thanks to this long process police were able to uncover the remains of 20 victims, some of which had lain undisturbed



Image source: Siberian Times

TOP Tatiana Martynova with her mother and older sister, Viktoria. "She felt as if she had died with Tanya," Viktoria said of her mother. "She died from a heart attack. I think her heart could not cope with the pain any longer."

TOP RIGHT During his first trial, the judge asked Popkov how many women he'd killed. "I can't say exactly," he replied. "I didn't keep a record."

RIGHT Popkov murdered Tatiana Martynova (right) and her friend Yulia Kuprikova (middle) after he offered them a lift home following a concert.



Image source: Siberian Times

KILLER COP

POPKOV CAME VERY CLOSE TO GIVING THE WHOLE GAME AWAY OVER TEN YEARS BEFORE HE WAS EVENTUALLY CAUGHT



© Alamy

For the first years of his rampage Mikhail Popkov was a respected police officer. He actually committed three of his murders while on duty,

and even when off-duty he used his service car and uniform to gain the trust of the women he targeted. On a number of occasions he was even assigned to accompany his detective colleagues to the scenes of his own crimes. His police career also seems to be one of the reasons it took so long to catch him, with the Irkutsk police force reluctant to investigate one of their own despite one survivor testifying that she had been attacked by a policeman.

On one occasion in June 2000 Popkov almost blew his cover when his police ID token fell from his uniform while he was viciously assaulting Marina Lyzhina and Lilia Pashkovskaya, who he had found out walking after midnight. Unfortunately Popkov realised and returned to the scene immediately.

"I found the token right away," he said, "but saw that one of the women was still breathing. I was again shocked by the fact that she was still alive. I finished her with a shovel."

RUSSIAN REVULSION

MIKHAIL POPKOV HAS COMPARED HIMSELF TO OTHER RUSSIAN SERIAL KILLERS, BUT ARGUABLY HE'S NOT EVEN THE WORST OF THEM

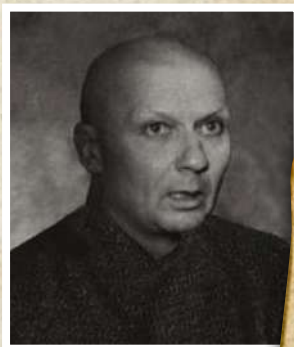
ALEXANDER PICHUSHKIN

The so-called "Chessboard Killer" once claimed that he intended to kill 64 people so that he could claim one murder for every square on a chessboard. He later changed his mind and admitted that he would have continued indefinitely had he not been caught in 2006, having claimed 60 victims.



ANDREI CHIKATILO

Andrei Chikatilo earned his most commonly used nickname, "The Butcher of Rostov", because he committed most of his 52 murders in the Rostov Oblast in southwest Russia. However, during his 12-year killing career he took the lives of women and children all over the Soviet Union.



DARYA NIKOLAYEVNA SALTYSKOVA

The reason Mikhail Popkov can't claim to be the worst Russian serial killer ever is that there are two killers from the pre-Soviet era with victim counts of over 100. Surprisingly, both were wealthy, high-profile women who killed their serfs. Saltykova tortured and killed as many as 147 people in just six years.



Image source: wiki/PVKurdyumov

for two full decades. Popkov was eventually convicted of 22 murders and two attempted murders (those of Svetlana Misyavitchus and another survivor named Evgeniya Protasova) and sentenced to life in prison. There were many calls for his execution, but the death penalty has been under moratorium (an indefinite ban) in Russia since 1996.

However, Popkov was not to get off lightly. He was to serve his sentence at penal colony No. 6, otherwise known as the 'Black Dolphin', one of the oldest and harshest prisons in Russia. But, as an ex-police officer himself, he knew how the system worked and had already figured out a way to prolong his stay at the relatively cosy pre-trial facility he'd been residing in since his arrest. Popkov had more confessions to make. A lot more.

At some point following his first conviction in 2015 Popkov bragged to a cellmate that he had killed more people even than Andrei "The Butcher of Rostov" Chikatilo, who had been executed in 1994 after confessing to 56 murders (he was convicted for 52). Popkov claimed that he himself was the worst of all Russian serial killers, and he soon set about trying to prove it.

A new round of confessions began in 2018, with Popkov detailing a further 59 killings, all but three of which could be backed up by sufficient evidence for a conviction. So, he earned himself another life sentence on top of the first. Then, in 2020, he confessed to two more murders, resulting in another ten years imprisonment on top of the two lifetimes he was already serving.

Investigators have resigned themselves to the idea that there will be many more confessions to come. "I am more than sure that Popkov committed 100-plus crimes, if not closer to 200," said lead investigator Lt-Col Evgeny Karchevsky. "It was impossible for him to stop halfway."

ONE MOTIVE

Following his first conviction, it was Popkov's own mother Antonina who perhaps best summed up the thoughts tormenting his victims' friends and family members. During a TV interview with Channel One Russia, Antonina addressed her son using his nickname: "Misha, give us some sign if you have done all this or not. And if so, why? It is hard to live knowing nothing. We need to know."

At the time, Popkov's mother, as well as his wife and daughter, were still in denial regarding his crimes. He'd confessed to all 22 murders, so it's unclear what further 'sign' Antonina needed. And Popkov had also been very forthcoming regarding his motive, repeatedly describing himself as a "cleaner" who set out to purge Angarsk's streets of women he considered immoral.

"Not all women became victims," Popkov told investigators, "but those of a certain negative behaviour, I had a desire to teach and punish."

Popkov set the bar for this negative behaviour very low. Being out at night, instead of at home tending to their families, was typically "immoral" enough by Popkov's twisted standards. If the women had been drinking then that made matters worse. Or if they hadn't, Popkov would invite them for a drink, sometimes even accompanying them to shops to buy alcohol. On a few occasions his targets declined his invitations and he politely took them home. But in most cases Popkov would find an excuse to condemn them to death.

The entrapment and gross hypocrisy at work here is obvious. It's common for serial killers to dress up their motives as in some way moral, but of course they never are. After all,





❗ POPKOV LOVED KILLING AND HATED WOMEN. EVALUATED AS SANE PRIOR TO TRIAL, HE WAS LATER DIAGNOSED WITH ‘HOMICIDAL MANIA’ ❗

As for why he hated women so much, little is known about Popkov's early life, but according to psychiatrist Alexander Grishin, it's likely that a toxic relationship with his mother played a major role, as has been the case with many other serial killers. Grishin has alleged that Antonina is an alcoholic who behaved abusively towards Popkov during his childhood. This would certainly explain his resentment towards drunk women and the fact that, according to police investigators, Popkov usually targeted women who, like his mother, were full-figured and of below average height.

Popkov himself also believed that his 18-year murder spree was triggered by suspicions that his wife Elena had cheated on him, which she has always denied.

"I'm not looking for excuses, but this was the impetus for my future," Popkov said during one of his confessions. "Everyone goes through such things differently: some take it easily and forget, others take it painfully. What happened with me? The worst-case scenario."

This is about as close to remorse as Mikhail Popkov has ever got.

ABOVE Despite being the most dangerous person in the room, Popkov was secured in a cage throughout his trial for his own protection.

LEFT The Lada Niva was an extremely common vehicle in 1990s Russia, but its tyre tracks nonetheless enabled police to narrow their search for the killer.

there are no real-life Dexters. Karchevsky saw straight through Popkov's self-aggrandising hogwash and summed up his reasons for killing succinctly: "Popkov's motive for murder was one – misogyny."

Karchevsky's brutal assessment was disturbingly accurate; Popkov did what he did because he loved killing and he hated women (although he did kill one male police officer, and it's never been made clear why). He was evaluated as sane prior to his first trial but was later diagnosed with 'homicidal mania', which gave him the "irrational desire to kill". In other words, once again, he loved killing people.

FLESH MARKET KILLERS



IN THE 19TH CENTURY, SCOTLAND'S ANATOMISTS CALLED FOR A SUPPLY OF FRESH BODIES TO DISSECT. THE MURDEROUS WILLIAM BURKE AND WILLIAM HARE WERE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO OBLIGE...

WORDS JOANNA ELPHICK

The first body that fell into the hands of partners in crime Mr William Burke and Mr William Hare died of natural causes. What followed was anything but natural; a series of violent, opportunistic murders that ensured the two men, and those who supported them, would plumb the depths of infamy and become the most notorious Resurrection Men of all time, despite the fact they never actually dug their corpses up from the ground.

While some looked to the stars and beyond in their quest for knowledge, many chose a different path and dedicated their lives to understanding the human form. During the early 19th century, Edinburgh became a pivotal city in the advancement of anatomical study, and it was here, where fresh corpses were coveted, that Burke and Hare began their lucrative enterprise.

MAKING A KILLING

When 'Old Donald', a decrepit lodger, passed away on 29 November 1827, owing Hare £4 in rent, Burke suggested they might try and sell the body in order to recoup Hare's losses and make some extra cash to spend on whiskey. The pair of Irish immigrants had met while working as cheap farm labourers on the harvests in Penicuik. When they both moved to Tanner's Close in West Port they became firm friends and drinking buddies. Tanner's Close was nothing more than a stinking, overcrowded slum, but Hare and his wife Maggie called it home, and Burke was happy to lodge there with his common-law wife Nellie.

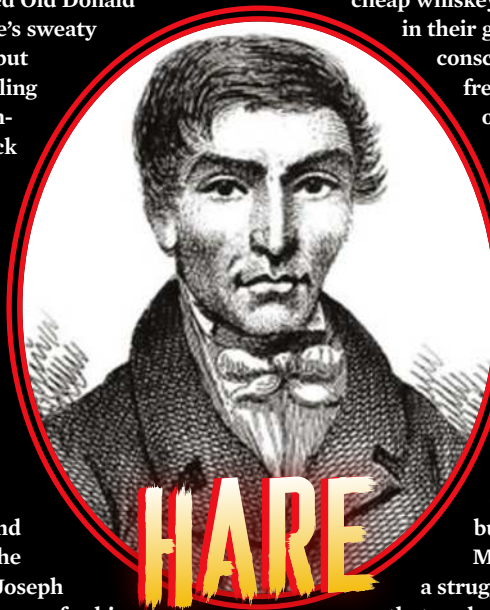
After the local parish had placed Donald in a coffin, the two men removed the corpse, stuffing it under a bed



LEFT Ironically, Burke continues to support the science of anatomy, providing his own skeleton for students to study

while they filled the box with bark chippings. As the coffin was taken away to be buried Burke procured an old fish cart, and they wheeled the body across the city to Edinburgh University. Eventually, Burke and Hare were sent to Surgeon's Square, where they were met by junior anatomists eager to impress their lecturer with a fresh cadaver. Dr Robert Knox inspected Old Donald and £7 10s were pressed into Hare's sweaty palm. This had been easy money but the likelihood of another body falling into their laps was practically non-existent, so the two men went back to scratching out a living as best they could.

When another lodger, a miller by the name of Joseph, became poorly, Burke and Hare began circling around the invalid like a pair of wily vultures. Unfortunately, the man was clinging onto life despite the fact he was burning up with a fever. Hare feared that his contagious illness would repel other prospective lodgers and prayed that the miller would do the decent thing and die quietly, but Joseph had no intention of making things easy for his landlord. Once again, Burke stepped in and suggested the unthinkable. Having plied Joseph with whiskey, Hare suffocated him while Burke knelt across his chest, pushing out the air and inhibiting any movement. It was January 1828, and Burke and Hare had committed their first murder. Once again, the body was bundled onto the fish cart and pushed through the filthy back streets



under an old sack cloth until they reached the elegant Surgeon's Square, where they knocked on the imposing door of Robert Knox. Bodies were worth more during the cold winter months since they lasted longer, and an assistant gladly paid £10 for the fresh meat.

Any sense of guilt was quickly washed away with cheap whiskey and, as the two men sat drinking in their grimy hovel, they made the conscious decision to ensure that a fresh supply of cadavers were always on hand. They soon dismissed the notion of entering the body-snatching business since unsullied flesh and organs could not be guaranteed. Besides, it was a risky business digging up corpses in full view since disturbing a grave was a criminal offence. Murdering folk might also be illegal, but the foul deed could be carried out in the privacy of the lodging house, behind the tattered rag curtains. Burke and Hare were in business – and it was booming. Murdering Joseph had been quite a struggle, and Burke was concerned that such a violent end might imprint upon the body. Unexplained bruises or ligature marks might force the good doctor or his eager students to ask awkward questions. With this in mind the pair set about honing their 'craft'. Clearly the use of alcohol helped quieten the victim down, and a quick dram of whiskey also calmed the killers' nerves. The problems began when they set upon the unfortunate soul and they started to



ABOVE A 19th-century engraving depicts William Burke intoxicating his unwitting victims

RIGHT The institute of anatomy at Surgeon's Square, with Dr Robert Knox's rooms in the centre, drawn in 1829

ROBERT KNOX THE ANATOMIST

HIS QUEST FOR ANATOMICAL KNOWLEDGE BROUGHT HIM FAME, FORTUNE AND ULTIMATELY RUIN

Born in 1791, Knox served in the army, where he treated those wounded at the Battle of Waterloo before returning to Scotland to work at the prestigious College of Surgeons. As a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, he used his influence to establish a school of anatomy and curated the Museum of Anatomy and Pathology. Students flocked to witness his lectures, which included twice-daily dissections, but his overwhelming success also instigated his downfall. Demand for fresh bodies opened up an insidious market and his name was forever linked with the infamous Burke and Hare. After Burke was hanged the public turned on him, and he was forced to resign as curator. A further embarrassment in London led to him being debarred from lecturing and stripped of his Fellowship. He died in Hackney, a disgrace to the profession that he had given his life to.

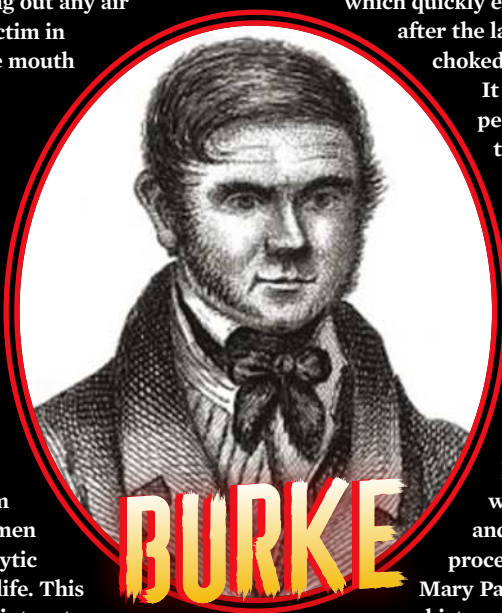




“ WHEN BOTH MEN WERE SURE THAT SIMPSON WAS PARALYTIC THEY POUNCED, SWIFTLY ENDING HER LIFE ”

thrash about. A pillow over the face was clumsy and difficult to manoeuvre. However, strangulation was likely to leave tell-tale marks. It was decided that, having befuddled the unsuspecting individual with liquor, Burke would sit upon their chest, pushing out any air from the lungs and holding the victim in place, while Hare would cover the mouth with one hand and pinch the nose shut with the other. So successful was this method that it would eventually be known as ‘burking’.

The duo first tested their newly improved approach on pensioner Abigail Simpson during the following month. The frail old woman had been out selling salt and was crippled with cold as she made her way through the streets. When Hare offered her a nip of whiskey to keep the chills at bay, she was only too happy to join him in the lodging house. When both men were sure that Simpson was paralytic they pounced, swiftly ending her life. This time they stuffed her pitiful body into a tea chest and presented it to Knox, who bought it for £10. The anatomist commended them on their discovery of such a fresh cadaver but failed to find out from where or how they had happened upon it.



BURKE

A further £10 was given for the body of a travelling match seller who had the misfortune of spending the night in Hare's wretched lodging house. The luckless tradesman had come down with a nasty case of jaundice, which quickly escalated into total expiration after the landlord and his eager partner had choked the life out of him.

It was unusual that two such evil people should have gravitated towards one another, but the fact that they each ended up with equally repellent wives was utterly bizarre. Both Helen ‘Nellie’ McDougal, the common-law wife of Burke, and Maggie Hare watched their husbands’ ‘business’ flourish and, rather than report them to the local constable, they lured prospective victims back to the lodging house, looked the other way while the dirty deed was done, and then later helped to spend the proceeds on whiskey. Having murdered Mary Paterson, McDougal ripped the skirts and petticoats from the still-warm corpse and promptly put them on. Knox, meanwhile, gave the men £8 and pickled the cadaver in whisky. When a certain Mrs Haldane fell into a drunken stupor while lodging with Hare it was to be her last alcoholic

ABOVE An illustration showing Burke and Hare murdering their final victim before their downfall



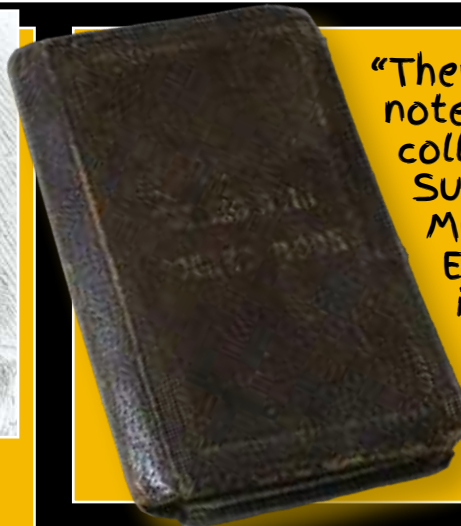
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EXPERT INSIGHT

A FEW WORDS WITH THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR A COLLECTION OF GRIM ARTIFACTS HELD IN SCOTLAND



"Not only do I believe Hare was guilty - he confessed that he was. As did Burke. I also believe Margaret Hare was culpable, though probably not physically involved in smothering people."



"There is a notebook in the collection of Surgeon's Hall Museum in Edinburgh that is said to have been bound in William Burke's skin."

© Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh



"Edinburgh saw a number of riots - for instance in 1742. As did other Scottish cities, including the destruction of the anatomy theatre in Aberdeen in 1831"

BIO



TACYE PHILLIPSON

Senior Curator of Science at National Museums Scotland

Dr Tacye Phillipson studied Natural Sciences at Trinity College, Cambridge, and gained her Ph.D. in experimental physics. She is responsible for the museum's science collections, particularly the physical sciences and 20th- and 21st-century material and has curated many fascinating exhibitions.

hurrah. A few months later her daughter went the same way. Each time, the bodies were manhandled onto the fish cart or stuffed into the tea chest before unwittingly playing a starring role in Dr Knox's popular anatomical lecture.

Whether acting together or independently, the two men were making considerable money and, feeling untouchable, they began to take risks. When Burke noticed a constable helping an old woman back to her lodging house, he intervened, promising to see the woman home safely. Instead he smothered her and carted her straight off to Surgeon's Square. In June of 1828, they murdered two victims in one go. Both an old woman and her grandson were pressed into a fish barrel and rolled over to Knox, who happily handed over £16. The murders continued throughout the summer months



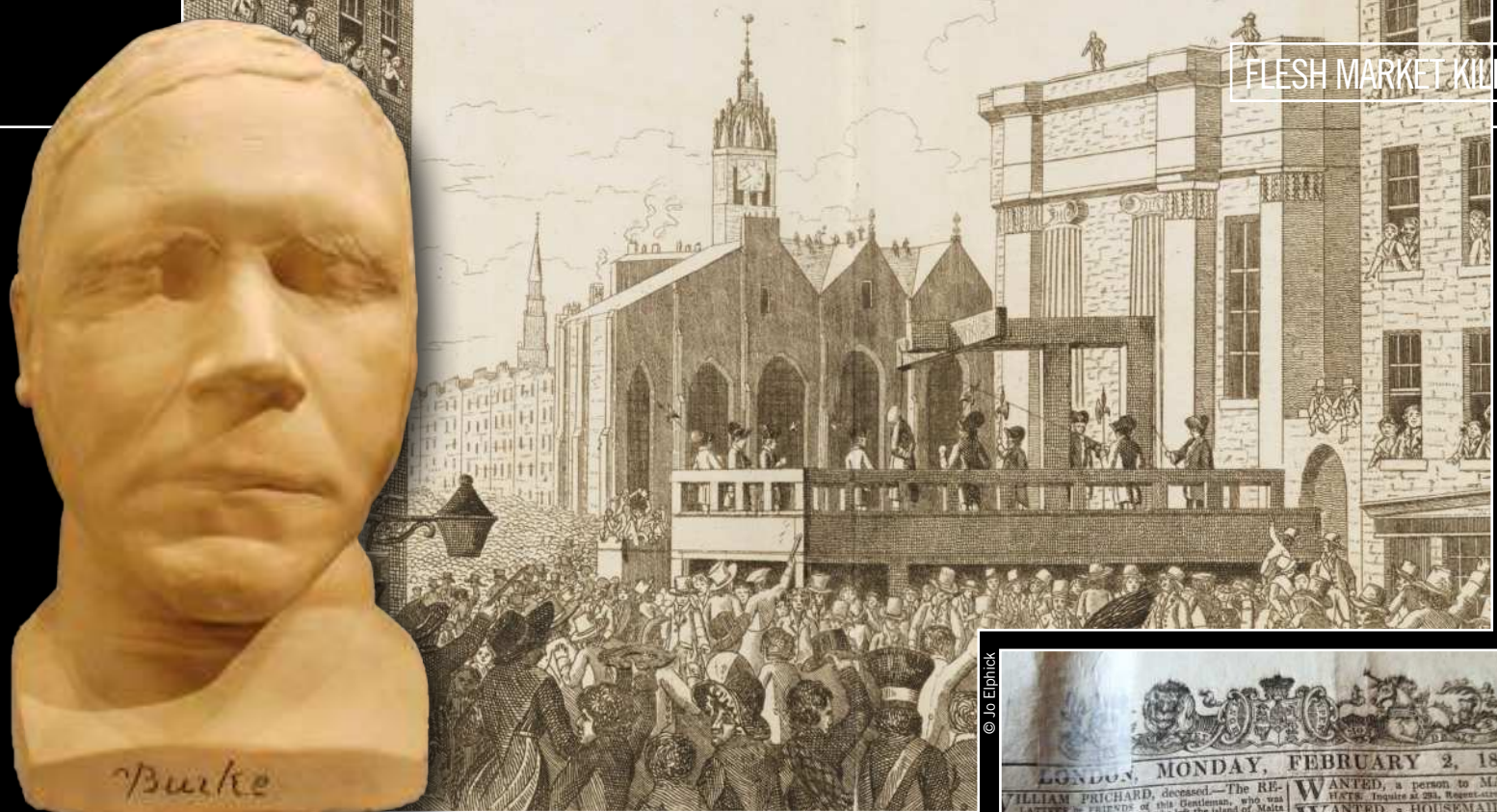
ABOVE Poor old Daft Jamie, one of the pair's many innocent victims

but, so far, they had chosen random characters who would not be missed. The killing of Daft Jamie was an imprudent decision.

Eighteen-year-old James Wilson, known by everyone as 'Daft Jamie', was both mentally and physically disabled. He was a likeable chap who begged for a living, trailing the backstreets in search of food. Consequently, when Burke and Hare wheeled his corpse up to Surgeon's Square, the students instantly recognised him. This should have been the moment Knox stepped in and ended their murderous business, but instead he reassured his assistants that the boy merely looked like someone they knew. Once again, Knox chose to look the other way. Burke and Hare had avoided trouble once again, but their luck was soon to run out.

On Halloween night 1828, Ann and James Gray, two lodgers staying with Hare, watched





© National Museums Scotland

© Jo Elphick



as a third visitor, Margaret Docherty, was plied with drink. Eventually, the pair went out to avoid the rowdy behaviour, but when they returned the following day Ann discovered Margaret's dead body hidden beneath a pile of straw. While they went for the constable, Burke and Hare rushed the corpse over to Knox, who bought it without any questions. But it was too late. The game was up and, when the body was located in the surgeon's lecture hall, both men and their wives were taken in for questioning.

A FITTING END

Although Burke and Hare had murdered 16 people, the lack of bodies – and indeed any evidence – was a major issue. The police weighed up their options and decided to offer Hare the opportunity of turning King's Evidence. This meant that he and his harried wife would be given immunity from prosecution as long as he made a full confession implicating Burke and McDougal. He was only too happy to oblige, and on Christmas Eve a heaving crowd eagerly watched as the trial unfolded. On Christmas Day the jury returned a verdict of 'not proven' for McDougal, who slunk away thanking her lucky stars.

Burke was not so fortunate, and as the black silk cloth was positioned upon the judge's head, he was passed down the death sentence. William Burke was to be hanged. However, Burke's punishment was not to end with his death. His body was to be presented to the School of Anatomy, where students could learn from his dissected corpse. All agreed that this was a just sentence and a fitting end.

While most consider Burke and Hare to be a monstrous pair, others have suggested that their ghastly practices were a means to an end: although they took 16 innocent lives, they may well have inadvertently saved countless others. The science of anatomy was in its infancy and Edinburgh was at the epicentre of anatomical research. Resurrection Men, or 'body snatchers', were rife and many doctors were loath to ask too many questions, since authorised cadavers were few and far between and viewing a corpse was the only way to advance anatomical knowledge. Certainly Burke and Hare 'filled the gap' in the market, and after the trial Parliament realised the very real need for legitimate corpses since this was the only way student doctors could learn their trade.

The Anatomy Act of 1832 saw to it that fresh bodies could be obtained from the workhouse if the deceased was unclaimed and, as a result, the gruesome crime of body snatching diminished. The highly acclaimed Professor Munro dissected Burke's body before a packed lecture theatre. Further students and assistants were allowed to walk through the hall in a macabre procession to learn from the criminal's bloody organs. His skeleton dangles still in the Edinburgh Medical School, helping students of anatomy to this day.

“ HIS BODY WAS TO BE PRESENTED TO THE SCHOOL OF ANATOMY, WHERE STUDENTS COULD LEARN FROM HIS CORPSE ”

ABOVE LEFT The death mask taken of William Burke after his execution clearly shows the noose marks around the neck

ABOVE Over 25,000 spectators came to watch Burke hang. Some paid 20s to rent a window space overlooking the scaffold

ABOVE INSET An excerpt from *The Times* newspaper dated Monday 2 February 1829 reads, "...Burke stated that he was happy that he had at last been arrested in his career of crime..."



© National Museums Scotland

© Alamy, Getty Images



**“ HE HAD
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FINE YOUNG CANNIBAL

MURDER, CANNIBALISM, NECROPHILIA AND BOTCHED LOBOTOMIES: HOW DID JEFFREY DAHMER SWEET TALK 17 VICTIMS INTO HIS LAIR?

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

LEFT On 6 August 1991, Dahmer was charged with 12 counts of murder. He was given 957 years

Behind the doors of the Milwaukee Circuit County Court, 12 jurors deliberated Jeffrey Dahmer's sanity. The 31-year-old 'Milwaukee Cannibal' had rather calmly admitted to killing 17 young boys and men in just over a decade, molesting a number of their corpses before skinning them and throwing their remains into a 57 gallon drum of acid. He saved the odd heart, liver or seasoned biceps for himself from time to time. But Dahmer appeared an ordinary, attractive man with a blonde mass of hair on his head and striking blue eyes that reflected his German ancestry. He was by no means a lesser-minded individual – quite the contrary, he was an intelligent guy.

Nevertheless, he pleaded guilty by reason of insanity at his preliminary hearing.

The jurors were instructed to base their ruling on two questions:

Did Dahmer suffer from mental illness? And if so, did he have “the capacity to appreciate the wrongfulness” of his actions or “the ability

to conform” to the law? To reach a verdict of insanity, ten jurors were needed, and only two argued for such an excuse. After all, in the midst of his murders, Dahmer would reach for a condom so as not to contract a sexually transmitted disease from the corpses he sodomised. Surely this is the action of a rational person? Yet his defence lawyer, Gerald Boyle, described Dahmer as a “killing machine” who could not control his compulsion to murder. “He was a runaway train on a track of madness, picking up steam all the time, on and on and on,” he told the court.

After a deliberation of five hours, the jury deemed him sane and found him guilty of all counts. He was given 15 consecutive life sentences in February 1992 equating to 957 years in prison (this was later changed to 16 consecutive life sentences in May, taking into account his first murder in 1978). As the verdict was delivered, Dahmer sat back in his chair, composed and accepting of his fate. He had charmed and overpowered 17 victims but now his looks and guile were no match for the Milwaukee justice system. His crimes of necrophilia and cannibalism had condemned him as a dangerous, sexually motivated monster who carefully selected victims for his own sadistic pleasure, before luring the majority of them back to his North 25th Street apartment.

Dahmer did not claim to have had an unhappy childhood. His parents would later argue he was a shy child who struggled to socialise. Growing up, Dahmer's curiosity was

misinterpreted when he asked his father Lionel, a chemistry student at Marquette University, how to remove the skin from chicken bones effectively. His father taught him how to bleach the parts, thinking it all rather harmless, and Dahmer would sit for hours entranced by the dissolution of the flesh from their joints. He would practise peeling the skin away from road kill and other dead animals he found.

In his only televised interview, with *Dateline's* Stone Phillips, Dahmer said that his curiosity could have progressed into a natural hobby such as taxidermy, but for some reason it went far beyond that. His mother Joyce would argue that her son was a normal boy, that she saw no foreboding behaviour that pre-empted a homosexual serial killer. But Dahmer said that his thoughts of death and sex started at around the age of 14 while his family was living in Ohio: when masturbating, he would envisage the insides of the dead animals that he had meddled with. At school, he would drink heavily and play practical jokes on classmates such as drawing round a body with chalk on the classroom floor. He was regarded as being an outcast and had very few friends.

A DOWNWARD SPIRAL

Dahmer celebrated his 18th birthday, attended his high school prom and committed his first murder all in one year – 1978. That June, Dahmer picked up hitchhiker Steven Hicks and brought him back to his parents' house, which was empty at the time due to their divorce, where the two of them drank and had sex. When Hicks got up to leave at the end of the night, Dahmer struck his victim over the head with a 4.5 kilogram dumbbell before strangling him with the object. Dahmer later admitted that he killed Hicks because he did not want him to leave. He then dismembered Hicks's body with a carving knife, pulverised his bones with a sledgehammer into thousands of shards before they were scattered around the property, and his flesh was put into bags and buried in a crawl space underneath the house. It would remain there for 13 years.

Dahmer ceased killing for almost a decade, during which time he lived a seemingly normal life. He found employment in various jobs including a position at the Milwaukee Blood Plasma Centre. Nine years later, in 1987, Dahmer picked up, Steven Tuomi in a bar in Ohio. A prowling Dahmer invited him back to his room at the Ambassador Hotel to continue drinking, where he fed his guest a cocktail of alcohol and sleeping pills to render him unconscious. Dahmer fell asleep next to his victim, but when he came to, he found his guest's lifeless corpse next to him, his chest crushed and blood leaking from his mouth. Dahmer himself had bruises to his arms, suggesting that Tuomi had struggled for his life. Thinking fast on his feet, Dahmer went out and purchased a trunk for the purpose of transporting the body to his grandmother's house, where he was living at the time, to continue its dismemberment in the basement. Prior to dicing up Tuomi's body, Dahmer had sex with his corpse, then masturbated over the open body. The victim's remains were thrown into the trash, never to be seen again.

UNDER YOUR SKIN

Dahmer would continue to lure victims back to his grandmother's house where he lived, before he moved into a one-bedroom home in Milwaukee Oxford Apartments on North 25th Street in 1990. Here he continued his attacks. He picked up men in gay bars such as Club 219 or La Cage Aux

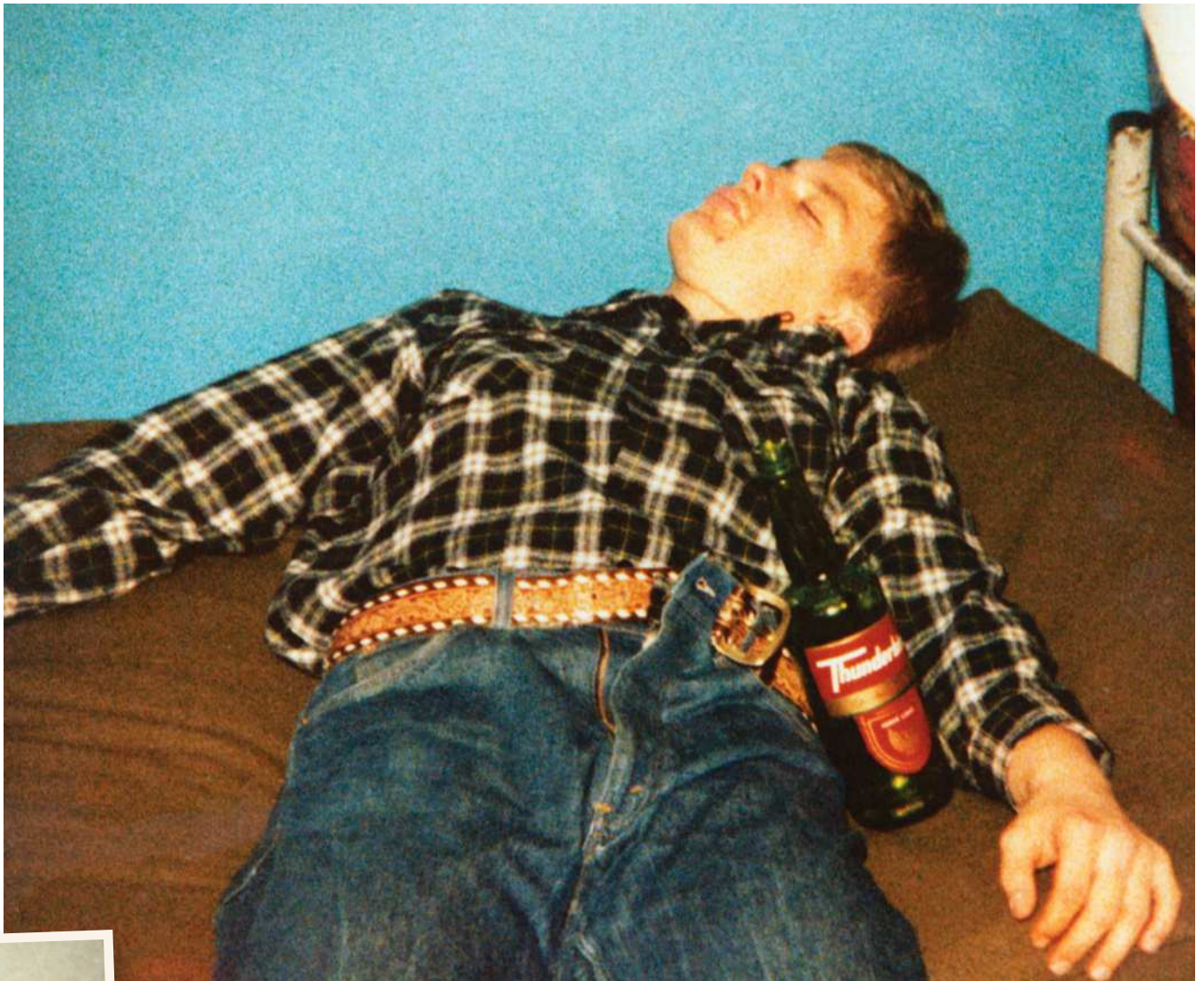


Folles either with the promise of sex or money to pose nude for photographs. Dahmer was very persuasive and knew how to win his victims round. One of his victims, Tony Hughes, was deaf and mute, yet Dahmer propositioned him via a letter, enticing Hughes back to his home.

The killer's method was to drug the victims with liquor laced with sleeping pills. Once unconscious, he would lay with them, listening to their heartbeat and monitoring their breathing. When their slow and steady breaths turned more rapid, Dahmer knew that they were coming to; he would then strangle the last of the breath from their bodies. Once they were dead, he seized the opportunity to have a completely submissive man-shaped toy. He admitted to only targeting people he saw as attractive and he offered the same explanation as to those that he ate, describing how he didn't want his victims to leave him.

He admitted to eating the seasoned biceps of one of his victims, Ernest Miller, in 1990 and preserving other victims' organs for consumption. During his interview with Phillips, Dahmer told him that the killings were "a means to an end." He added that killing was the least satisfactory part and that he didn't enjoy doing it. "I just wanted to have the person under my complete control, not having to consider their wishes, being able to keep them there as long as I wanted," he said. In an interview with *Westword* magazine for the release of the 2013 film *The Dahmer Files*, Officer Pat





ABOVE His weakness for beer was Dahmer's downfall, as his later murders became progressively sloppier

ABOVE LEFT Jeffrey Dahmer's notorious apartment 213 was torn down in 1992 along with the rest of the block



Dahmer had already murdered once by the time he was arrested for disorderly conduct in 1981

Kennedy, the man who interrogated the murderer for three hours following his arrest, said that despite the worldwide condemnation of Dahmer as the epitome of evil, he could also be “charming”. “When we weren’t talking about his deeds, just talking about regular things, I saw a regular guy. A product of upper middle class, someone who had been given all the resources and benefits that anybody could want in this country, a guy who had a strong command of the English language, who knew how to talk to authority figures. He could be charming.”

He added that he also had a lot of “really normal emotions”. “When you would look at Jeffrey Dahmer, into his blue eyes, you didn’t see the fucking devil, you know what I’m saying? You saw – at least I saw – a pathetic human being who was so hedonistically selfish that all he could think about was the pursuit of his own sexual pleasures.”

Although Dahmer did not go completely unnoticed by the judicial system, each time he was pulled up before a judge, he would contrive a charming and persuasive excuse that would fool officials. In one now-infamous instance it would seal a victim’s death. An encounter with a 13-year-old Laotian boy resulted in him being charged with sexual exploitation and second-degree sexual assault. Dahmer pleaded guilty, claiming that the boy had appeared much older, and temporarily moved in with his grandmother as he awaited his trial in May 1989.

“ WHEN YOU WOULD LOOK AT JEFFREY DAHMER, INTO HIS BLUE EYES, YOU DIDN’T SEE THE FUCKING DEVIL, YOU KNOW WHAT I’M SAYING? ”

All images: © Corbis, Getty Images, REX Features



Jeffrey's father and stepmother, Lionel and Shari Dahmer, watch at their son's murder trial



ABOVE The judge raised Dahmer's bail from \$1 million to \$5 million, after eight more murders were added to the four he was already charged with

LEFT Dahmer threatened his last victim, Tracy Edwards, with an army issue knife similar to this, before Tracy managed to flee from the killer



At his trial for child molestation, Dahmer produced an eloquent argument in his own defence, stating how he had seen the error of his ways and that his arrest marked a turning point in his life. He was the model of contrition. His defence counsel argued that he needed treatment, not incarceration, to which the judge agreed and gave him a five-year probationary sentence, with a one-year prison sentence on day release. This allowed him to continue to work at his current job at Ambrosia Chocolate Factory under the condition that he returned to the prison at night. He was released after ten months, despite Dahmer's father having written to the judge urging that his son be held until he had received appropriate treatment.

ZOMBIE SEX SLAVES

Dahmer moved into his own apartment in May 1990. By the following year, he had stepped up the rate of his murders. At the height of his frenzy, he was killing one person almost every week. He lured 19-year-old Errol Linsey back to his apartment by persuading him to pose for nude photographs. While Linsey was in a slumber from this predator's lethal cocktail, Dahmer drilled a hole into his skull, inserted a hypodermic needle into the crater he had made and injected the wound with hydrochloric acid, in the hope of creating a living zombie that would be Dahmer's submissive sex

slave. When this didn't work, he killed his victim, raping the corpse before decapitating and dismembering him, keeping the skull on display. He injected boiling water into the brain of 23-year-old Jeremiah Weinberger's to see if this would work instead, but he was unsuccessful. He left Weinberger alive and in a comatose state for two days before he was dispatched in the same manner as Dahmer's other victims.

That year, he set his sights on 14-year-old Konerak Sinthasomphone, whom he drugged once he had lured him back to apartment 213. While his victim slept, the lusty murderer began to drill a hole in his head before injecting hydrochloric acid into the wound, as he had done to Linsey. When Sinthasomphone did not wake up, Dahmer left his apartment, later returning to discover that two women had found his victim wondering the streets naked, drugged and bleeding from his rectum and head. The women suspected something was amiss and called the police. Officers Joseph Gabrish and John Balcerzak appeared on the scene. Although the victim could speak English fluently, he had sustained a brain injury and, under the influence of heavy sedatives, he was unable to communicate his situation effectively. However, Dahmer had chased after his victim and told the police that the boy was his 19-year-old lover who often drank heavily and wondered out of the house. He invited the officers back to his apartment where he showed them Sinthasomphone's clothes on the end of the couch and

A 'LOVER'S QUARREL'

A RECORDED CONVERSATION BETWEEN OFFICERS ATTENDING THE SINTHASOMPHONE STREET SCENE SHOWS HOW ADEPT DAHMER WAS AT SOCIAL ENGINEERING

Milwaukee resident 17-year-old Nicole Childress phones emergency services on 911 at 2am to report that a man is chasing a youth who was naked, dazed and bleeding.

Nicole Childress:

"I'm on 25th and State. There is this young man, he is buff naked. He has been beaten up. He is very bruised up. He can't stand. He has no clothes on. He is really hurt. He can't walk straight, he can't even see straight."

The 911 operator dispatches a squad car to the scene to look for a "man down... badly beaten, wearing no clothes." Meanwhile, Childress is connected with the fire department dispatcher, who immediately sends an ambulance. A Milwaukee County sheriff's deputy reports another call, describing the "Subject male dragging a naked male who looked like he was beat up severely." The next call is 15 minutes later from the two-man patrol car dispatched to the scene.

Police officer:

"The intoxicated Asian male (laughter in background) was returned to his sober boyfriend (more laughter)."

The officers are dispatched to another scene.

One replies to the operator:

"First, my partner is going to get de-loused at the station."

About ten minutes later, Glenda Cleveland, Childress's aunt, calls police for an update on Konerak, and to offer her niece and daughter, Sandra Smith, as witnesses.

Glenda Cleveland:

"No information was taken down. I was wondering how this situation was being handled? It indicated a male child was being raped and molested by an adult."

Finally, she reaches one of the officers who handled the incident and is told the accounts of her niece and daughter are not required.

Police officer:

"It was an intoxicated boyfriend of another boyfriend."

Cleveland:

"How old was this child?"

Police officer:

"It wasn't a child. It was an adult,"

Cleveland:

"Are you sure?"

Police officer:

"Yep."

Cleveland:

"Are you positive? My daughter... has seen him before on the street, picking earthworms."

Police officer:

"Ma'am, I can't make it any more clear. It's all taken care of. He is with his boyfriend, in his boyfriend's apartment, where he has his belongings also."

Cleveland:

"But what if he's a child? Are you positive he is an adult?"

Officer:

"Ma'am, like I explained to you, it's all taken care of. It's as positive as I can be. I can't do anything about somebody's sexual preference in life."

Cleveland:

"Well, I'm not saying anything about that. But it appeared to have been a child. This is my concern."

Police officer:

"No, he is not."

Cleveland:

"He is not a child?"

Police officer:

"No he is not. Okay? It's a boyfriend-boyfriend thing. He has belongings at the house where he came from. He has very nice pictures of himself and his boyfriend, and so forth."

Cleveland:

"Okay, I am just, you know... It appeared to have been a child. That was my concern."

Police officer:

"I understand. No, he is not. Nope."

Cleveland:

"Oh, okay. Thank you. Bye."

“ WHILE HIS VICTIM SLEPT, THE LUSTY MURDERER BEGAN TO DRILL A HOLE IN HIS HEAD BEFORE INJECTING HYDROCHLORIC ACID INTO THE WOUND ”

RIGHT Dahmer became less discreet towards the end, allowing corpses to fester inside his one bedroom flat

FAR RIGHT The now-infamous 57-gallon drum containing acid and dissolved body parts is taken out of flat 213 Oxford Apartments by specialists wearing hazmat suits

intimate pictures of him relaxed and smiling, posing in bikini-style briefs. Without a sex offender background check or age verification, the police handed the victim back to his 'boyfriend', despite his distressed state and earlier protests from the women who found him and believed that his life was in danger.

Had they checked, they would have seen that the seemingly caring partner was on probation for sexually assaulting a boy just a few years earlier. In an unfortunate twist and unknown to Dahmer, the boy was in fact Sinthasomphone's younger brother. The police instead believed Dahmer's plausible explanation against the incoherent ramblings of his victim. Dahmer killed and dismembered his 'lover' later that night and kept his skull as a souvenir. At his trial, the two officers that attended the scene that fateful day were suspended from the force but later reinstated. Officer Joseph Gabrish later told the courts that he and the other officers involved in that incident believed there to be a "caring relationship" between the two males based on the conversation they had with the killer.

THE DOWNFALL OF DAHMER

A lucky escape would lead officers to unearth the truth about Dahmer. His final victim seized an opportunity to flee from certain death on 22 July 1991. As Tracy Edwards went about his business in the mall, Jeffrey Dahmer approached him. At the time, Edwards knew him as just another ordinary neighbour that he occasionally saw in passing, but Dahmer knew just how to entice him. He suggested the pair find some women to accompany them down to the lake for a party. "I got 100 bucks, I'll buy the beer," Dahmer said. Edwards, broke from recently relocating, agreed to Dahmer's seemingly generous offer.

After the pair stopped off at the liquor store for beer, Dahmer announced that he needed to stop by his apartment first and change out of his work clothes; to Edwards, this was no problem. Back at the apartment, Edwards was taken aback by the stench that filled his nostrils as he walked through the door, but was reassured that it was just the sewers. The pair sat on a small couch, with little room between them, engaged in small talk while they opened the beer and watched *The Exorcist II*. Edwards thought his neighbour boring, but he drank his beverage and watched the television.

In the blink of an eye, his host slapped a handcuff on his wrist and jabbed an army-issue machete under his heart. "If you don't do what I say, I'm going to kill you," Dahmer said, "I've done this before. Don't make a move because I can kill you, just like that," and he snapped his fingers. Edwards wrestled his other arm away as Dahmer changed tack, trying to sweet-talk his victim into submission, "C'mon, c'mon, let me get your other arm."

Undeterred, Dahmer shoved the knife in his victim's armpit and ordered him into the bedroom. Edwards tried to reason with him, hoping to appease Dahmer and lead him into a false sense of security in order to make an escape. "You'll never leave here," Dahmer spat. "It won't be long. I'll show you. I'll show you things you won't believe. You'll stay here with me." Inside the bedroom, Edwards noticed pictures of naked men in sexual poses on the wall, a tarnished brown



stain on the mattress, a very real-looking hand stuck out underneath the bed as well as a large blue drum, which was responsible for the foul smell in the apartment. He retched as he realised that Dahmer was an experienced killer. "I'll take care of you," Dahmer whispered in his ear.

As the pair perched on the bed, Dahmer opened a filing cabinet and pulled out a human skull. Rubbing his trophy, he told Edwards that he was beautiful and looked a lot like the men on the wall, but with a better body. Trying to coax him into submission, he said: "I'll let you go if you just let me put your other hand in the handcuff so that I can take some nude pictures of you. Let me be more in control. Let me take some nude pictures of you, then I'll let you go." A petrified Edwards replied: "You've got to trust me, I'm not going to leave you, I'm going to stay with you." But Dahmer was wise to Edwards' pleas. "You're persistent aren't you? You're real good, but you're going to stay with me forever."

As he spoke, he pulled out Polaroid's from the filing cabinet – pictures of decomposed bodies. "You'll look real good this way. You'll look better than they did." He pushed the knife into Edwards' groin before returning it to his armpit and ordered him to lie down on the bed. As he did, Dahmer lay down on top of him, placing his head on his chest and listening to his heartbeat. He whispered to Edwards how he wanted to hear his heartbeat, wanted to see what his heart looked like and then, that he wanted to eat it.

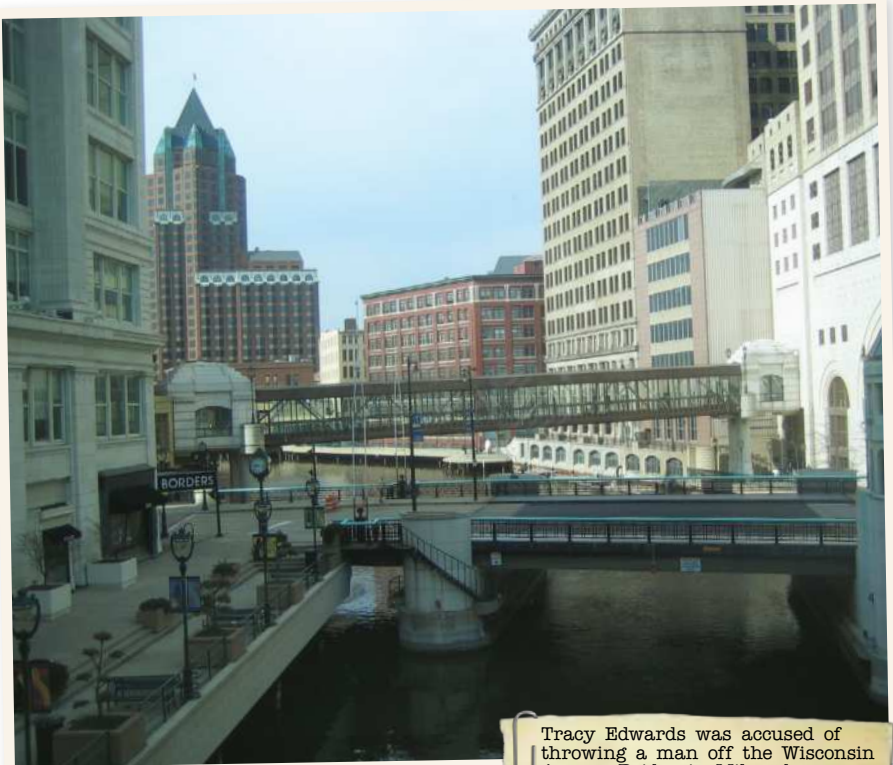
“ I’LL LET YOU GO IF YOU JUST LET ME PUT YOUR OTHER HAND IN THE HANDCUFF SO THAT I CAN TAKE SOME NUDE PICTURES OF YOU. LET ME BE MORE IN CONTROL ”



HIS FINAL VICTIM

DAHMER'S INFLUENCE REACHED OUT EVEN BEYOND THE GRAVE TO CHANGE THE LIFE OF THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

Unfortunately Dahmer's final victim did not walk off into the sunset. Tracy Edwards was arrested in 2011 and charged with reckless endangerment for his part in the death of 43-year-old Johnny Jordan, who drowned in a river in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. On 26 July 2011, an argument arose between the homeless man, Edwards and 44-year-old Timothy Carr. Edwards and Carr were accused of throwing Jordan into a river from Wisconsin Avenue Bridge. Ironically, Edwards faced up to 60 years behind bars in the same jail that Dahmer was serving his sentence in before his death. Edwards' friends maintained that since he led police officers to the mangled bodies of Dahmer's victims some 20 years previously, he had not received counselling and had turned to drugs and alcohol to "self-medicate". In 2012, Edwards was sentenced to one and a half years in prison and two years of extended supervision after he pleaded guilty to aiding a felon.



Tracy Edwards was accused of throwing a man off the Wisconsin Avenue Bridge in Milwaukee

All images: © Getty Images, Press Association, wiki/Jeramey Jamene



Thinking fast on his feet, Edwards excused himself to the bathroom, but Dahmer followed his victim in. To play along, Edwards unbuttoned his shirt and coaxed Dahmer to have another beer with him in the lounge. Playing for time, he then told Dahmer he needed the bathroom again, and when he returned he would remove all his clothes and pose for the camera. He was surprised Dahmer agreed, loosening his grip on the handcuff. Edwards took his chance and bolted for the door, when his assailant came after him, he punched his way out, bounding down the stairs and out into the open, stopping a police car as it went past. "There's a guy in there trying to kill me," he gasped at the officers inside the car. He lead them back Dahmer's lair.

When they arrived at apartment 213, a cool, calm and collected Dahmer let them in. At first glance, the home seemed tidy, but had a rancid smell from the dissolved flesh. An inspecting officer noticed a Polaroid of the inside of the refrigerator that contained a skull as well as other mysterious-looking packages. The jig was up. Dahmer struggled with the arresting officer but was overcome and detained. From here, officers discovered that Dahmer had more skeletons in his closet than they suspected. He also had a large quantity of formaldehyde, ether and chloroform as well as male genitalia shrivelled from age. The painted skulls of his victims and remains of a scalp were discovered in his filing cabinet along with 74 highly disturbing Polaroids

ABOVE Summit County Sheriff's department and Bath township police search the woodland near Akron, Ohio, for the remains of Dahmer's first victim, hitchhiker Steven M Hicks

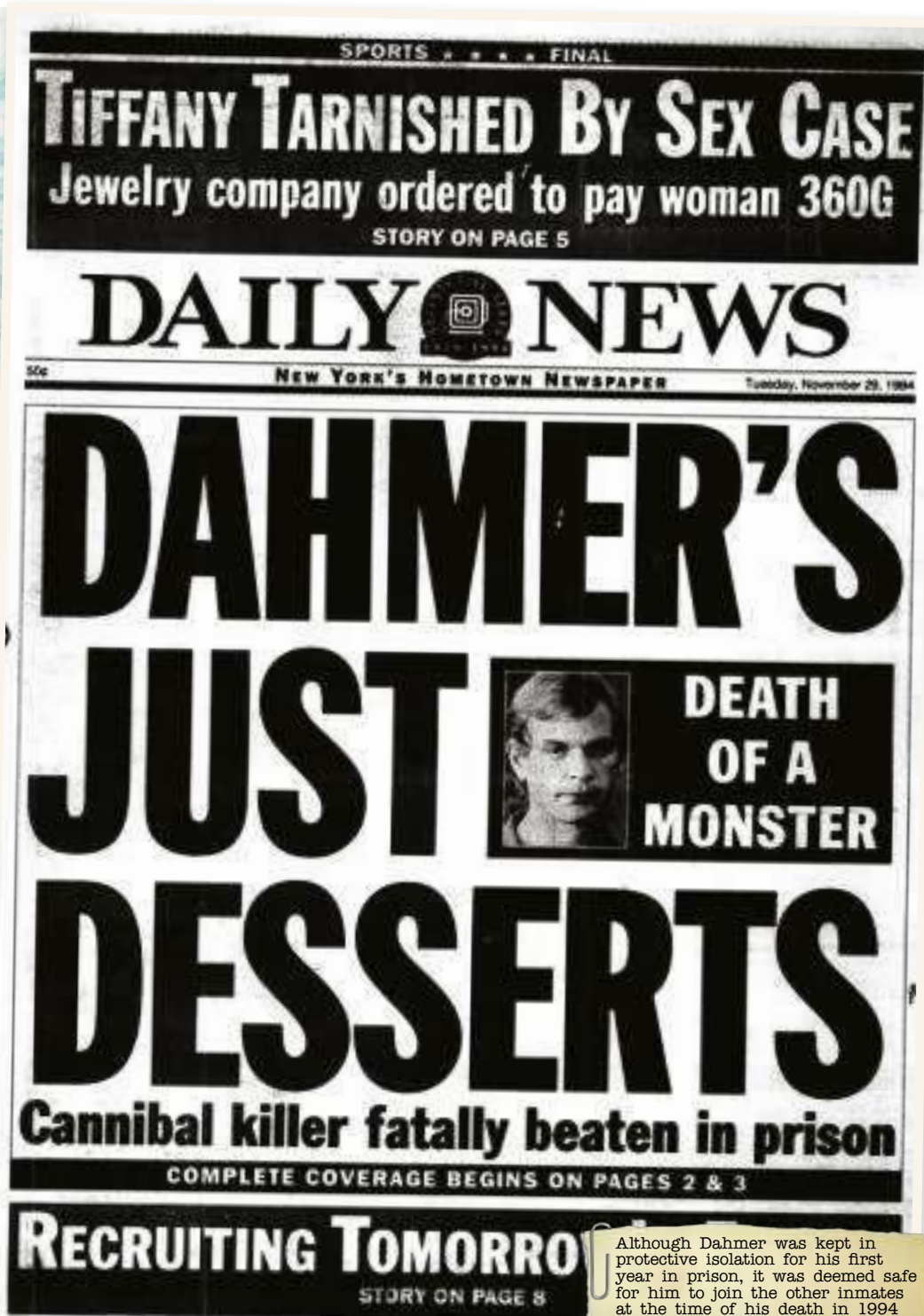


**“THE DRUM
OF ACID WAS
CONFISCATED,
AND INSIDE,
THREE
TORSOS WERE
FOUND”**

Dahmer had taken of his victims. One image showed a naked African-American man in the bathtub, his rib cage exposed and hollowed out. Another showed a decapitated male contorted into various positions. Another man's head was photographed, his severed hands and penis adjacent to his skull. The drum of acid was confiscated, and inside, three torsos marinating in their own juices were found. Dahmer was to carry out his sentence in Wisconsin's Columbia Correctional Institution.

In prison, he studied the bible and requested to be baptized by a prison chaplain. However, despite his supposed penance and religious desire to be held accountable for his sins, he still managed to unnervingly people through his actions.

On 28 November 1994, Dahmer was left unsupervised on cleaning duty with two other inmates, Christopher Scarver and Jesse Anderson, both serving time for murder. In an interview with *The New York Post*, Scarver explained how the cannibal killer unnerved him, and told of how he fashioned limbs out of his food, covering it in ketchup to mimic blood. On that day, Scarver felt someone poking him in the back while he was filling up his bucket, and when he turned around, Dahmer and Anderson were laughing. He cornered Dahmer in the locker room and attacked his fellow inmate with a 20-inch-long two-kilogram metal bar, landing two fatal blows on Dahmer's skull. Ironically, Dahmer's life ended in a similar way that his first victim's had.





INTERVIEW

CRACKING AMERICA'S BIGGEST LOTTERY SCAM

HOW A \$16.5 MILLION LOTTERY TICKET,
A MYSTERIOUS CLAIMANT AND AN INVESTIGATION
SPANNING MULTIPLE STATES UNRAVELLED THE
LARGEST LOTTERY CON IN AMERICAN HISTORY

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

BIO **ROB SAND**

Formerly with the Iowa District Attorney's Office, Rob Sand prosecuted white-collar crime until 2017. He is currently Iowa State Auditor. His book, *The Winning Ticket: Uncovering America's Biggest Lottery Scam*, is available on Amazon.





© Quick Trip/Iowa Department of Justice



© Alamy/Michael Zamora/The Register via USA TODAY NETWORK/Spa USA

When a man, not fitting the description of the winner came forward to claim \$16.5 million, Terry Rich, President and CEO of the Iowa Lottery, smelled a rat

In December 2010, a single lottery ticket scooped a \$16.5 million 'Hot Lotto' jackpot in Iowa. However, the prize remained unclaimed for almost a year after the draw. Eventually, a man by the name of Philip Johnston came forward with the serial number from the winning ticket, but it was soon apparent he hadn't purchased it: the Lottery Association had in their possession a video of the winning ticket being paid for at a gas station by a heavysset man in a leather jacket, and Johnston didn't fit the description.

Johnston confessed he was a lawyer, staking the claim on behalf of an anonymous client, but rules dictated that the winner had to identify themselves in order to take home the cash. Two more attorneys came forward after that, with the winning ticket in hand, insisting the money be paid to a trust in Belize – a trust owned by Johnston. Unsatisfied, the state lottery pushed for clarification on who had bought the ticket. They were met with threats to sue before the claim was withdrawn. The case was referred to the District Attorney's office as suspicion grew that something was afoot. Rob Sand, an Assistant Attorney General, was handed the file by his bosses in 2014. Once he got the ball rolling, he quickly realised their concerns were, well, right on the money...

When you were first handed the case, it wasn't a criminal offence per se, so why all this interest in an unclaimed Lotto ticket?

Because it's 16 million bucks! Who would rather remain anonymous than have \$16 million? That is a pretty wild

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TOP-LEFT In a bid to solve who really bought the winning ticket, authorities released the surveillance footage of the purchaser. People who recognised Eddie Tipton's voice alerted the investigators

ABOVE Lottery employee Eddie Tipton designed and installed code that allowed him to predict winning numbers drawn on 27 May, 23 November and 29 December of non-leap years

question, right? So that was mysterious, and part of the question was, 'Could there be some crime afoot here?' Yes. On the other hand, maybe this guy found the ticket, doesn't know who bought it and he tried to claim it, and it didn't work. We just didn't know.

Once you threw yourself into this case, what did you discover about the identity of its purchaser?

We took the clip of the purchase of the ticket and we literally put it out on the internet for the world to see, basically asking anyone on the planet: "Hey, do you know who this is?" We had a very credible tip come back: "I think it's this guy named Eddie Tipton, he lives in Des Moines, he works for the Multi-State Lottery Association [MUSL]." It turns out he shouldn't be buying lottery tickets because he's what's called a 'prohibited purchaser', so he's not allowed to play. Our initial reaction was, "Okay, he knows he's not supposed to buy them, so it must be that he bought it not expecting it was going to win and here he is, trying to find somebody else to claim it." That was before we understood exactly what his job was. Once we knew that he was the guy that wrote the programmes that pick the random numbers, that's when it became abundantly clear that it could be something that was both a criminal offence and go beyond a single ticket.

Why was this case a race against the clock?

Number one was time. We had to charge it quickly because we were afraid that the statute of limitations might be

“IT BECAME ABUNDANTLY CLEAR THAT IT COULD BE BOTH A CRIMINAL OFFENCE AND GO BEYOND A SINGLE TICKET”

running out... the other one was that Eddie also made it difficult time-wise. In Iowa, criminal defendants have a right to have a trial within 90 days of being indicted and he exercised that right, which is very unusual, especially in a felony case and particularly in a white-collar felony case where there's a lot of complex evidence that has to be understood. And so we had, from the day we indicted him, 90 days to continue conducting our investigations and also preparing for trial at the same time, knowing that on the 90th day if everything went according to plan, we were going to have to walk into court and start the trial.

Did anyone ever dig into Philip Johnston to see how he was connected to this?

Johnston was simply a contact disconnected to a mutual friend named Robert Rhodes, who couldn't be immediately tied to Eddie upon claiming the ticket. Rhodes later reported he was actually upset that Eddie tied him in to the Iowa ticket – there's a wild story there – and didn't want to add more personal risk. So he took it to a man named Robert Sonfield, who got it to Philip Johnston, who in turn, knowing only that someone wanted to claim a ticket but didn't want to be identified, made the claim.

Eddie was found guilty at trial for two counts of felony fraud and sentenced to ten years behind bars. You offered him a plea deal to reduce his sentence and he declined the offer. Was that suspicious to you?

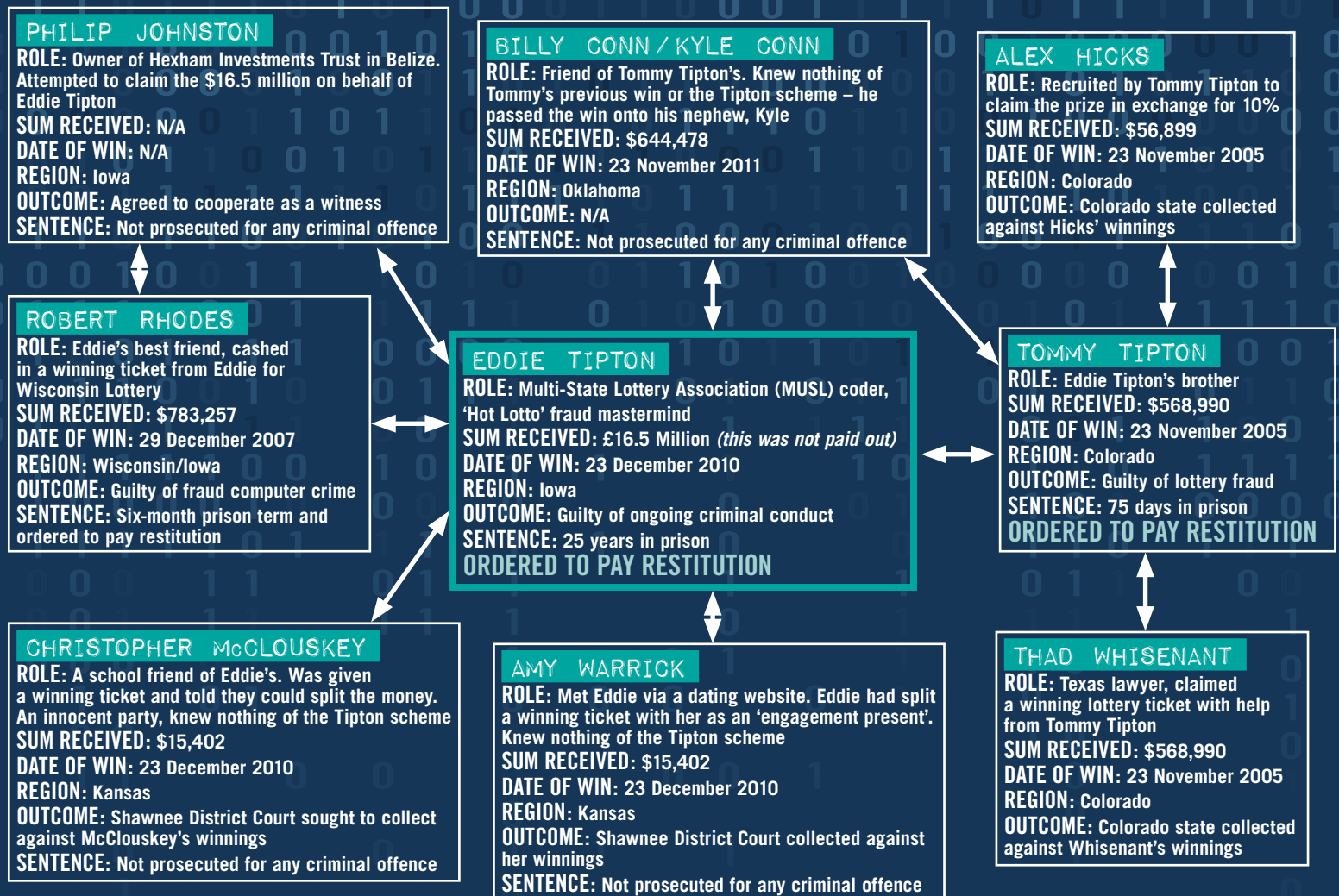
We wanted him to essentially do a full confession and we said, "If you tell us everything we are willing to reduce your sentence", and the fact that he was not willing to take that deal to me was just more indicative of the idea that we had more work to do. We had been forced to prepare for trial on a very short timeline and so we hadn't been able to really look at anything other than the Iowa ticket, but the fact that he didn't want to reduce his exposure in exchange for simply sitting down and talking about what happened was a pretty big red flag. We figured that he was going to have to sit down and share with us more than just the Iowa ticket.

When you began pulling at the thread of this case, what did you discover?

This guy in a Texas drawl called saying, "Ya'll know Eddie's brother won the lottery ten years back somewhere out west, probably Colorado?" And that was it. They didn't know what year it was, they didn't know what state it was, they just thought we should know that. We basically had to look through every state that MUSL had lotteries in, across all

HOT LOTTO CHEAT SHEET

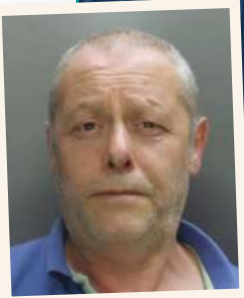
WITH SO MANY PLAYERS INVOLVED IN THE SCAM, HOW DID INVESTIGATORS LINK THEM ALL?



JACKPOT PLOY

THESE PLAYERS RISKED BIG WITH THEIR SCAMS. JUST LIKE THE TIPTONS, THEY LOST

£2.5 MILLION / \$3.1 MILLION



Convicted Hertfordshire rapist Edward Putman was jailed for nine years in 2019 after evidence showed he used a fake lottery ticket in 2009 to scoop millions. Putman had conspired with former Camelot employee Giles Knibbs. Knibbs created the false ticket, which he gave to Putman to cash in. Knibbs took his own life after confessing to the scam.

© Hertfordshire Constabulary

¥28 MILLION / £3.3 MILLION / \$4.1 MILLION

In 2005, Chinese Lottery ticket seller Zhao Liquan spotted a flaw in the Welfare Lottery '3D' system, which allowed a person to buy a ticket with the winning numbers within five minutes of their being announced. Zhao 'bought' multiple tickets and convinced friends to cash them in on his behalf. He was jailed for life.

£4 MILLION / \$5 MILLION



Bolton boys Mark Goodram and Jon-Ross Watson purchased a winning scratchcard in April 2019. However, Camelot, which runs the UK National Lottery, was suspicious when Goodram said he

did not have a bank account into which they could pay his winnings, despite using a debit card to pay for the ticket. Investigations proved the ticket was bought with a stolen card. They were both jailed for 18 months.

© Greater Manchester Police

£130,000 / \$163,000

West Yorkshire shopkeeper Narendra Gill lied to a pensioner that his EuroMillions ticket was a loser, swiping the lucky ticket for herself. After police cross-referenced the ticket with CCTV from her shop and found the real winner, she was jailed for fraud and sentenced to 28 months in prison in 2022.

£1.2 MILLION / \$1.6 MILLION

In 2007, Arthur Stimpson was scammed into believing he had won €3.3 million (£2.7 million) in the Spanish Lotto. The Norfolk resident handed over £50,000 of his own money to claim it. However, when the money failed to materialise, Stimpson then conned his own friends out of more than £1.2 million to try to claim the bogus prize. He was sentenced to four and a half years behind bars.

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ABOVE Thanks to the diligent work of former Assistant Attorney General Rob Sand, Eddie Tipton's six-year reign of ill-gotten money dried up

ABOVE-INSET In 2017, inside the Polk County Courthouse in Des Moines, jurors heard how Eddie Tipton rigged 'manual play' lottery tickets, which involved picking the numbers his computer generated

of their jackpot wins, basically since Eddie had started his job. We were looking at this in 2014, so we were trying to go back about a decade. We were able to get some law assistance back in Texas that a buddy of Eddie's had claimed a lottery ticket in Colorado back in 2005. Again... it was something that was absolutely crucial to putting the whole thing together. Then with the help of David Maas and Joann Joy [of the Wisconsin Department of Justice], we went and told them, "Show us any jackpot that was claimed on a MUSL game with the claimant being from either Iowa or Texas." And they came back to us and said, "Guess who we got claiming a ticket up here?" And it was Robert Rhodes.

How did you discover the full story behind Eddie Tipton's scheme?

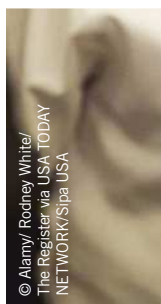
Absolutely everything, any piece of anything that we had related to their connections, related to who they knew, we dug into to try and find if there was anyone else they knew who had ever done this. Myself, attorneys from Wisconsin and Rhodes' attorney, we all met in Chicago for a few hours to hear what he had to say. At that point he knew that was the meeting where you sit down and say everything that happened. He was very respectful and open with us, and basically told us the whole story. He'd been this high-flying businessman in Texas and really had come on hard times, was struggling and that was the point at which Eddie said to Robert, "I might have a way to help you get out of this." So Eddie explained to him what happened and how it worked and sure enough, on the appointed time and appointed day, Robert Rhodes went up to Wisconsin and bought a load of tickets, including one of the winners. He knew it wasn't appropriate and yet he felt he was crunched and things were tight for him financially. I guess he justified it to himself by saying, 'Desperate times called for desperate measures.'

You got yet another breakthrough from the Oklahoma Lottery. What did this show and why was it relevant?

A piece of this was again finding someone with a connection to the Tiptons and so we had this guy whose name matched



Image source: wiki/Stephen Matthew Milligan



© Alamy/ Rodney White/ The Register via USA TODAY NETWORK/Sipa USA



© Alamy/ Rodney White/ The Register via USA TODAY NETWORK/Sipa USA



Eddie Tipton's best friend, Robert Rhodes was spared jail time for his part in the Hot Lotto conspiracy and was mandated to testify against the Tipton brothers

a contact in one of Eddie's phones. Just by having that little piece of connection there was enough for us to find that case, get a hold of those winners and talk about their connection to the Tiptons.

As you followed this trail of tickets and jackpots, what did it show?

It's just a wild reality that we are learning that we have been living through ten years of the latest lottery scheme in American history. We had three people involved in the plea agreement, three people that were criminally culpable, there were other people who were for the level of what they knew didn't know it was criminal, [just] thought it was a little bit sneaky.

You had a lot of evidence tallying up, but when you examined some of the machines, what exactly did they show you?

It gave us the clearest understanding of what had actually happened. We had the ability to look specifically at the dates available and we would then know exactly which tickets and which dates were functionally those that Eddie could rig a lottery on. The codes he wrote, according to his job, when he was doing his job, was code that would pick random numbers that would make them essentially unpredictable. He'd have a seed in a whole system set up based on a mathematical thing called a 'Mersenne Twister' – it orientated itself to a seven variable formula that was used to pick winning numbers instead of The Mersenne

ABOVE Brothers Tommy (front) and Eddie (rear) Tipton agreed to take a plea deal: they would tell investigators how they had carried out the scheme in return for reduced sentences

Twister picking random numbers. Eddie, who knew what those dates and days of the week were, he would know just sitting there if it was the right day of the week he could win a rigged lottery.

As your investigation came to a close, the evidence against Tommy and Eddie Tipton was mounting up. What did you ultimately want from the pair?

The truth. We knew the only way fundamentally that we could get the truth was requiring them to agree through a plea agreement to tell us everything that happened and exactly how it happened. It would improve the odds we could prevent it from happening in the future, improve the odds it was going to help us to ensure we had found every jackpot and held everyone accountable that needed to be.

You offered both brothers a plea deal that could only be taken by both of them. What did this entail and why was it necessary?

It required that they would both sit down and tell us what happened, it required they were both going to spend some time behind bars and it required they were both going to pay back some of the money. And what it did for them was it would reduce the risk of spending a lot more time behind bars.

When you sat down with Eddie as per your agreement, and had him tell you everything about his con, what surprised you the most about what he told you?

The simplicity with which he was able to execute what he did. It's not particularly complicated from where he sat and the job he had. He told me, his claim was that he never set out to have this huge lottery-rigging scheme, that he really was thinking one step at a time – that was it.

“SOME PEOPLE INVOLVED DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS CRIMINAL, THEY JUST THOUGHT IT WAS A LITTLE BIT SNEAKY”

BRIEFING

THE CRIPS

THEY'RE ONE OF THE OLDEST, LARGEST AND MOST FAMOUS STREET GANGS IN THE USA AND EVEN THE WORLD. **REAL CRIME** HITS THE MEAN STREETS TO MEET THE ORIGINAL GANGSTERS

WORDS **CHRISTIAN CIPOLLINI**

In the waning hours of 12 December 2005, a death-row inmate awaited his fate within the prison walls while supporters and detractors assembled outside. This individual was infamous, adored, hated, respected and possibly more resigned to his expected fate than the throng of devotees – family, friends and more than just a few celebrities – who rallied to save his life. All of the outcry, show of support, media frenzy and condemned man's own reformation were not enough to sway California's governor into commuting the sentence. "Is Williams' redemption complete and sincere, or is it just a hollow promise?" Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger was not convinced. "Without an apology and atonement for these senseless and brutal killings, there can be no redemption."

The death-chamber staff struggled to find a vein for over 10 minutes, further dragging out the inevitable. Throughout, execution witnesses began a crash course in lip reading, and a consensus among them noted the doomed man's questioning of the delay: "You doing that right?" Finally, the sequence of drugs were injected: sodium pentothal, pancuronium bromide and potassium chloride. Stanley 'Tookie' Williams – convicted of four murders and often credited as a co-founding member of the infamous Crips gang – took his last breath in San Quentin at 12:35am on 13 December 2005.

BUILDING A BRAND

"Let's face it, gangs are in vogue now, like Hula Hoops used to be." – Sergeant Tom Skaggs, Los Angeles Sheriff's Department (LASD), 1972.

The Crips are certainly one of the upper echelons in public and law enforcement awareness, in terms of infamy and recognition among street gangs of America. While the ills of street violence and lost youth were topics of discussion and concern dating back at least a century, the execution of Tookie in 2005 brought the Crips mystique into new, or larger, public awareness again. Mostly though, it reignited the long-standing debate over capital punishment. However, when it comes to the subject of the infamous Crips gang itself, of which Tookie was called a founding member, the information spawned both before and since his execution has been riddled with errors. So then, who and what are these Crips?

Of course, there are numerous theories and conflicting historical recollections regarding the birth of the blue-

branded clique, but by most accounts, the Crips had a very humble beginning. It all started in 1969 when a 15-year-old boy, named Raymond Washington, decided there needed to be some organisation in his neighbourhood. Now, some versions suggest the motivation for creating an organised force was Washington's noble interest in carrying on the message of the Black Panther Party, while others point more towards the basic desire for survival among rival gang factions. To the latter argument, small gang formations did exist and prey on enemies (established gang factions and/or individuals hailing from other schools). This fact of life certainly presented a real problem for everyday existence. Washington himself allegedly had a falling out with The Avenues, of which he was a member. Parting ways on bad terms in gangland life is obviously not a cut-and-dry situation, so here again presents another possible reason for creating a unified force for protection. Furthermore, their worst enemy at the time, the Pirus (named after the street), became the infamous 'Bloods'.

Regardless of what reasons inspired him, Washington did in fact bring together some friends from Fremont High School and the area of 76th Street in East Los Angeles where he resided, particularly childhood friend Craig Craddock. Again, stories differ on how the gang morphed into the national phenomenon known as the Crips, but around 1971 Washington was believed to have sought out another young man to further organise, unite and/or expand. He was Stanley 'Tookie' Williams, hailed from the Westside and, like Washington, with his own little gang already in progress. The pair actually met at some point between 1969 and 1972 and, though many stories reference Williams as a founder or co-founder of the Crips, that's probably outright misinformation. Washington, who was a very rough-and-tumble yet charismatic guy, approached the similarly tough and likable Williams to join forces. That much is probably true, and thereafter a larger, unified force came to fruition in 1972, but contemporary researchers have veered away from the Williams 'co-founding' belief once held prominently in historical writings of the subject.

RIGHT A gang member flashes the 'Compton Crip' hand sign. At the time this photo was taken in March 1984, LA gangs had a power base in the south of the city, and Compton was a hub for the Crips. This was a far cry from the white, middle-class neighbourhood it had been 40 years before





ABOVE (TOP) An Avalons gang member is taken away by paramedics after a gas station shootout in 2010

ABOVE As part of a two-year Crips gang sweep in 2007, special agents seized firearms and narcotics, arresting 22 gang members and associates



NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE

Indeed, for each new generation's comeuppance, the elder generation sees much horror and confusion! A segregated society spawned plenty of ignorance and abhorrence. What middle and upper class America viewed as a street gang resembled, well, nothing remotely of the full-blown, realistic image of urban organised cliques.

This was certainly not the sanitised singing and dancing imagery found in *West Side Story* (although even that probably still scared the hell out of some citizens). The following snippet of a 1972 syndicated editorial by columnist Ralph C Deans perhaps best captures this 'shock and awe' sentiment:

"Whereas most of the gangs two decades ago were white, they are now predominantly black. Cheap handguns – Saturday night specials – have replaced homemade zip guns and shivs. According to the *Wall Street Journal*: 'many gangs have acquired huge arsenals of submachine guns, Molotov cocktails and grenades'. Instead of pegged pants and ducktail haircuts, members of the Crips – a notorious gang in Los Angeles – sport a black glove on the left hand and a ring in the left ear. They also carry fancy walking sticks."

Equipped with an image, and obviously a fear-inducing reputation, the gang's rise was about to become meteoric. But why would so many individuals want to align themselves with an entity that draws such negative attention? According to LeRon Barton, author of *Straight Dope: A 360 look into American drug culture*, the answer to the question is quite simply 'acceptance'.

“MANY INDIVIDUALS WANT TO ALIGN THEMSELVES WITH SUCH NEGATIVE ATTENTION SIMPLY FOR ACCEPTANCE”



ABOVE Ex-gang members have formed groups to attempt to break gang culture in LA. There has been some measure of success, pulling kids off the street who might have been caught in the cycle of violence and criminality otherwise

Besides the facade and allure of "money, street fame, women, cars and all of the material excess," Barton explains, "at the end of the day, it all boils down to brotherhood and family. Just imagine growing up in an environment that is unstable and void of love and care. You come across these guys that show you love and caring. Why not? Everyone wants family and that's what organisations like the Crips offer."

MONIKER MISCONCEPTIONS

"Legend has it that a crippled young man, walking with a stick, was the original organizer. His followers wore his costume." – *Long Beach Press Telegram*, 4 December 1972.

It was earlier in 1972, before the scathing op-eds, however, that an article appearing in the *Los Angeles Sentinel* purportedly gave the word 'Crip' its first public showcase. There has been debate over the moniker ever since. Suggestions have been raised that the newspaper simply made an error, whereby the printing of 'Crip' was a misspelling of 'Crib' – another name by which the gang was allegedly known (because of the members' young ages). The most accepted versions of Crip title origins, however, are more in line with the perspective given by Washington's own family members. His brother suffered a leg injury and wrote the word 'Crip', short for 'Cripple', on his sneakers, which claims one theory, but another states the 'Crip' on the brother's shoes was derived from the name of his school marching band. Another variation, or expansion on this concept, addresses the recognisable style the gang sported, which included suspenders, brimmed hats, earring in the left ear and, most notably, the use of canes or, as referenced in the aforementioned editorial piece, walking sticks.

In December 1972, a *Long Beach Press Telegram* article also addressed the new threat of a so-called Crip gang. In the piece, which focused on violence in Compton, law enforcement observations were on point in theorising that 'real Crips' were a dangerous threat, and that there wasn't a central Crip gang, but rather a loose association of 'Crip gangs'. However, further discussion of the Crip image and mystique was, in retrospect, arguably dismissive. One of the commenting officers called the Crip attire (glove, cane and earring) simply a fad, while another made the assumption that those members who are no longer juveniles basically

CRIPTIC COMMUNICATION

TO REINFORCE THEIR GANG AFFILIATION, THE CRIPS HAVE EVOLVED A BASIC SIGN LANGUAGE

The Crips use of sign language, graffiti and tattoos varies depending on region and affiliations. They also developed their own alphanumeric system. It is common for a Crip to substitute the letter 'C' in place of any

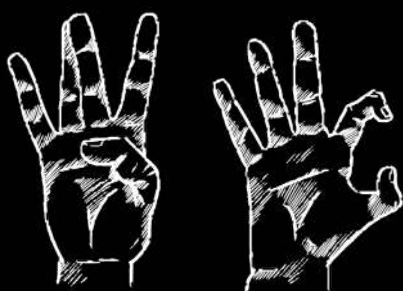
instance where the letter 'B' is located in a word or phrase, particularly in graffiti, using corresponding numbers in place of certain letters. Street gangs use sign language, graffiti, colour coding and even hybrid alphabets to

communicate. Across the nation, variations and adaptations of hand signs are relative to geography, alliances, subsets and so on. These are the more common signs among the Southern California region where the Crips originated.



COMPTON CRIPS

Comprised of numerous subsets, there is no single 'Compton' Crip clique. It's been said that Mac Thomas, a friend of 'Tookie' Williams, started the Compton faction shortly after Raymond Washington created the original Crips.



WESTSIDE/WEST COAST

The Westside Crips were formed after Tookie Williams joined forces with Eastside Crips founder Raymond Washington in the early Seventies. However, the Rollin 80s West Coast Crips operate on the Westside of Long Beach, while the West Coast Crips, based heavily in San Diego, were formerly the West Coast Mafia Crips, and have their roots in the Los Angeles Eastside Crips.



BLOOD KILLA

The arch nemesis of Crips are the Bloods and, as such, each gang utilises sign language to reflect the animosity. B.K., Blood Killer, Blood Killa, can all be demonstrated through several gestures.

CRIP

Simple, to the point and highly recognised gang sign. The formation of an unmistakable and universal letter 'C' is how any Crip from any set can clearly identify themselves.



UNDERGROUND CRIPS

The UGCs were an original spinoff of the Westside Crips, and the turf was South Central Los Angeles. In the Westmont area, which has been dubbed 'Death Alley' by police, the homicide rate is one of the highest. This little stretch is a battleground for many gangs, including the Underground Crips.



HOOVER CRIPS

Better known as the 52 Hoover Gangster Crips (and 5-Deuce Gangster Crips), they are one of the most notoriously recognised since Eighties predominance in drug trade. Most sport orange and have replaced the word Crip with Criminals, but the 52 Hoovers are still considered Crips.



B.K.

This variation on the Blood Killa gesture should be mistaken for the better known 'okay' sign in a Blood neighbourhood only at your peril.



MAFIA CRIPS

The Mafia Crips can be found in various locations throughout Los Angeles, particularly in Watts, South Central, Pomona and Long Beach. Subsets exist within each geographic area. Main Street Mafia, Beach Town Mafia and 357 Sin Town Mafia are a few examples.



KILLA

Aka Killers, Killaz, is not a gang or set. The hand sign is adapted and varied depending on what enemy is being referred to, for example Blood Killa, Crip Killa and so on.



EASTSIDE CRIPS

The original Crip gang, founded by Raymond Washington in 1969 on the Eastside of Los Angeles. Their sign language is one of the most recognised. Today though, the gang is known as the East Coast Crips and still operates heavily in South Central Los Angeles.



VICTORY

Universal sign, which speaks for itself.



assimilate back into society. “If they don’t get killed or put in prison, most retire at 19 or 20. They get jobs or get married and drift away from gang associates.”

One of the most current (and probably most accurate) accounts of the Crips history, *I Am Raymond Washington* (2014) by Zach Fortier, culled its information directly from the sources closest to the founding member. In the book, Fortier interviewed close friends and family members, some of whom, the author points out, really didn’t know the ‘actual’ story behind the name ‘Crips’. Notwithstanding the seemingly mythological aspect even among those closest to Washington, Fortier (a former law-enforcement officer) was able to narrow theories down to the most probable, which came from Washington’s brother, Derard. Fortier’s book states that, according to Derard, the name Crip was definitely a result of the word itself having been penned on their other brother Reggie’s converse. “Raymond had an epiphany,” the book quotes Derard telling the story. “His eyes opened wide, and he quietly said, ‘Crip, we will name the gang the Crips.’”

STYLE AND SYMBOLISM

Raymond Washington’s vision of a distinguishable organisation was developing with more and more defined elements. Along with the rings in left ears, Stacy Adams shoes, and use of canes (sometimes umbrellas), the gang wanted to further distinguish from the numerous other Los Angeles gangs. Having gained popularity during The Black Panther era, the term ‘Blood’ was adopted by and commonly used as a greeting by many gang members. Washington’s gang wanted no part of commonality, so – as the legend goes – the word they adopted was one picked up in conversations with southerners. ‘Cuz’ became the Crips’ trademark slang for addressing someone.

The Crips evolution included further specifics in attire. They did not wear blue jeans, as described by some sources. Khaki pants, with the suspenders hanging, and headwear that later included those of the golf-type hat were the dress code under Washington’s leadership. If a button-up shirt was worn, it was buttoned all the way to the top. As for the trademark ‘blue’ colour, that rule had nearly as many wild theories as the Crip name itself. But, to reference author Zach Fortier’s recent book again, the story of ‘blue’ was as clear cut as most of Raymond Washington’s decisions. Red and black were common colours; the Crips chose blue. The founding Crips members then created more slogans and slang, and even a recognisable way of walking, the ‘C-Walk’. Of course, this all eventually led to the incorporation of specific hand signs that served the greater purpose of identification, and the art of graffiti to leave their mark and advertise their presence.

THE DREAM IS OVER

“There’s only one way to leave the Crips, and that’s dead.” – Comment given to Phoenix Police by a young Crip, 1975.

Craig Craddock, the co-founding close friend of Raymond Washington, never got to see how massive the gang would become. He was shot dead in 1972. Washington then found himself incarcerated in 1974, convicted of a robbery charge. By that time, the Crips had indeed exploded into a nationwide powerhouse; the largest of the black gangs in America, said many news reports. This booming popularity was not without a price. Arrests in cities outside California



Downtown Los Angeles in 1988 was a dangerous place even for the cops. Crips strongholds still exist today

“ LIKE THE MAFIA AND SO MANY OTHER UNDERWORLD BROTHERHOODS, THERE WAS NO ‘QUITTING’ ONCE YOU WERE IN ”

revealed information regarding the most critical rule of being a Crip: it was for life. Like the Mafia and so many other underworld brotherhoods, there was no ‘quitting’ once you were in. That element of Crip life was not a problem for the founders; most likely an edict put into place very early on, intentionally. Still, after leaving prison in the late Seventies, Washington quickly became disenchanted with the new Crips. The organisation he instituted had started down a path of disjointed associations, with no central leadership. Various ‘sets’ waving the same blue colours would even battle with each other. Some statistics note that Crip-on-Crip violence occurs more often than Crip against any other enemy.

“The Crips have always been governed by sets,” explains LeRon Barton. “Originally all Crip gangs did not fight each other and had a common enemy – The Bloods. As the years went by and the Crips grew, the infighting started, as well as conflict with Latino gangs.”

Violence in general was on the rise, and the gang steadily made the news more and more often. Even the trademark C-Walk had been ‘updated’. Dismayed, Washington began distancing himself from the gang. He spent a short time in Texas, but again returned to Los Angeles in 1979. It was going to be a very bad year for Crips, beginning with Stanley Tookie Williams.

Between February and March 1979, the bloody aftermath of a PCP-fuelled robbery spree left four people dead. The weapon was a shotgun; the perpetrator was Williams and three companions. The victims ranged in age from 26 to 76. Witness testimony stated Williams committed the murders because he wanted no witnesses. The most disturbing revelation however was the account of what Williams said and did after the first victim, Albert Owens, was shot twice in the back. “You should have heard the way he sounded when



I shot him,” the testimony claimed Williams bragged shortly after the murder. Williams was also described as having laughed and mimicked the ‘gurgling’ sounds that came from the victim.

Then, barely six months after Williams’ apprehension, Raymond Washington’s life took the ultimate tragic turn. On the evening of 9 August, Washington was staying at a friend’s apartment on South San Pedro when a car pulled up against the curb. The vehicle’s occupants called over to Washington. Though he was said to be adamant about never walking up to a car he didn’t recognise, Washington did indeed venture across the street towards the car. Stories since told by witnesses claim that he appeared familiar with whomever was in the vehicle. It was pure treachery though; Washington was shot in the chest. He clung to life for a little over an hour, and told friends he’d take care of it himself, but never uttered the assailants’ names. There was no fanfare and no major media coverage. Much unlike the 2005 death of Stanley Tookie Williams, Raymond Washington’s murder barely made the news.

CONTEMPORARY CRIPPIN’

In the years following Washington’s death and Williams’ capital punishment sentence, the gang enterprise continued to spread far beyond the streets of Los Angeles. These ‘Sets’ would identify themselves as individual groups under the Crips name (for example: Compton Crips, East Coast Crips and so on). Once the territorial element became more prominent, so did the violent resolve to maintain those ‘claimed’ geographic areas. With the spread of power and astronomical increase in numbers also came further shifts in power, control and even purpose.

Another misconception about the Crips’ early years (and this can apply to a lot of gang origins) is that dope was the major business endeavour, and the gang was strictly territorial. In reality, the narcotics business was not the main source of income for member of the early Crips. The website United Gangs states: ‘Throughout their early years of existence, Crips’ primary activities consisted of extortion of funds from everyday working African-Americans, burglary and assault.’ Were there drugs? Of course, the answer is likely to be yes. That said, the Crips’ foray into major dealing arrived around the same time it did for virtually every other gang, gangster and would-be gangster. Author LeRon Barton says: “When cocaine was brought to the inner city by the government, it made gangs like the Crips stronger.” He’s talking about when the early Eighties ushered in a new, cheap and outrageously powerful form of cocaine. The crack epidemic was full scale in Los Angeles by 1984. Since then, and for basically every gang and organised crime faction, Barton contends: “The chief money maker will always be drugs.”

According to the FBI, there are approximately “33,000 violent street gangs, motorcycle gangs, and prison gangs with about 1.4 million members are [sic] criminally active in the US today.” Despite considerable drops in gang violence nationwide over the last decade, Crips and other organised crime factions still makes headlines, and there doesn’t seem to be any foreseeable end to the gang allure. “There will always be gangs or street organisations. Dating back to the Five Points gangs in New York till now, they are a part of American fabric,” LeRon Barton closes. “As long as there is economic disparity, racism, capitalism, and unstable homes, there will always be a gang to substitute as a home and try to survive by.”

ABOVE Compton Crips – the muted blues and the characteristic blue bandanas are a uniform in stark contrast to the bright red of their main rivals, the Bloods



DOUBLE-CROSSING CAPONE

TO TURN AGAINST AL CAPONE, THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL GANGSTER OF THE 20S AND 30S, WAS A BRAVE, FOOLHARDY AND ULTIMATELY FATAL MOVE, AS ONE BUSINESS ASSOCIATE FOUND OUT

WORDS NEIL ROOT

Capone was already well placed in the Chicago underworld when Prohibition kicked in and his business-headed boss Torrio saw the massive opportunity, going into bootlegging with his protégé. Capone would later call this 'a public service', as the vast majority of Chicago's citizens had never wanted to go dry.

But the increasingly lucrative bootlegging racket would lead to violent gang wars, and Capone would take all others on, killing rivals O'Banion and his successors Hymie Weiss and 'Schemer' Drucci from the North Side Gang along the way to gain full control of Chicago. By the late 1920s the Capone gang controlled, through fear, alliances or bribery ('the payroll') the police, judiciary and even Chicago's unprincipled and openly corrupt Mayor 'Big Bill' Thompson.

As well as bootlegging, Capone had his hands in gambling and horseracing, prostitution, labour racketeering and protection/extortion. Chicago was a murderous place, with mob hit after mob hit. Even the infamously ruthless New York mobster Charles 'Lucky' Luciano remarked, after visiting Capone in the city in the late 1920s, that it was "a goddam crazy place". Capone himself went everywhere surrounded by bodyguards and triggermen, driven around in his custom-built armour-plated Cadillac. He survived several assassination attempts, including a drive-by shooting, car chases and poisoning. But in the end, it wouldn't be poison or a bullet that took Capone down but a betrayal by a business associate, himself gunned down in mysterious circumstances.

GOING TO THE DOGS

One of Al Capone's great passions was gambling, and eight



bookmakers would later reveal on oath that in 1924 Capone had paid over \$12,000 to them. By 1929 this had risen to \$110,000 – huge sums then, and testament to the fact that Capone was neither a lucky nor studious gambler. He was frivolous when placing bets, but the massive income from his rackets meant that he could afford it, and his profits from racing and gambling interests alone covered his losses many times over. By the mid 1920s, when his gang was really starting to gain dominance in Chicago, he was investing in horseracing tracks, and by the late 1920s he became involved in greyhound racing too.

Dog racing had started in America in the late 19th century, and by the Roaring Twenties it was becoming firmly established, with a regulatory and promotional body and dog tracks opening in and around major cities. It was a working man's gambling sport, though still in the shadow of baseball – even after the New York gambler Arnold Rothstein fixed baseball's 1919 World Series. Greyhound racing and gambling was quickly gaining in popularity nationwide. Chicago was no exception, and the Hawthorne Kennel Club was located in Capone's stronghold of suburban Cicero. It was in this suburb

that Torrio and Capone had built a thriving brothel and bootlegging empire after being forced to temporarily retreat from central Chicago, when the less sympathetic Mayor Dever was elected, briefly ousting 'Big Bill' Thompson.

The attraction of investing in a dog track was obvious to a man of Capone's business acumen. It was much cheaper to keep and train dogs than horses, track overheads were far lower, and of course there were no jockeys to be paid and retained. It was a tempting opportunity to maximise profits at little outlay risk, and with greyhounds often starved or doped before races, the fix was usually simple. But Capone wouldn't buy and run the Hawthorne Kennel Club alone: someone with dog track expertise and a unique selling point approached him to be a partner. Enter Eddie O'Hare.

DOING BUSINESS WITH BIG AL

Also known as 'EJ', 'Easy Eddie' and 'Fast Eddie', O'Hare was a native of St. Louis, Missouri, where he worked as a lawyer.

A big, forceful and gregarious man, O'Hare was happy to make moral compromises and deal with unsavoury characters if there was the promise of financial gain. He justified his wayward morals by reasoning that he had a daughter, Patsey and a son, Butch, to provide for. He doted on his son and was trying to turn him into a high-achiever – not like his questionable self, but as a wholly respectable naval man.

O'Hare was far from respectable in his methods, legally representing shady characters from the St. Louis underworld and gaining a reputation for getting defendants off hard charges – nothing being impossible for Easy Eddie. Counting your fingers would surely have been a wise move after shaking O'Hare's well-manicured hand.

By the late 1920s O'Hare was expanding his interests into business, and he formed an association with a former client, Owen P. Smith. He was a big

'Easy Eddie' O'Hare was a shady lawyer, Capone's business partner, betrayer and eventual murder victim



Big Al with his trademark white fedora, which had inspired a fashion craze for men all over Chicago, and his customary cigar in hand

The Federal IRS investigation team that took down Capone enjoying a day at the races and some much needed stress relief. Several of them had been individually threatened with death by the Capone gang, and at one stage two hired New York gunmen were in Chicago looking for them



SWINDLING MRS SMITH

EDDIE O'HARE'S SHARP PRACTICES INCLUDED TRICKING HIS FORMER BUSINESS PARTNER'S WIDOW OUT OF HER CASH COW

As commissioner of the International Greyhound Racing Association, Owen P. Smith had been perfectly placed to come up with his own invention of the mechanical rabbit, which was by the 1920s being used by almost all American dog tracks. Smith became rich from his rabbit, and having sought the advice of lawyer Eddie O'Hare in the patent application, the opportunistic O'Hare soon became Smith's minority business partner, receiving a very healthy slice of the profits. When Smith died in 1927, O'Hare used all of his ruthless charm to con Smith's widow Hannah out of her share, gaining full control of the patent and the licensing of the mechanical rabbit. It made O'Hare a very wealthy man. O'Hare was also able to set up the Madison Kennel Club near St. Louis, and then move in to buy the already established Hawthorne Kennel Club in Capone's stronghold of Cicero.

name in greyhound racing who had invented a mechanical rabbit to keep the dogs focused and running. O'Hare saw his connection with Smith as his route into the business, and he became a minority partner to the inventor in his dog track and mechanised rabbit licensing business. When Smith died suddenly in early 1927 O'Hare obtained full ownership of his rabbit patent by dubious means and set about capitalising on it, first in St. Louis and then in Chicago.

On a visit to the 'Windy City', O'Hare came across the Hawthorne Kennel Club and approached Capone, through intermediaries, with a suggestion of buying it with him. Capone saw the financial potential and agreed, and it would indeed bring huge profits for both of them. To be a partner in an outwardly legitimate business must have been appealing to the already infamous Capone, who was by now attracting national, and soon international, headlines. Above all, O'Hare owned the mechanical rabbit concept, and Capone knew the importance of that in greyhound racing.

O'Hare ran his dog tracks ruthlessly. He sometimes appeared in court to defend his operations, such as when gambling at tracks in Chicago was temporarily made illegal. O'Hare won the right to continue dog racing with the defence that punters were merely making 'contributions' to the upkeep and running of the greyhounds, rather than gambling. The fact that he was able to convince a judge of this should have been the ultimate proof of Easy Eddie's razor-sharp brain and manipulative charm, but in reality, with Al Capone as a silent partner, it wasn't such a feat – the judge was more

“ COUNTING YOUR FINGERS WOULD SURELY HAVE BEEN A WISE MOVE AFTER SHAKING O'HARE'S WELL-MANICURED HAND ”

Easy Eddie's son Butch O'Hare was a flying ace who received the congressional Medal of Honor from president Roosevelt in 1942. He was later shot down and died in combat



MOOTED MOTIVES

AS SOON AS EDDIE O'HARE WAS ASSASSINATED IN NOVEMBER 1939, POLICE BEGAN TO INVESTIGATE MULTIPLE POSSIBLE MOTIVES FOR HIS MURDER

BUSINESS CAN BE DEADLY

1

The greyhound track that O'Hare and Capone ran as partners, the Hawthorne Kennel Club, was eventually turned into a more lucrative horseracing track, Sportsman's Field, after Capone's imprisonment: O'Hare became its president. Rumours grew that O'Hare was taken out by Sportsman's Field business associates in a row over profits.



THE RAT IS EXTERMINATED

2

When word got round the underworld that O'Hare was a snitch, Easy Eddie could have been taken out by one of the Capone gang, Egan's Rats or another gang from O'Hare's native St. Louis. It is possible that even the New York Mafia hierarchy or the Detroit Purple Gang, which both had strong links to the Chicago Outfit, might have felt they had just cause to kill him.



than likely on Capone's payroll.

The Capone-O'Hare partnership thrived, and O'Hare undoubtedly benefitted hugely in terms of power and clout from this business association. But though being associated with Capone could make you rich and afford you protection, it could also be dangerous, making you a target for the authorities and rival gangs. O'Hare told his daughter that he didn't feel morally compromised by working with Capone, a murderer by his own hand and the man behind multiple gangland hits. But on a more practical level, Easy Eddie said that he never accepted any freebies from the Capone gang, "not even a glass of beer", as he didn't want to be owned. He was more interested in making and receiving the dog racing profits to which he was entitled as a business partner.

This business arrangement could have gone on for years, but by 1930 the heat was finally on Capone from the federal government, with President Herbert Hoover himself reportedly taking an interest in the mobster. Capone had become a victim of his own success and flamboyance, the first 'movie star' gangster – Hollywood would make two films based on him in the early 1930s, *Little Caesar* and *Scarface*. But above all, it was the St. Valentine's Day Massacre of 1929 that really put Capone on the spot. The brutal slaying of seven of the North Side Gang in a Chicago warehouse, all of whom had been disarmed before being shot through the

“ O'HARE MAY HAVE REASONED THAT IF CAPONE WAS INCARCERATED, HE COULD TAKE FULL CONTROL OF THEIR BUSINESS ”

back with tommy guns and shotguns, made international headlines. The authorities knew that they now had no choice but to crack down on Capone.

But the boss himself wouldn't go down for murder, or any of his rackets – in the end these were too hard to prove. The Inland Revenue Service (IRS) instead realised that they could go after him for tax evasion, although first they needed proof of his income year after year, and therefore non-payment of income tax. A chink in Capone's heavy armour was needed, but Capone's business manager Jake 'Greasy Thumb' Guzik had been very careful to cover the financial tracks of Capone's empire. So an inside informant was needed. Enter Eddie O'Hare once again.

THE DOUBLE-CROSS

Frank Wilson was tasked with leading the tax investigation into Capone. Thin and bespectacled, with the look of an accountant, Wilson was also wily, cunning and analytical –

3

SNUFFED OUT FOR AL

The theory that O'Hare was assassinated as revenge for informing on Capone is widely considered the truth today, especially as the killing was carried out just days before Capone's release. Executed by the Chicago Outfit – outwardly run by Frank 'the Enforcer' Nitti (although Paul 'The Waiter' Ricca was the real boss by that time) – it would also have sent out a strong message to other potential informants.



4

ALL FOR A DAME

It has been suggested that Frank Nitti ordered the hit on O'Hare as he wanted to marry Easy Eddie's fiancée Ursula Sue Granata. Nitti did in fact marry Granata just months after O'Hare was murdered, in 1940, but she died later that year. Incredibly, Nitti also went on to marry O'Hare's former secretary Annette Caravetta in 1942.



just what was needed to track down Capone's elusive sources of income and put him in prison. Wilson used an unusual tactic: knowing that Capone was fond of talking to newspaper reporters and that hacks all over the American Midwest were constantly thirsty for Capone-related scoops, Wilson went to John T. Rogers, who covered the crime beat on the respected *St. Louis Post Dispatch* in O'Hare's hometown. Rogers had exposed other bootlegging gangs and had been following Capone stories in Chicago. He knew a great deal of inside information about the mobster and his associates.

Wilson needed Rogers to help him find someone with a low-level financial link to the Capone organisation to give state's evidence, as Jake 'Greasy Thumb' Guzik was much too far up the Capone gang pecking order to be turned.

Rogers gave Wilson the name of a man who had been doing business with Capone and knew something about who controlled Capone's finances: Eddie O'Hare. Wilson hoped that O'Hare could lead him to that missing revenue link. But he needed to convince Easy Eddie to spill his information, which could have proved a suicidal move.

The journalist took Frank Wilson to meet O'Hare at the Missouri Club in St. Louis. The lawyer was surprisingly easy to persuade. Firstly, O'Hare knew that he too would be implicated in Capone's criminal affairs, and his own tax affairs were probably not in order. He also didn't have

a long-established loyalty to Capone, as they were just business partners and had had very little face-to-face contact. The unscrupulous O'Hare may have reasoned that if Capone was incarcerated, he could take full control of their business. Another reason could have been that O'Hare was desperate to get his son Butch into the prestigious Annapolis Naval Academy, entry to which required a reference of recommendation from a US congressman. Maybe if he informed, Wilson could swing it for Butch to get in? Butch did later attend Annapolis, so this theory is very plausible.

Although most serious gangsters, let alone businessmen, would never have dared go against Capone, O'Hare began to sing to Wilson, who would later write in his memoirs that O'Hare was "one of the best undercover men I have ever known". On top of saying that Wilson could inspect the Hawthorne Kennel Club financial records for any irregularities, O'Hare also told Wilson that Capone's men regularly wired profits to Miami, where Capone had his holiday home at Palm Beach. He said that in Miami the bagman who collected the money was Parker Henderson Junior. O'Hare also named two of Capone's bookkeepers, Leslie Shumway and Fred Ries, who had inside knowledge of the financial workings of the Capone empire – specifically how much money was coming in and where it went.

Both Shumway and Ries turned evidence against Capone



Al 'Scarface' Capone is all smiles as he leaves court during his trial. Capone would maintain this charismatic jauntiness until the end of the trial, when he lashed out at a reporter who got in his face after his conviction



The scene of Easy Eddie's demise, his car having smashed into a lamppost when he lost control under a fusillade of bullets

“THE LOYAL JAKE GUZIK TOLD A REPORTER THAT ‘BIG AL’ WAS NOW ‘AS NUTTY AS A FRUIT CAKE’”

in return for immunity and witness protection when they were told that the Capone mob would probably kill them because they were too much of a liability to remain alive. Nervously, they had to accept, and the evidence they supplied allowed Wilson and his investigative team to trace large amounts of money. It had been earned illegally, and no tax had been paid on it running back to 1924, with the amounts increasing annually as Capone's grip on Chicago grew. But O'Hare wasn't finished yet.

When Capone finally went before a federal court in Chicago in the autumn of 1931, Easy Eddie told the authorities that the Capone gang had bribed and intimidated the jury, as was their custom, and at the last minute the judge swore in a new jury before the fix could be put on it. Although Wilson's team had only managed to uncover a fraction of the gang's true illicit income to court-evidence standards, Capone went down for ten years for evading tax. It was a move to get him off the streets, where he was far too powerful to control, and to send a message to other gangsters that they would be pursued and caught one way or another.

Capone began his sentence in the cushy Cook County Jail, where he had considerable clout, and was then transferred to USP Atlanta, before being sent to the newly opened and hellish Alcatraz, the island prison in San Francisco Bay. Here Capone's syphilis, contracted from a prostitute in his Chicago heyday, slowly went to his brain. When Capone was finally released early due to his mental and physical deterioration, the loyal Jake Guzik told a reporter that 'Big Al' was now "as nutty as a fruit cake".

Eddie O'Hare continued to thrive, building up his business interests and proudly watching his son Butch become a naval

cadet and then train as a pilot. Throughout the 1930s Easy Eddie continued to 'snitch' to the federal authorities. He was either a very brave man or one who didn't quite appreciate the risk to his own safety.

SERVE IT COLD

On the morning of Wednesday 8 November 1939, eight years after he had informed on Capone, Eddie O'Hare, wearing an expensive, smart three-piece grey suit and hat, came out of his office at the Sportsman's Field track in Cicero, climbed into his highly polished black Lincoln Zephyr coupe automobile and drove away. When he reached Odgen Avenue, he continued to make his way towards the crossroads by Rockwell. But he never made that crossing.

A dark sedan car came up next to him, and two triggermen wearing fedoras fired a rapid volley of heavy slugs (the kind used to kill big game) into Easy Eddie's car,

BIG AL'S EMPIRE

CAPONE WAS INVOLVED IN MULTIPLE RACKETS, ALL OF WHICH RETURNED A HEALTHY PROFIT

By 1929 the Chicago Crime Commission estimated that Al Capone's annual income was over \$100 million, the equivalent of \$1.3 billion today. To give some perspective, the turnover of General Motors, then America's highest-grossing corporation, was just over \$248 million for the same year.

All of Capone's rackets together were bringing in an enormous sum, but it has to be remembered that he had a huge payroll and had to pay out millions of dollars a year to buy off the police, local government and judiciary.

Al Capone spread the Chicago Outfit's involvement to numerous rackets, diversifying the business and tightening his grip on the Chicago underworld.



hitting him numerous times, killing him instantly and leaving him a bloody mess. O'Hare was 46 years old. His Lincoln continued to travel as he died and smashed into a lamppost at speed. His two killers sped away down Odgen Avenue and disappeared. It was a classic gangland hit, Capone-era Chicago style. Nobody was ever caught or prosecuted for Eddie O'Hare's murder. But just eight days after his murder, Al Capone was released from prison.

A well-maintained Spanish .32 revolver was found in O'Hare's car, and those who knew him well said that it was unusual for Easy Eddie to carry a gun, although it was hardly a high-powered weapon. Was he nervous, or had he been threatened? No proof has ever been found, but he had every right to be nervous, for his betrayal of Capone and continued informing was a cardinal sin in the underworld.

Numerous motives for O'Hare's murder were mooted in the newspapers, but it soon became clear to most that it was almost definitely the Capone mob, in an act of revenge for

Big Al. Capone would retire to his Miami home to be with his wife Mae, son Sonny and other family members, including his mother Teresa and sister Mafalda. He died in 1947, and he was buried in Mount Carmel Cemetery in Chicago, just a short walk away from the graves of Northsiders Dion O'Banion and Hymie Weiss, whose murders he had ordered.

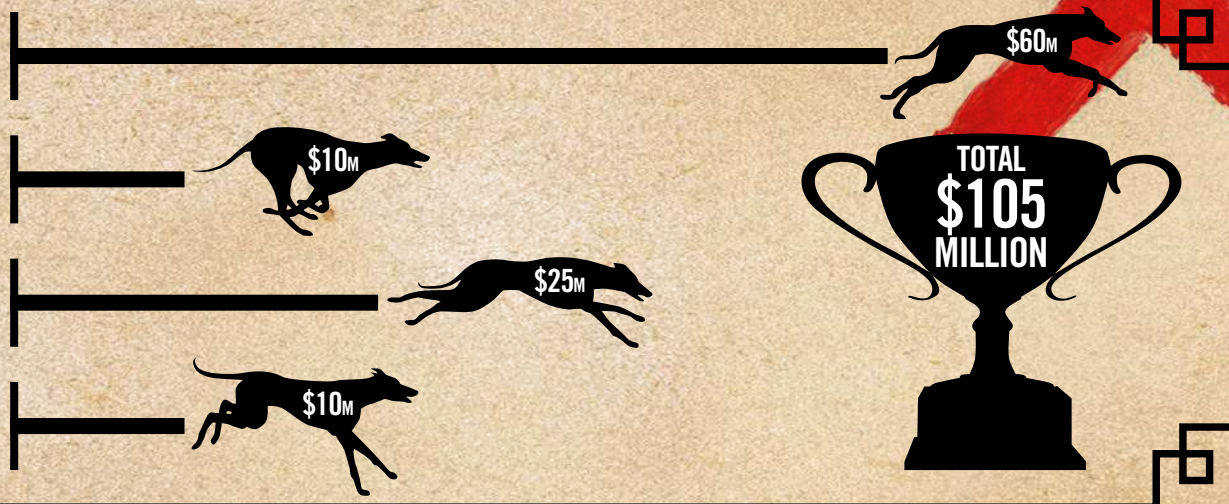
Eddie O'Hare's son Butch went on to become a war hero, shooting down numerous enemy planes in the Pacific and coming to the aid of other members of his squadron while under heavy fire in the air. Butch was later shot down in action, and Chicago's airport was renamed O'Hare International Airport in his honour. Many believe that his father's government connections sealed this dedication, but Butch O'Hare was a bona fide war hero, and the *Chicago Tribune* newspaper had campaigned for the honour to go to him. Eddie O'Hare had paid the ultimate price for turning against Al Capone and met a violent death, but he would have been proud of his son.

**ILLEGAL
ALCOHOL**

VICE

**RACING/
GAMBLING**

**PROTECTION/
OTHER**



A dark, moody photograph of a morgue. The floor is made of dark tiles, and a person's foot is visible on the right side. The overall atmosphere is somber and chilling.

MORGUE MONSTER

DAVID FULLER MADE HEADLINES IN 2021, WITH THE PRESS LABELLING HIM THE “MORGUE MONSTER”. BUT NECROPHILIA, WHILE SICKENING, WAS NOT THE MOST SERIOUS OF FULLER’S CRIMES

WORDS GAVIN MACKENZIE



Attach to toe

Name of Deceased		Case No.		
Age	Sex	Race	Weight	Height
Place of Death		Date of Death		
Cause of Death		Physician		
Funeral Director		Comments		

Monday 22 June 1987 started as an ordinary day for 25-year-old Wendy Knell. She spent the day at her job as manager of the SupaSnaps photo processing shop on Camden Road, Tunbridge Wells. After leaving work, she stopped off at the bank and the laundrette before returning to her ground floor bedsit on Guildford Road, a narrow, dimly lit street on the other side of Calverley Park.

At around that time, there had been reports of a prowler snooping around the neighbourhood at night, peaking in through ground-floor windows. It's not known whether Wendy had heard these reports or not.

Wendy had moved into the bedsit after a failed marriage but was working hard and was determined to bounce back. She had fallen in love with someone new, local bus driver Ian Plass, and the couple had been talking about holidaying in Paris and eventually getting married. She spent the rest of that evening at Plass' house, watching television with him and his mother.

At around 11pm, he drove her home on his motorbike and kissed her goodbye on her doorstep. He would normally have come in and stayed the night, but he had an early shift the following day. Neither Wendy nor Ian had any inkling that a killer was lying in wait.

The first Ian Plass knew that something was wrong was the following morning when he received a phone call from Wendy's mother Pamela. Wendy had not turned up for work and Pamela asked Ian to go and check on her.

Upon his arrival, Ian rang the doorbell and banged on the door, but there was no answer. Knowing there was a back window that couldn't be locked because its latch had been painted over, Ian went to the rear of the property and climbed in.

"Once in, I just stood there," he said in a statement to police. "I could see Wendy's head sticking out of the duvet. I stroked her hair and pulled her duvet back past her shoulders. I lifted her arm, and opened her eyelids, but she didn't move. I couldn't believe she was gone."

Wendy's bloodied body had been beaten, strangled and raped. There were no signs of forced entry to the flat, and none of the neighbours reported hearing any sounds of a struggle. Police believed that the killer had entered through the unlocked window and had been waiting for Wendy to return home.

Ian had to leave the flat by the same window, as Wendy's keys, along with her diary, were missing. The keys had been on a cowbell keyring that Wendy had kept as a souvenir from a trip to Austria. The inscription on the keyring read, "Woman of the Year". Neither the keyring nor the diary were ever recovered.

VERY DANGEROUS, VERY NASTY

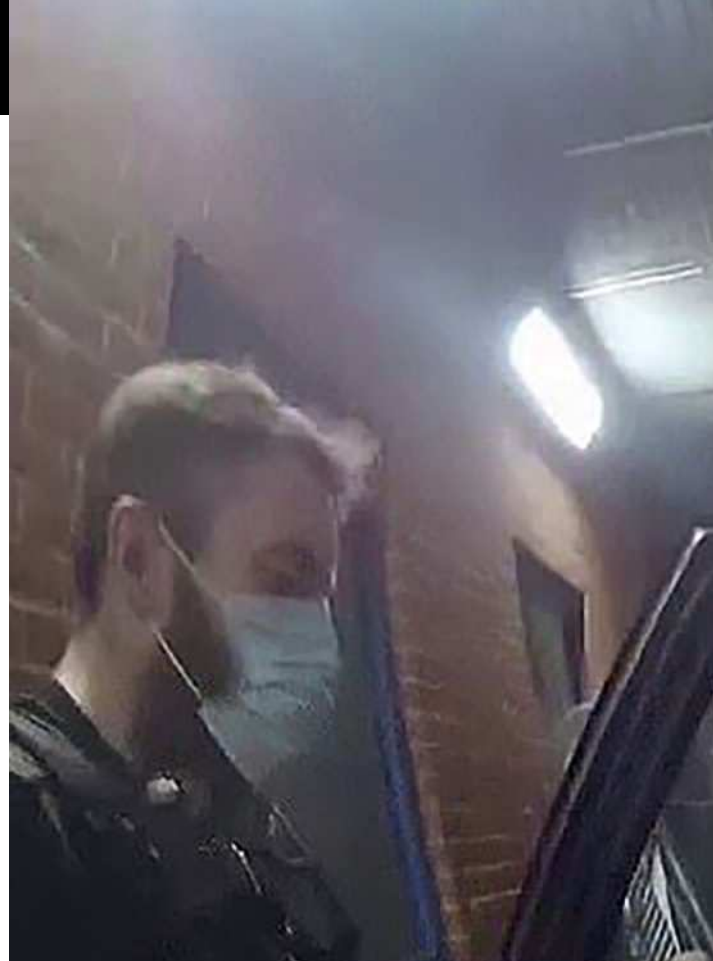
Three months later, on the other side of town, 20-year-old Caroline Pierce had locks fitted to the windows of her ground-floor bedsit on Grosvenor Park, a similarly narrow and dimly lit street. Caroline told her boyfriend that she didn't feel safe in her flat and was one of several young women in the area who reported seeing a 'prowler' or 'peeping Tom' looking through windows late at night. Despite these numerous reports, police were never able to catch or identify the prowler. Then, on the night of 24 November after her shift at the Buster Brown's restaurant on Camden Road, Caroline Pierce disappeared.

That night, neighbours reported hearing screams from Caroline's front door, but there were no signs of a struggle

RIGHT A handcuffed Fuller arrives in police custody shortly after being arrested at his home in Heathfield, East Sussex, England

BELOW The day after his arrest, police discovered this box of hard drives hidden behind a cabinet in Fuller's home. This is where the recordings of his offences against the dead were carefully stored

BOTTOM The swipe card Fuller used to enter the mortuary at Tunbridge Wells hospital. He researched the backgrounds of the women and girls whose bodies he abused and sometimes returned more than once to his "favourites"





This was not Fuller's first arrest. He'd been convicted of several 'creeper-style' burglaries during the 1970s but had not been handed a prison sentence for them



ONE DAY

FATHER TO A
"BEAUTIFUL, KIND,
GENEROUS, CARING,
FUNNY GIRL", BILL
KNELL DIDN'T LIVE TO
SEE HIS DAUGHTER'S
KILLER BROUGHT TO
JUSTICE

Bill and Pamela Knell were always hopeful of one day finding out who had killed their daughter. A friend even gave them a bottle of champagne to save until the day the killer was caught, but as the years went by the bottle became an unwelcome reminder and they threw it away.

On the 20th anniversary of Wendy's tragic death, Bill Knell told the BBC, "One day someone's going to ring that door and say: 'We've caught him', and there will be a celebration, by God there will be, especially if he goes down for a very, very long time."

That day came in 2021, but sadly Bill Knell was not around to see it. He succumbed to cancer in 2017, believing that Wendy's killer could, and would, be found until the very end. Pamela Knell told *KentLive* that on a visit to the hospice she encouraged him to "let go and go and find Wendy". At around midnight that night, he did exactly that.

inside the flat. It appeared that the prowler, frustrated at being unable to gain access to the building, had instead simply abducted Caroline on her doorstep.

Three weeks later, on 15 December, farm worker John Minnis was driving a tractor along the edge of a field near the remote village of St Mary in the Marsh, 40 miles from Tunbridge Wells. From his position high up in the tractor cab Minnis could see clearly into the drainage ditch at the edge of the field, and something in the ditch caught his eye. At first he thought it must be a mannequin or inflatable sex doll, but closer inspection revealed that it was the body of a young woman, naked except for a pair of tights. It was Caroline Pierce. Like Wendy Knell, she had been beaten, raped and strangled to death.

Kent Police quickly realised that the two women had almost certainly fallen victim to the same attacker. Fearing that the killer would strike again, police issued a warning advising the women of Tunbridge Wells not to leave Christmas parties alone. Detective Chief Superintendent Duncan Gibbons, who led the investigation into what became known as the 'Bedsit Murders' described the man his team of 80 investigators were looking for as "very dangerous and very nasty".

“CLOSER INSPECTION REVEALED THAT IT WAS THE BODY OF A YOUNG WOMAN, NAKED EXCEPT FOR A PAIR OF TIGHTS”

FAMILIAL DNA

The Bedsit Murders killer had left a few clues. There was a bloody fingerprint and footprint in Wendy Knell's flat, and traces of semen were found on both bodies. However, DNA profiling was still very much in its infancy in the late 1980s, so there was little the police could do with this forensic evidence. Despite a large-scale investigation, which included two BBC *Crimewatch* appeals, police were unable to turn up any suspects. For several years the trail went cold, but police refused to close the investigation completely.

By 1999, a national database of known offenders' DNA profiles had been created, and investigators scoured the list in search of a match for the semen found on the Bedsit Murders



Fuller killed and raped Wendy Knell (left) in her own flat and abducted Caroline Pierce (right) before killing her, raping her, and dumping her body in a ditch 40 miles away



victims. Frustratingly, no match was found. Whoever the killer was, his DNA was not on file.

It would be 20 more years before police once again checked the database, by now numbering some 6.5 million offenders. This time, a ground-breaking new technique was employed: familial DNA analysis.

Using this technique, investigators are able to search not just for an exact match, but for a match close enough to be a family member. The killer himself might not be on the database, but if any close relatives were then detectives could be on the verge of a massive breakthrough. A new, £2.5-million investigation was launched and, after a painstaking search, began to reap results.

Once they narrowed the 6.5 million offenders down to a workable list of close matches, police could then cross reference the data with the offenders' ages and places they'd lived and worked until they had a shortlist ranked in order of which offender was most likely to be related to the killer. Then they studied that offender's family tree until they found a relative who had lived in the Tunbridge Wells area at the time of the murders, and who would have been the right age. The name now at the top of the suspect list was David Fuller.

"OH, BLIMEY!"

The first thing that David Fuller said when he opened his front door to a team of police officers shortly before dawn on 3 December 2020 was "Oh, blimey!" By this time, Fuller was living with his third wife and their teenage son in a small house in Heathfield, East Sussex. Neighbours would later tell *The Sun* that Fuller was weird, that he never opened his blinds and that he'd often leave the house and drive off in the middle of the night. Officers were about to find out why. They wasted no time in placing Fuller under arrest for the murders of Wendy Knell and Caroline Pierce and soon began a thorough search of his home. They were hoping to find evidence to support their murder case against Fuller, which they did. But they also found much, much more than that.

In most cases, the 100 hard drives, 2,200 floppy discs, 30 SIM cards and mobile phones, 1,300 CDs

and DVDs, 34,000 photo prints, and 3,500 digital storage devices filled with child pornography and other forms of extreme sexual imagery would have been shocking enough. But the most horrifying find of the search that took 100 police officers five months to complete was contained in a small box screwed to the back of a cabinet placed inside a bedroom wardrobe. In that box were four hard drives, and stored on those hard drives were self-shot videos of Fuller having sex with around 100 female corpses ranging in age between nine and 100.

The videos were shot in the mortuaries of the two hospitals where Fuller had worked as an electrician between 2008 and 2020.

Fuller had 24-hour access to the mortuaries and knew where there were CCTV cameras and, more importantly, where there were not. Why Fuller made the videos is unclear. When a police interviewer put it to him that he might have been using them for further sexual pleasure, he denied that this was the case, and said he didn't know why he'd kept an archive. It might be that Fuller was telling the truth. The police search uncovered detailed records not just of his despicable crimes but of almost everything else in his life too. This would prove very useful in solidifying their murder case against him.

“ ON THOSE HARD DRIVES WERE VIDEOS OF FULLER HAVING SEX WITH AROUND 100 FEMALE CORPSES RANGING IN AGE BETWEEN NINE AND 100 ”



FURTHER SEXUAL PLEASURE

ON 26 JANUARY 2021, EIGHT WEEKS AFTER HIS ARREST, DAVID FULLER CONFESSED TO SEXUALLY ABUSING MORE CORPSES THAN HE COULD REMEMBER

DAVID FULLER: I want to admit the... I am admitting the offences, but I don't really want to go into detail. I hope you appreciate that.
KENT POLICE: And what offences are you admitting, David?
D.F.: As you've just described to me.
K.P.: In terms of the sexual penetration of corpses.

D.F.: Yes.
K.P.: Do you know how many occasions, David?
D.F.: No.
K.P.: Have you been recording yourself doing those things? Recording yourself sexually penetrating the corpses?
D.F.: I admit that offence, yes.

K.P.: What did you retain the recordings for?
D.F.: I don't know, either.
K.P.: Was it for further sexual pleasure, David? In the same way somebody would keep pornography, or things like that? Was it for further sexual pleasure?
D.F.: No.

Fuller initially denied everything, claiming he didn't know Tunbridge Wells particularly well and that he'd never been to SupaSnaps or Buster Brown's. His lifetime archive of diaries and receipts told a different story. He'd spent a lot of time in Tunbridge Wells and had frequented both businesses. Police believe it's likely he had met both of his victims at least once prior to killing them.

A keen photographer, Fuller had compiled a huge collection of non-pornographic photos (some of which were presumably developed at that same SupaSnaps store). Sifting through thousands of prints, investigators eventually found what they were looking for: a shot of a shirtless Fuller lying face down on a rug on a patch of grass, the soles of his shoes facing up towards the camera. The pattern on those soles was a perfect match for the bloody footprint found on Wendy Knell's blouse.

This was damning evidence, no doubt, but the real clincher was simply that Fuller's DNA was found to be an exact match for the semen found on both bodies. Fuller, now 67, had got away with murder for 33 years, but there'd be no getting away now. After initially admitting to killing the two women but denying murder on the grounds of diminished responsibility

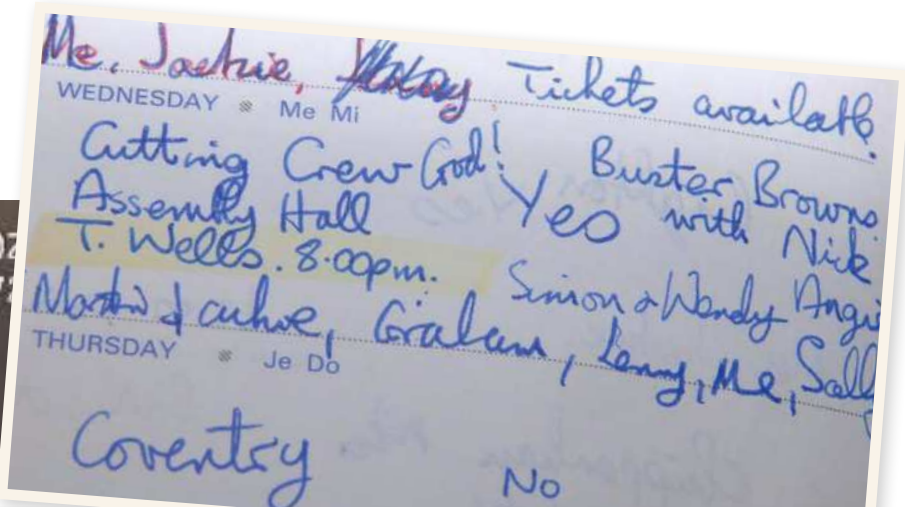
, Fuller switched to a guilty plea on the fourth day of his November 2021 trial, effectively bringing proceedings to an abrupt conclusion.

In a statement released shortly after Fuller changed his plea, Wendy Knell's family said, "For 34 years, we as a family, the police and press have been focusing on what actually happened to Wendy, wanting to know who did it and how she spent her last moments alive. We now know, and sadly it's much worse than we could ever have imagined. Although the guilty plea won't change anything deep down, as the pain and loss will always be there, it's good knowing he [Fuller] will not be in a position to hurt or cause any more pain."

On 15 December 2021, Fuller was sentenced to life in prison with a whole life order, which means he'll never be eligible for parole. In October 2022 he was charged with a further 16 sexual offences.

BELOW Fuller's last moments of freedom after getting away with murder and necrophilia for over three decades

BOTTOM RIGHT The hard drives containing Fuller's self-shot "necro-porn" were found among a huge amount of photography paraphernalia. He was known to be a keen photographer, but no one knew his hobby had such a dark side







STANFORD
PRISON
EXPERIMENT

YOU ARE JUST A NUMBER

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1971, THREE PSYCHOLOGISTS DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE THE POWER OF SOCIAL SITUATIONS ON BEHAVIOUR. IT WOULD RESULT IN ONE OF THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL SOCIAL EXPERIMENTS EVER

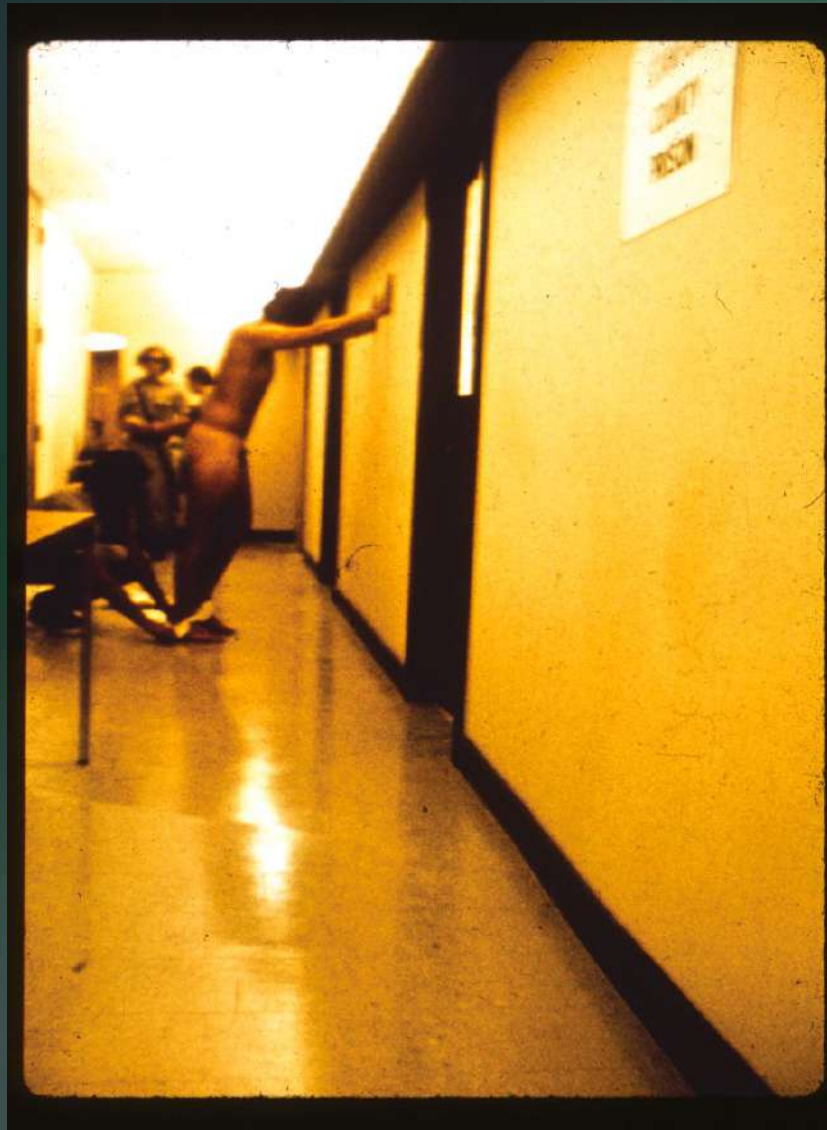
WORDS JOANNA ELPHICK

Psychology professor, Philip Zimbardo, had been reading the findings of close friend and fellow psychologist, Stanley Milgram, on the power of the situation, particularly the capability of destructive obedience. Milgram had conducted a fascinating experiment, albeit highly unethical, ultimately encouraging participants to administer high electrical voltage shocks to other participants. How far would the volunteers go up the voltage scale before refusing to inflict any more pain? The outcome left Zimbardo reeling. It seemed that under certain circumstances, most people would obey orders that went entirely against their moral conscience. However, he also felt that there was much more to discover about the concepts of conformity, obedience and peer rebellion. Surely a full understanding of compliance overpowering natural instincts could be extremely useful to the government, particularly during times of war or when dealing with criminals? The U.S. Office of Naval Research thought so. Having awarded the young professor with full funding, they required a body of research looking at the friction between guards and prisoners within the United States Navy and Marine Corp. It was a fantastic opportunity and, having accepted the offer, Philip Zimbardo set about developing a bold, new study in obedience and conformity within given social roles.

Zimbardo had already gained a tenured position as professor of psychology at Stanford University and so, with the funding from the US Navy, he encouraged co-workers Curtis Banks and Craig Haney to get on board with the project. They required a situation which reflected real life, giving the participants preconceived social roles whilst putting them under gradually increased pressure. The Navy wanted useful findings, relevant to their own distinct issues but something that could be utilised in other official areas. Zimbardo quickly came to the decision of a prison setting. Here they could create two very clear roles, that of 'guard' and 'prisoner' where there would already be certain expected behaviours in the minds of the participants.

The plan quickly gained momentum. The first step was to decide where to stage the experiment. Clearly they needed total isolation in order to allow the volunteers to be fully immersed in their roles. The location was finally found in the basement of the Stanford University Psychology Department. It was cold. It was grey. It was impersonal. It was perfect. Zimbardo wanted to create a prison-like environment that was as psychologically 'real' as possible. By the time they had completed the transformation, the basement comprised of a set of prison cells, a solitary confinement room or 'Hole', an 'exercise yard', guard's quarters and a secret observation screen through which covert video and audiotape data recording could take place. The 'Hole' was gloomy and confining. A prisoner unlucky enough to find himself in there could stand upright but do little else. Windows were boarded up and clocks removed making it impossible for the Prisoners to have any sense of time passing and causing a sense of complete disorientation. The doors, finished with barred windows, clanged shut with an ominous finality.

The toilets were outside the confines of the prison yard which posed a significant problem for the psychologists. At no point did they want to break away from the illusion of prison life so a disturbing routine was inserted. Evening toilet runs would run at about 11pm. Even basic human functions were to be controlled by the guards. In order to get the prisoners off-site without them being aware, they were chained together in a line and lead down the hallway to the lavatories. During this time, they wore paper bags over their



heads so they could not see where they were going. It was a humiliating process which kept the intense, oppressive atmosphere going 24/7.

FINDING THE PRISONERS AND GUARDS

The stage was set for the experiment. Now the team required participants to play the roles of Prisoner or Guard. Zimbardo placed advertisements in various nationwide newspapers asking for male student volunteers for a two-week study of prison life. 75 young men came forward. Each student was given a questionnaire to fill in regarding their family background, social behaviour and both physical and mental health. Their responses were carefully analysed by Zimbardo who finally selected 24 individuals from the initial group. These men had been judged to be physically healthy and, most importantly, emotionally stable. None of them had a history of psychiatric illness. These white, middle class students from across the United States had never been in

ABOVE (LEFT) Each prisoner was put through a series of humiliating experiences on entering the prison. This included a strip search and wash down before being de-loused. Such activities undermined the inmates' former status

ABOVE (RIGHT) Prisoners were fingerprinted on arrival at the Palo Alto Police Station, thereby replicating a real arrest. The official process was unexpected and instantly put the group on the back foot and in a vulnerable position

“ THESE MEN HAD BEEN JUDGED TO BE PHYSICALLY HEALTHY AND, MOST IMPORTANTLY, EMOTIONALLY STABLE ”



trouble with the law and were complete strangers to each other. They had all undergone personality tests and had been deemed 'normal to average'.

The final selection of 24 men were taken into a room where Zimbardo flipped a coin to randomly select their roles of guard or prisoner before being offered \$15 a day for the duration of the two-week experiment. Each volunteer was warned of his Miranda Rights before they could begin. Prisoners were then asked to sign a consent form which specified some of their human rights would be suspended. Initially, nine guards and nine prisoners would be used, keeping six volunteers back in case any changes were required. Various consultants were also called in to ensure the psychologists had created a realistic environment for the experiment to take place in. This included ex-convicts, one in particular having served seventeen years in jail, knew exactly how to maintain the sense of hopelessness and loss of control Zimbardo wanted. Everything was ready but the participants had no idea when the experiment would actually begin. The call in for the prisoners was to be a terrifying start to a harrowing ordeal.

AND SO IT BEGINS...

It was on the bright, warm Sunday morning of 17 August that the experiment began for the 'Prisoners'. Palo Alto police

MILGRAM'S STUDY OF OBEDIENCE

IN 1963, STANLEY MILGRAM SET OUT TO DISCOVER WHAT FACTORS LED PEOPLE TO OBEY. HIS FINDINGS HAVE PARALLELS WITH DR. ZIMBARDO'S OWN EXPERIMENT

Social psychologist Milgram's 40 male volunteers were each paid a small fee to take part in a highly unethical experiment. Could the doctor somehow get an ordinary, average American to obey an unjust order from an authoritative figure to inflict pain on another human being? The shocking answer was, yes.

The participants were to play the role of teacher in a dummy experiment on the role of punishment in learning. Every time the learner made a mistake in their test, the volunteer 'teacher' was instructed to administer an electric shock. The volunteer watched

as the supposed student was strapped into a chair whilst electrodes were attached to the arm. Shocks started at 15 volts and rose in 15 volt increments up to 450 volts. Although many participants were deeply distressed by their task, they all went to at least 300 volts and 65% went up to the full 450 volts.

Ultimately people in subordinate roles lose their individual empathy and moral conscience in preference to their orders.

This explains a great many atrocities undertaken in the name of following orders.

Public Announcement

**WE WILL PAY YOU \$4.00 FOR
ONE HOUR OF YOUR TIME**

Persons Needed for a Study of Memory

*We will pay five hundred New Haven men to help us complete a scientific study of memory and learning. The study is being done at Yale University.

*Each person who participates will be paid \$4.00 (plus 50c carfare) for approximately 1 hour's time. We need you for only one hour: there are no further obligations. You may choose the time you would like to come (evenings, weekdays, or weekends).

*No special training, education, or experience is needed. We want:

Factory workers	Businessmen	Construction workers
City employees	Clerks	Salespeople
Laborers	Professional people	White-collar workers
Barbers	Telephone workers	Others

All persons must be between the ages of 20 and 50. High school and college students cannot be used.

*If you meet these qualifications, fill out the coupon below and mail it now to Professor Stanley Milgram, Department of Psychology, Yale University, New Haven. You will be notified later of the specific time and place of the study. We reserve the right to decline any application.

*You will be paid \$4.00 (plus 50c carfare) as soon as you arrive at the laboratory.

TO:

**PROF. STANLEY MILGRAM, DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY,
YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.** I want to take part in
this study of memory and learning. I am between the ages of 20 and
50. I will be paid \$4.00 (plus 50c carfare) if I participate.

NAME (Please Print)

ADDRESS

TELEPHONE NO. Best time to call you

AGE OCCUPATION SEX
CAN YOU COME:

WEEKDAYS EVENINGS WEEKENDS

THE EXPERIMENT UNFOLDS

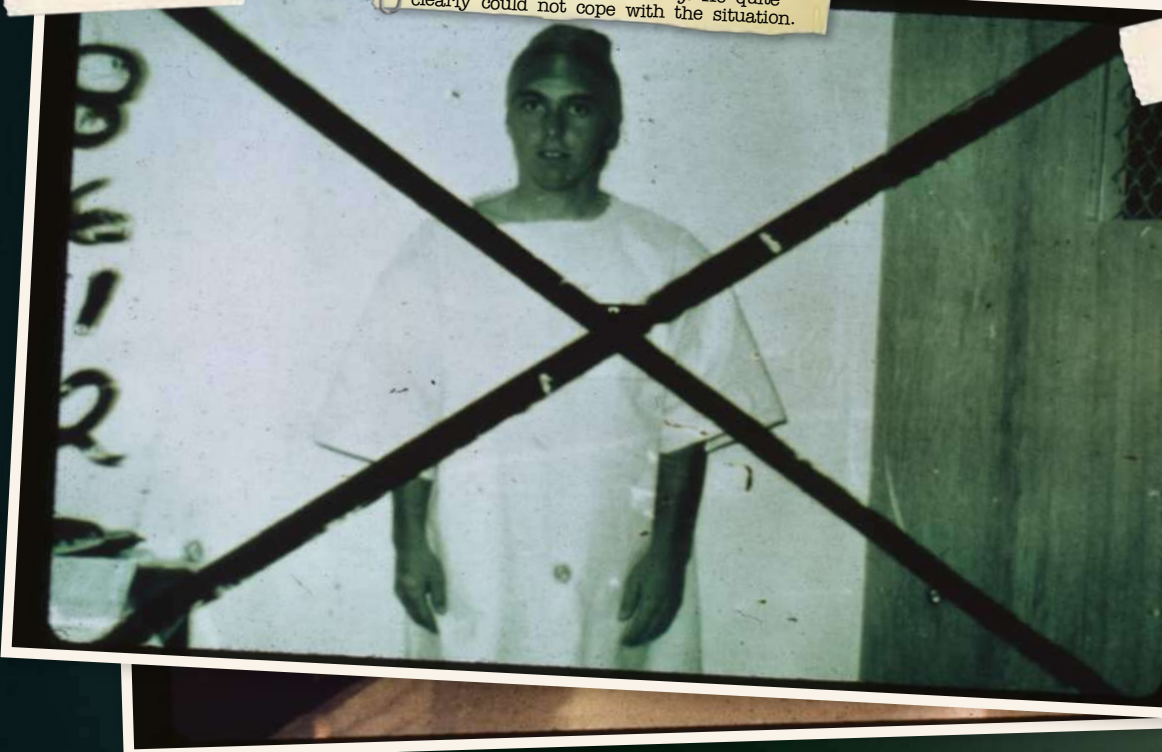
AS EACH DAY PROGRESSED THE LEVEL OF AGGRESSION AND HUMILIATION INCREASED ALONG WITH THE DEVELOPING POWER TRIP

DAY 1



DAY 2

By day two, #8612 had completely broken down and was showing signs of hysteria, depression and loss of reality. He quite clearly could not cope with the situation.



DAY 3



officers banged on their doors and dragged them into the streets as neighbours looked on in horror. They were arrested for violating Penal Codes 211 (Armed Robbery) and 459 (Burglary), searched, handcuffed and led away into waiting police cars. By the time they had reached Palo Alto police station, the prisoners were visibly shaken as they had not expected any such event to occur. Each man was booked, fingerprinted, blindfolded and left in a holding cell until a van arrived to take them to the Stanford County Prison, otherwise known as Stanford University Psychology block. By the time they had arrived at the basement, they were totally disorientated with no idea where they were.

Of course they quickly realised that this was the start of the experiment and any sense of bravado needed to be eradicated in order to totally discombobulate the group. A process of part depersonalisation, part degradation was set in motion. Having individually been introduced to the Warden, psychology undergraduate David Jaffe, each inmate was

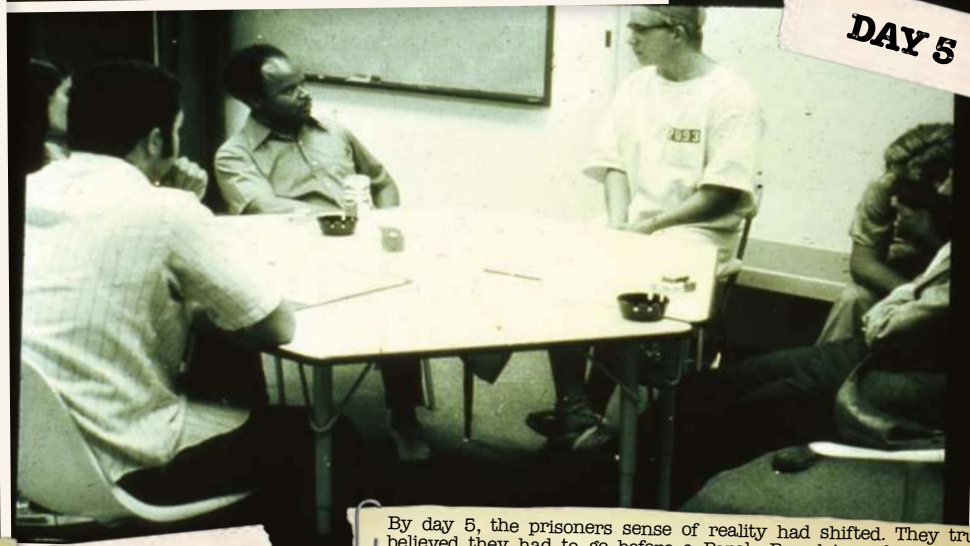
stripped naked and intimately body-searched before going through the process of being deloused. A nylon stocking was fitted over their hair to take away any individuality, simulating the shaving off of hair in the army. They were then given a smock to wear but no underwear which was designed to emasculate and humiliate them. A heavy chain was bolted to the right ankle, designed to remind them where they were at all times. As Zimbardo himself stated, 'the chain on their foot...was used to remind prisoners of the oppressiveness of their environment' and that each man 'was unable to escape even in his dreams'. Finally, each man was given a unique ID number which had been sown onto the smocks. No more names, just a number. This completed the depersonalisation.

However, it was not just the prisoners who were removed from their true characters. The guards had also been issued with an identical khaki uniform, a whistle which they wore around their necks and an empowering Billy Club. Mirrored glasses allowed them to hide any emotions, giving them

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DAY 4

By day four the prisoners had lost all sense of individuality. They were lethargic and depressed. At this stage, they were grateful to have been given back their mattresses to sleep on.

**DAY 5**

By day 5, the prisoners sense of reality had shifted. They truly believed they had to go before a Parole Board in order to leave when, in truth, all they had to do was quit the experiment. They even offered to give up their money to 'escape'.

DAY 6

A series of 'encounter' sessions with guards, prisoners and staff took place on the last day to allow everyone's feelings out in the open and to share their experiences. This was also an opportunity for moral re-education.

Hidden cameras were fitted in the basement at the observation point from one end of the 'yard', filming both guards and prisoners at all times. The images shocked Christina Maslach into calling a halt on the experiment.

anonymity and allowing them to further distance themselves from their actions. Their boundaries were clear. They could not, under any circumstances, use corporal punishment. However, they were repeatedly reminded that they must maintain complete control since they were in potential danger at all times. Only absolute control of the situation could ensure their safety. Three guards were to work each of the three eight hour shifts, watching the prisoners locked down three per cell. All other guards were to remain on call. Other than this, they were given no specific instructions. The guards had total control of the situation while the prisoners had none.

Professor Zimbardo expected results of his experiment to show that situational rather than dispositional factors cause negative behaviour and thought patterns. In other words, your environment can affect your attitude and behaviour even more than your basic personality. However, he had no idea how quickly his hypothesis would be proven.

THE RESULTS

To begin with, the prisoners did not appear to take the situation very seriously and tended to mock the guards' authority at every given opportunity. They attempted to regain their individuality but this did not last long. The 'Guards' pushed back, waking the inmates at 2.30 in the morning just to assert themselves and reinforce the use of ID numbers rather than names. Obedience was demanded and the 'Prisoners' didn't like it one bit.

Day two started badly as the prisoners began to rebel. They removed their smocks and barricaded themselves in their cells using the beds against the door. The guards overreacted, calling in backup straightaway. All guards banded together in a furious, unified mob. Come what may, they had to take their control back and quash the rebellious streak. The prisoners meanwhile taunted the guards through the bars, attempting to undermine their authority.

The guards couldn't take it. Fire extinguishers were brought in, the doors pushed open and the prisoners hosed with freezing carbon dioxide. It was an unexpected and brutal reaction but it worked. From this point onwards, a systematic breaking down of the prisoners' self-respect, power and control took place. It was a crushing victimisation of individual's right, oscillating between punishment and rewards. The prisoners were left confused and bewildered. As the guards began to favour some inmates over others the solidarity between them rapidly broke down. Prisoners quickly learnt to look after number one and happily snatched on their fellow cellmates. Others were ostracised for being 'trouble' and nobody wanted to get on the wrong side of the guards. They, after all, held all the power.

Although nearly all prisoners bowed to the authority of the guards, one prisoner, #416, chose to resist. In defiance the prisoner went on hunger strike. His fellow inmates feared the reaction of the guards and shunned the dissenter calling him a troublemaker rather than a hero. Eventually, even he broke down stating, 'I was 416. I was really my number'.

Two days into the experiment, prisoner #8612 was removed having shown signs of a complete mental breakdown. This average individual who had aced all psychiatric assessments couldn't cope with the situation and was led away screaming and crying. A replacement prisoner was brought in and the experiment continued. Meanwhile, the guards, remembering that they could not control through corporal punishment, reaffirmed their authority through gruelling physical exercise routines consisting of push-ups performed whilst inmates sat on top of one another. More prisoners cracked and were removed from the experiment having displayed signs of mental exhaustion, whilst others presented a frightening livid rash covering the entire body. The remaining inmates had become totally apathetic and depressed. They no longer used their names but instead referred to each other by their given ID numbers.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

On the Friday, almost a week after the start of the study, Zimbardo invited his then girlfriend, Christina Maslach, to interview the participants. Whilst Zimbardo had been fully involved in the experiment right from the start, Maslach knew very little of what had occurred in the bowels of the Psychology Department. Having just completed her doctorate in psychology at Stanford University she was more than equipped to assess the mental state of the volunteers.

Her findings were shocking. The prisoners had become totally dehumanised whilst the guards appeared sadistic and cruel. What was even more distressing, was the behaviour of her partner Zimbardo. Maslach claimed that he had also been transformed through his over-involvement claiming, 'he was not the same man that I had come to love.' He had become insensitive and cold to the distress of the participants of his experiment. Was this because he had given himself an important role as Senior Prison Superintendent? It certainly appeared that he was no longer a disinterested observer and that he like all the other volunteers, could no longer clearly differentiate between role-playing and their true selves. As Maslach put it, 'they had all internalised a set of destructive prison values that distanced them from their own humanitarian values.'

Zimbardo listened with horror at his girlfriend's findings. He decided to terminate the experiment the next day, only six days into the planned two-week investigation. Everybody was released and then asked to return for one final debriefing to let their feelings out. First the guards were gathered together to discuss their behaviour. Were they shocked at themselves? Were there other more moral decisions they could have made? Next the prisoners were interviewed and gradually reintroduced to their true identities. It was a long and painful process. Debriefing could not take place in one day. In fact, the sessions continued for weeks, months and years afterwards.

WHAT NOW?

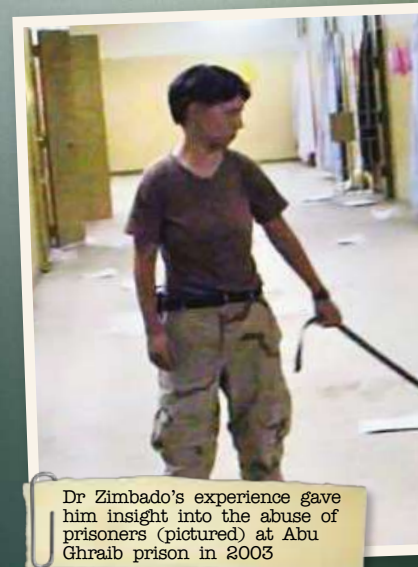
So what, if anything, has been learnt from the Stanford Prison Experiment and can the information gleaned from this highly controversial investigation be useful in our understanding of the prison environment? It certainly shows that we are all capable of acting out of character when placed in various situations but the experiment itself has been fiercely criticised for its ethics and validity.

Zimbardo put himself into the experiment by playing the role of prison superintendent, thus removing his objectivity and creating experimenter bias. He clearly led the guards in some of their action, developing their anger and frustration. It is unknown if this would have occurred so dramatically without him. No clear cause and effect relationship can therefore be concluded. However, real life events have imitated his findings, suggesting there is a lot that can be learnt from this investigation. Take, for example, the prisoner abuse at Abu Ghraib. Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Meyers claimed that the shocking events were due to a minority group of rogue soldiers and were in no way a reflection of the military or their methods. Zimbardo, using his research findings, concluded that there was a different explanation. This was not down to violent individual behaviour but a result of the extreme situation the guards found themselves in due to the Bush administration policies. The situation created the brutal behaviour and not isolated vicious characteristics of the soldiers themselves. If this is indeed true then much can be done to avoid prison rioting, sadistic torture tactics in lockdown situations and the general dangerous nature of prison life for both prisoners and guards.

Much can also be learnt from some of the Stanford prison guards' tactics. Their desire to divide and conquer the prisoners has been witnessed many times in real life. Racism is often used by guards to separate prisoners into smaller, more manageable groups, such as 'Blacks' and 'Anglos' but this has a devastating impact on the safety of the prisoners.



Prisoners were ordered to clean the toilets with their bare hands



Dr Zimbardo's experience gave him insight into the abuse of prisoners (pictured) at Abu Ghraib prison in 2003



Inmates were physically punished with gruelling exercise regimes



A skull cap represents shaving the head

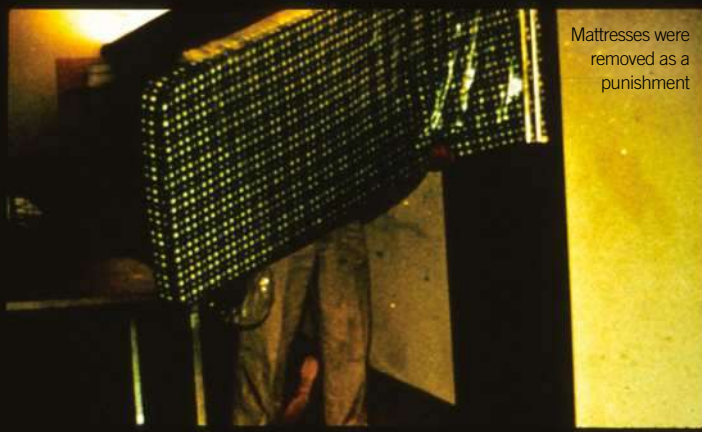
POWER TRIP

THE MEDIA SUGGESTED THAT ALL PARTICIPANTS BEHAVED IN ONE OF TWO WAYS, VICIOUS 'GUARD' OR PASSIVE 'PRISONER' BUT THIS WAS NOT THE CASE

One participant, nicknamed 'John Wayne' by the inmates stood out as the most brutal of the guards. He appeared to slip into the role of sadistic abuser far quicker and more readily than any of the others. Before the experiment had begun, his temperament had been noted down as 'pleasant, polite and friendly' by Christina Maslach, yet hours into the investigation he had totally transformed. Interestingly enough, he even changed his accent and posture. His ability to disassociate his 'true' nature from that of the prison guard was extreme to say the very least. He appeared to relish his new-found power and was quoted as saying, 'acting authoritatively can be fun. Power can be a great pleasure'. His reaction highlighted more than any other participant, that situation plus power can equal a dramatic change in temperament.



To maintain the illusion of a prison, inmates were blindfolded to go to the toilets



Mattresses were removed as a punishment



“ FINDINGS OF THE STANFORD PRISON EXPERIMENT ARE BASIC FODDER FOR A' LEVEL STUDENTS AROUND THE WORLD ”



More inmates die at the hand of each other than any other way. Zimbardo would argue that the situation creates a dangerous arena, where as he puts it, 'good people turn evil.'

Philip Zimbardo wrote his best-selling 'pop' psychology book, *The Lucifer Effect* on his findings in the Stanford Prison Experiment. It takes its title from the change of Lucifer, God's favourite angel, to Satan, the overseer of Hell.

Analysing the realms of data gathered during and after the premature end of his investigations, Zimbardo attempted to answer the ultimate question: why do good people do terrible things? His conclusions cannot be proved but they make for fascinating reading and thought-provoking discussions. Individuals, he claims, can be both good and evil, kind and cruel. It is the situation that the individual finds himself in that denotes which characteristic will prevail at any given time. The more extreme the situation, the more intense the reactionary personality trait. Inject power handed down from a higher authority and the results can be dramatic and seemingly 'out of character'.

The book is widely read by psychology undergraduates whilst the findings of the Stanford Prison Experiment are basic fodder for A' Level students around the world. Perhaps it should be compulsory reading for Prison Governors and the makers of administration policies.

We are bombarded in the news with stories of prison riots, guard deaths and prisoner suicides. A month after the Stanford experiment was concluded, a riot broke out at Attica prison in New York. Guards were taken hostage and many died. The prisoners were fighting for their basic human rights. Jump forward forty years and we read of 10,000 guards going on strike in England primarily protesting over safety concerns.

The Stanford Prison experiment was riddled with ethical issues and lacked validity but it clearly demonstrated that people will readily conform to the social roles they are given in life. Such roles undoubtedly shape their attitudes and behaviour far more than the characters they are born with. Our prisons dehumanise and humiliate. How can we possibly rehabilitate prisoners if all we instil is total hopelessness? Something has to change. No man is just a number.

Read more about the Stanford Prison Experiment, the award-winning movie, the bestselling novel and DVD on the official website www.prisonexp.org



THE *SLEAZY* SWENEY

IN THE 1960S AND 1970S LONDON'S SOHO DISTRICT WAS AWASH WITH DIRTY MONEY. TOP COPS AND GANGSTERS WERE IN EACH OTHER'S POCKETS, BUT WHEN THEIR EMPIRE WAS BROUGHT DOWN THE SCALE OF POLICE CORRUPTION SHOCKED BRITAIN

WORDS NEIL ROOT



NEW SCOTLAND YARD

A man approached Bow Street Magistrates Court in London on 30 March 1976. Grossly overweight, his expensively overfed stomach protruded over the waistband of his straining trousers, his suit hardly containing him. His grey hair was swept back, with bristly sideburns in the style of Lorne Greene in the hit American TV show *Bonanza*. He was, in the eyes of some, 'a pig in a poke'. To others he was an open sore on the vast backside of the most powerful police force in the country, roasting in his own disgusting swill of venal corruption. The man was ex-commander Kenneth Drury, the former head honcho of the Flying Squad, the Sweeney, the Heavy Boys, pinnacle of the CID and the crème de la crème of the Metropolitan Police.

Another TV show, *The Sweeney*, had already cemented the image of the Flying Squad in the minds of the public. Its third season was due to begin in September that year. Hard-hitting and uncompromising, it had revolutionised the portrayal of the London police force on British TV when it first aired in 1975. This had followed on from the quaintness of *Dixon of Dock Green* and the slightly more hard-edged *Z Cars*. Hints of corruption were written into the scripts of *The Sweeney*, but there was always nobility and a sense of 'doing it for the right reasons' in the central characters.

Now Ken Drury was in the dock facing charges of bribery. Drury's television equivalent wasn't Detective Sergeant George Carter, played by Dennis Waterman, nor Detective Inspector Jack Regan, played by John Thaw. It was Detective Chief Inspector Haskins, the boss of the above-mentioned, played by Garfield Morgan. Haskins was an honest copper, although in one memorable episode he was framed by a gangster, and the audience was forced to question their own judgement about him until the end of the episode exonerated him. Not that Regan or Carter ever doubted their boss. If only the same could have been said of ex-commander Drury, head of the real Sweeney. But would anybody under his command at that time have raised any concerns?

Ken Drury had resigned as commander of the Flying Squad almost four years earlier. This was after his (almost) unbelievably corrupt links to the top Soho pornographer and club-owner Jimmy Humphreys were exposed by the *Sunday People* newspaper on 27 February 1972. Less than three weeks later, on 17 April 1972, Sir Robert Mark became commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. Mark's avowed

A CAROUSEL OF CORRUPTION

THE CHAIN LINKING THE METROPOLITAN POLICE WITH SOHO GANGSTERS AND PORNOGRAPHERS CENTRED ON THESE THREE VERY HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS

KENNETH DRURY

Commander, Head of the Flying Squad

Joined the Metropolitan Police in the late 1940s, did stints in various divisions, mainly in South London, with a short attachment to the Flying Squad. He was a chief superintendent on the Murder Squad by the late 1960s. After carrying out a sensitive investigation in Derry, Northern Ireland on one of the first violent attacks of the Troubles, Drury was made head of the Flying Squad in 1971.

Bent cops managed.

Straight cops managed.

1+ 15-25

mandate was to clean up the institutionally bent organisation, which happened to be the largest and most powerful police force in Britain. This rooting out of corruption would lead to Drury being arrested on 28 February 1976, taken from his home with a blanket over his head while the tabloids snapped him – an example of illicit police tip-offs to the media targeted against one of their own.

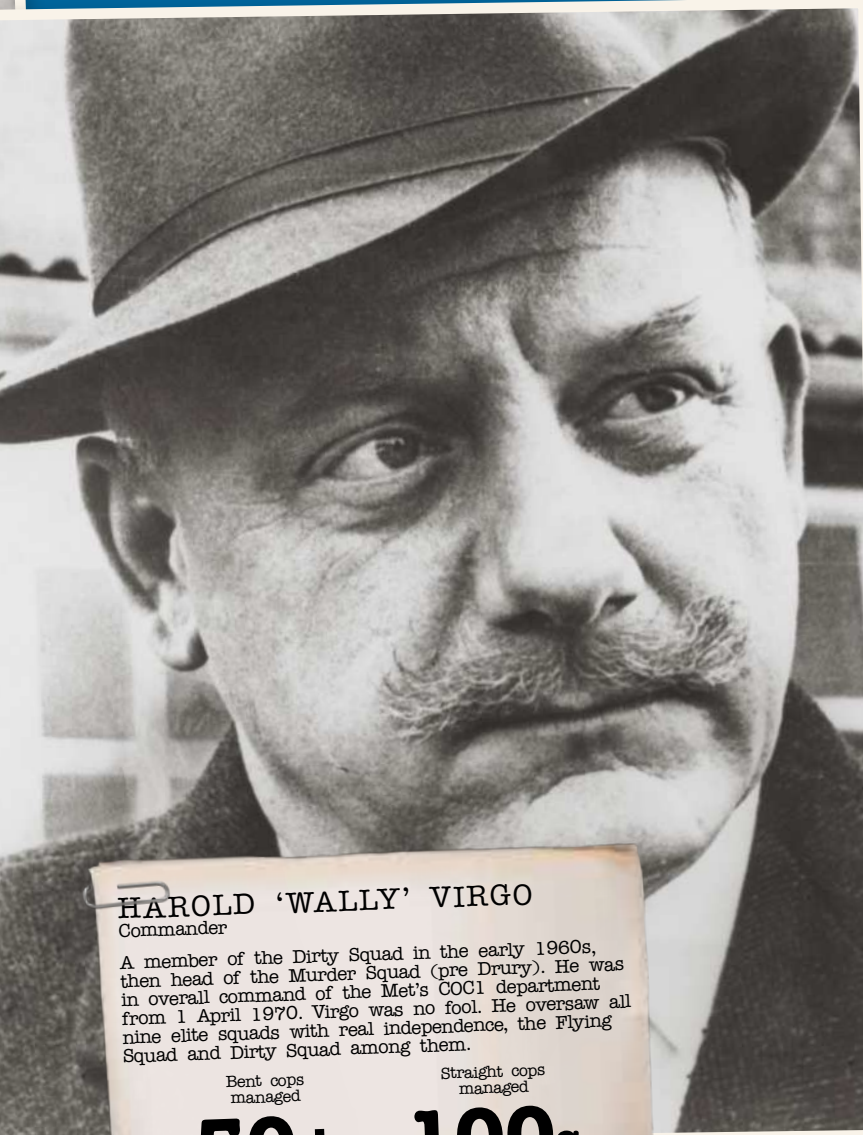
Sweating, breathless and dying for a smoke, Drury was facing the music at last. The number one single in the British music charts that week was *Save Your Kisses for Me* by Brotherhood of Man. Drury knew that only his wife wanted to kiss him now – he was very much alone. But something happened in court that day that proved a clue to the true depths of Drury's black heart, something for which Drury would never face punishment.

A young man, dressed very casually, suddenly stood up and started shouting at Drury in front of the entire court: "You know me! You picked up my brother Cooper for the Luton murder!"

There was no reaction from the already red-faced and sweating Drury. The man was referring to David Cooper, one of the men Drury had framed for the Luton Post Office Murder on 10 September 1969, when a sub-postmaster named Reginald Stevens was shot dead by a gang of armed robbers. The dark arts of Drury were used to their full in that case – just one of many that came to light. Drury's under-the-table dealings went back at least to the mid-1950s, to a time when corruption in the Metropolitan Police was rife.



LEFT The Central Robbery Squad office, known as the Flying Squad, at New Scotland Yard circa 1960. Here, switchboard operators and detectives manning the phones are ready to respond to violent crimes and armed robbery, sending squad members out on jobs or take witness statements from call-ins



HAROLD 'WALLY' VIRGO
Commander

A member of the Dirty Squad in the early 1960s, then head of the Murder Squad (pre Drury). He was in overall command of the Met's COC1 department from 1 April 1970. Virgo was no fool. He oversaw all nine elite squads with real independence, the Flying Squad and Dirty Squad among them.

Bent cops
managed

50+

Straight cops
managed

100s

**'WICKED' ALFRED WILLIAM
'BILL' MOODY**

Chief superintendent, head of the Obscene Publications Squad (AKA the Dirty Squad)

Joined West End Central in 1965 as a Det. Inspector and was soon making criminal contacts and organising his illegal licensing and protection system. A close corrupt relationship was forged between Moody and John 'Eric' Mason. In 1966 Moody was promoted to Detective Chief Inspector, and in 1968 he became a Detective Superintendent. He finally reached the rank of Detective Chief Superintendent and was head of the Dirty Squad.

Bent cops
managed

8

Straight cops
managed

15

THE SOHO CONNECTION

Soho in London's West End in the early 1970s presented a riotous scene of crime and debauchery: the streets of this inner-city village of vice buzzed, and shady-looking men stood in doorways demanding a £1 entrance fee for a show or a strip, promising the allure of female flesh. Membership books were signed with fictitious names, including film stars, cartoon characters and dictators. Topless bars, sensational revues, international artistes – it was all there if you wanted a peep, a peek or a gander. Forbidden fruit danced, some more bruised than others, some bored, some on auto-pilot, some inspired – it depended on the venue. For 50 pence you couldn't expect a beauty, 'you've got to speculate to ejaculate'.

Nearby was the Hogarth Club, one of the places where Commander Ken Drury of the Flying Squad met Soho face Jimmy Humphreys. The Premier was another place where police-villain transactions took place, and the White Horse pub, where Humphreys and one of the most powerful men in Soho, Bernie Silver, would leave payments for bent police officers. But this wasn't the time for business. Striptease cabaret was all the rage – beautiful girls on offer – and if you had the notes, in some places you could take away. 'In for a penny, in for a pound', they said, but to those who knew Soho there was also an undercurrent of menace.

The Metropolitan Police files show that Humphreys had a criminal record as long as boxing legend Muhammad Ali's arm and had strong links to the powerful gang that ruled Soho vice in the 1960s and 1970s, known as the

“ HE WAS THE REVERSE-COLUMBO: HE FABRICATED EVIDENCE TO FIT HIS INNOCENT SUSPECTS, FALSIFIED WITNESS STATEMENTS AND LEANED ON A GUILTY MAN ”

So what did Drury do in the investigation of the Luton Post Office Murder? He was the reverse-Columbo: he fabricated evidence to fit his innocent suspects, falsified witness statements and leaned on a guilty man who was probably actually involved in the Luton job. Drury framed three men, one of whom served almost four years in prison, while the other two served nearly 11 years – ruining their lives, hopes and dreams. The latter two died prematurely. Drury profited financially, having taken a substantial share of the Post Office reward money. But more importantly, having got convictions in this high-profile murder case Drury's stock in the Metropolitan Police had never been higher – sending him soaring to the top.

Just over a year after the convictions of Murphy, Cooper and McMahon, Kenneth Drury was a commander and head of the Flying Squad, and the following year, in 1972, his corrupt links to Soho gangsters were exposed by a Fleet Street newspaper. This led to the exposure of 'Wicked' Bill Moody of the Dirty Squad and Wally Virgo, overseer of all the elite Metropolitan Police squads.



Reverend Vernon Mitchell inspects Soho venues to decide which clubs should be censored, in late 1960



Syndicate. This was run by gangsters Bernie Silver and 'Big' Frank Mifsud. The Metropolitan Police calculated that the Syndicate was pulling in an astonishing £100,000 a week (£1.5 million today) in 1970, the golden period of Soho vice.

THE TAKEDOWN

"Police chief and the 'porn king,'" read the front page headline of the *Sunday People* on 27 February 1972. "A grave question in the public interest – was it wise for Commander Drury of the Yard to go on holiday with this old lag? ...the head of Scotland Yard's world-famous Flying Squad has just been spending an expensive holiday abroad with one of Britain's most notorious pornographers – a man with an appalling criminal record. Commander Kenneth Drury, 49, and wife, with 'dirty' bookshop tycoon James William Humphreys, 42, and wife, were together for a fortnight, partly in Cyprus, partly in the Lebanon."

The newspaper had been looking into the strange links between Commander Ken Drury and the Soho gangster Jimmy Humphreys, who then ran a large porn and striptease empire in the red-light district of Soho with his wife Rusty, an ex-dancer.

When Jimmy Humphreys was questioned about his links to Commander Drury and the holiday they had shared, Humphreys claimed that he had, "helped out the police in the past," meaning he was a police informant – which had

“ MOODY SOLD PORN SHOP ‘LICENCES’ FOR AS MUCH AS £10,000. THESE WERE THE VERY SHOPS HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE CLOSING DOWN ”

long been suspected by many – that he and Drury were just friends and had shared the cost of the holiday. In his own interview, Drury unsurprisingly agreed with Humphreys.

Other members of the Flying Squad loyally supported their boss Drury in police interviews, denying any knowledge that Humphreys was a notorious pornographer, which was at that time illegal. Even more incredibly, members of the Obscene Publications Squad, known as the Dirty Squad, also denied any knowledge that Humphreys was engaged in the selling and distribution of pornography, despite him controlling a huge Soho porn empire. It was the Dirty Squad's job to close down porn bookshops and illegal sex establishments. But then again, the head of the Dirty Squad, Chief Superintendent 'Wicked' Bill Moody, would get 12 years for his Soho corruption, and other members of the squad would go down too. The police files confirm that Moody sold porn shop 'licences' for as much as £10,000. These were the very shops he was supposed to be closing down.

Drury had sent a postcard to the Flying Squad office during his holiday with Jimmy Humphreys, which went



on the noticeboard. It was well-known that Humphreys bought the overweight Drury a rowing machine to help him shift weight he had gained from the expensive meals he had enjoyed. But it has recently been revealed that Drury received his fitness machine at New Scotland Yard, the Metropolitan Police's base. Then again, Humphreys and the head of the Syndicate, Bernie Silver, had attended the annual Flying Squad dinner and dance at the swanky Grosvenor House Hotel and nobody had so much as raised an eyebrow.

Deputy Assistant Commissioner Gilbert Kelland, who was chosen by Commissioner Mark to oversee the investigation into pornography and corruption in the Metropolitan Police, summarised how this worked in a police report: "Silver dealt with the senior officers such as ex-commander Virgo and ex-det. chief superintendent Alfred Moody and those who had a direct responsibility for enforcing the Obscene Publications Act, whilst he [Humphreys] concerned himself with cultivating the head of the Flying Squad and certain of his officers. Seemingly, middle rank officers from any sphere of police activity whom they thought could be bought or influenced were fair game to be cultivated by either one or both of these devious and unscrupulous characters."

After Drury was forced to resign from the Flying Squad and the Metropolitan Police, he unwisely sold his inside story to *The News of the World*, and in the exclusive all but named Jimmy Humphreys as a police informant – which the Metropolitan Police files now confirm is true. Humphreys

ABOVE The image of the trusty bobby on the beat popularised by TV's *Dixon of Dock Green* and *Z Cars*. These officers in early 1970s Soho walk past a porn bookshop, which could well have been licensed by Det. Chief Superintendent 'Wicked' Bill Moody, head of the Obscene Publications Squad, whose remit was to shut down premises like this

FAR LEFT 1970s Soho – Porn, Striptease and Sleaze: Jimmy Humphreys, one of the leading porn merchants in Soho and a menacing hardcase, with his wife Rusty. She was an ex-dancer whom he swore had 'never danced nude in public'

A COP INVESTIGATES THE POLICE

IT FELL TO DEPARTMENT A10 AND ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER KELLAND TO INVESTIGATE DRURY AND COMPANY

Deputy Assistant Commissioner Gilbert Kelland, the head of A10, the Metropolitan Police's internal corruption unit, gave his impressions on the bent cops he investigated in an April 1975 report.

ON EX-SUPERINTENDENT 'WICKED' BILL MOODY:

"Moody was interviewed in June 1974, and he adamantly denied receiving money from either Silver or Humphreys... As a result of arrangements made by him, his daughter honeymooned in July 1971 free of charge in an apartment in Malta owned by a convicted pornographer... there are many enquiries yet to be made concerning Moody's relationships with other pornographers, particularly with John Mason."

ON EX-COMMANDER KEN DRURY:

"According to Humphreys, at a very early stage in their association he gave Drury £50, and the reason is best explained in his own words: 'It was the custom in the West End. It was a token of friendship of a form. I wanted him as a friend in case he could help me. In the West End you could get involved. He was the head of the Flying Squad and could be a useful friend.' Later in this statement when questioned as to why he decided to pay Drury £100 a week he said, 'He was a useful friend and it kept the Flying Squad away from the porn business.'... An enquiry is currently being conducted by A10 officers on behalf of the Director of Public Prosecutions respecting allegations that Drury had a half share in a £2,000 reward he paid to a man who gave information leading to the arrest of persons for the murder of a sub-postmaster." (The reward refers to what Drury skimmed from 1969's Luton Post Office Murder, for which he would never face prosecution in the end).

ON EX-COMMANDER WALLY VIRGO:

"In October 1974 he suffered a severe heart attack, is still convalescing, and has declined to be interviewed. He has sent a formal letter in which he absolutely denies receiving any money or gifts from Humphreys. According to Humphreys they first met in 1969..." (Humphreys had claimed that he had met Virgo on 'Buffalo Lodge Ladies nights' at the Criterion restaurant in Piccadilly Circus and that Virgo had introduced him to Moody).

ON BERNIE SILVER:

"Although he describes himself as a property dealer he was a notorious West End ponce who specialised in flat farming, and who, according to Humphreys, was in partnership with him in his pornographic enterprises. He is now serving a sentence of six years' imprisonment for conspiracy to live on the earnings of prostitution. He has lodged notice of appeal and is still awaiting trial for murder and conspiracy to murder" (the 1956 gangland slaying of Tommy Smithson).



gave information to the police on cases including the Great Train Robbery. Humphreys must have spat his cornflakes all over his silk monogrammed pyjamas that morning when he read Drury's story in the paper. Humphreys knew that his life could very well be in danger as a 'grass', and when he was later arrested in Amsterdam he sang like a canary and gave Drury, Moody and Virgo both barrels in police interviews. It really was a self-preservation society.

Along with all the dinners, gifts, expensive meals, holidays and illicit payments, Humphreys revealed that he had paid Drury £1,000 to prevent a frame-up – fearing firearms or gelignite explosives would be placed in Humphreys's car. Kelland discovered through investigation that Humphreys had in fact paid that money to Drury to smooth things over with the more powerful Bernie Silver on his behalf to avoid the frame-up, as Humphreys had had an affair with Silver's girlfriend Dominique Ferguson, which had enraged Silver. "Obviously Humphreys genuinely believed that such a plot was being hatched by Silver," Kelland said. Either way, this showed that Drury held considerable sway with Silver, the joint head of the Syndicate.

In the end it would be the pornographers who brought down Drury, Moody and Virgo, along with lower rank corrupt officers Jimmy Humphreys, John 'Eric' Mason (Moody's close associate), Evan 'Big Jeff' Phillips and Gerald Citron. Many others also gave evidence – 17 in all – with some of the porn merchants' claims corroborating each other.

An inspector in the Flying Squad who worked closely with Drury – and was later convicted for corruption himself – further tightened the noose around the necks of the three police bosses. The files show that this officer told A10, the

internal unit leading the Metropolitan Police corruption investigation under Kelland, "Like other junior officers I may well have been lulled into a false sense of security as far as this man [Humphreys] is concerned because of his apparent friendliness with officers much senior than myself."

THE SWEENEY AND DIRTY SQUAD GO DOWN

Drury would finally get eight years for his part in 1977, reduced to four on appeal as he hadn't corrupted junior officers – although another inspector in the Flying Squad was also jailed for four years. Until 2010 that former officer was a director at Stroud Masonic Hall Ltd, a catering company in Gloucestershire. Drury was never prosecuted for his corruption in the Luton Post Office Murder, despite already being in prison when two of the men he framed were released due to their unsafe convictions. Cooper and McMahon would finally be fully exonerated in 2003, though sadly their reprieves were received posthumously. Drury died in 1984 and reportedly asked to be buried with his telephone book so that he could still call his 'men'.

This was just the warm-up for the second trial, in March 1977. Ex-commander Harold 'Wally' Virgo, ex-detective chief superintendent Alfred Wicked Bill Moody and four other Dirty Squad officers entered Bow Street Magistrates Court, presided over by Judge Mars-Jones. There were more than 30 pornographers giving evidence this time, including Humphreys, who recalled his 1969 negotiations with Virgo and Moody over his porn licence. It was obvious that both of them would attract most of the flak from the prosecution, as



Ex-commander Kenneth Drury on the way to court in 1977 to face corruption charges related to Soho – he was never prosecuted for rigging the outcome of the 1969 Luton Post Office Murder



“ALONG WITH ALL THE DINNERS, GIFTS, EXPENSIVE MEALS, HOLIDAYS AND ILLICIT PAYMENTS, HUMPHREYS REVEALED THAT HE HAD PAID DRURY £1,000 TO PREVENT A FRAME-UP”

their hands were by far the dirtiest. The corruption they were being prosecuted for had taken place between 1964 and 1972. The enormous sum of £87,485 (well over £1 million today) was the total for the 27 counts of bribery and corruption – and that was only the dirty dealings that had been uncovered.

It was alleged that Moody had accepted the biggest single payment or bribe: £14,000 from pornographer John ‘Eric’ Mason, who paid that sum to have a charge lifted. This was £4,000 more than Humphreys had paid Moody for his licence. The chief prosecuting counsel said in his opening statement that Virgo alone had received £60,000 in illegal payments from pornographers. But it could only be proved that Virgo and Moody together had received £53,000 over 16 months, which is a very conservative estimate.

A harmless-looking Virgo had smoothed things over at a higher level, as he had been the head of central office and overseer of the elite squads. Virgo had first met Bernie Silver in 1965 when he was investigating the murder of the boxer Freddie Mills. The former champion had been found shot dead in his car outside his nightclub, Freddie Mill’s Nitespot, in Goslett Yard, just off Charing Cross Road and within shouting distance of Soho. Virgo also maintained that when ‘Wally’, his nickname, appeared in Humphreys’s diaries, it didn’t refer to him. Virgo said Humphreys “hated” him.

Moody was more operational, setting up and negotiating licences and payments when he was not swanning around swinging London in his gleaming Lancia, a gift courtesy of Humphreys. Moody was revealed to work by intimidating the younger, more junior officers under his command with cutting sarcasm and bullying. Moody had asked for a ‘transfer fee’ of £100 if an officer wanted out of the Dirty Squad, or so it was alleged. One detective constable even thought that Moody was insane. But Wicked Bill wouldn’t ride in his Lancia again.

Virgo, aged 58, and Moody, aged 51, each received 12 years in prison. In addition, Virgo was ordered to pay £15,000 in costs and Moody £10,000. Four other Dirty Squad officers got between three and ten year sentences. But ex-commander Virgo would have his conviction quashed in August 1978 by the Court of Appeal. The reason given was that the judge, Mr Justice Mars-Jones, had not directed the jury properly on the corroboration of the evidence that Humphreys had given against Virgo.

This was just a technicality, as Virgo was undoubtedly extremely corrupt, but it proved to be enough to free him. He might have escaped real justice for his abuse of power, but Virgo was reportedly a broken man following his release, and died in 1980.

ABOVE Sir Robert Mark, Metropolitan Police Commissioner from 1972-1977, cleaned up the force more than any other commissioner and oversaw A10’s investigation into Drury, Moody, Virgo et al and their Soho corruption

FAR LEFT Jimmy Humphreys being driven from court after giving evidence against Drury, Moody, Virgo and several other officers



UNSOLVED CASE

DEADLY MEETING WITH 'MR KIPPER'

IN 1986 ESTATE AGENT SUZY LAMPLUGH VANISHED AFTER GOING TO MEET A CLIENT IN SOUTHWEST LONDON. OVER 30 YEARS LATER THERE'S STILL NO SIGN OF HER, OR THE MYSTERIOUS CLIENT, NOTED IN HER DIARY AS 'MR KIPPER'

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

The disappearance of 25-year-old London estate agent Suzy Lamplugh on a bright and breezy Monday morning in the height of summer 1986 horrified and shocked the country. She was last spotted in the company of a well-dressed client, known only as 'Mr Kipper', outside a Fulham property before she disappeared off the face of the Earth, leaving no trace of her existence.

The search escalated quickly and was soon one of the biggest criminal investigations in British history. Where she went next and the true identity of the man Suzy met that fateful afternoon has stumped the nation ever since. While her now-presumed murder was linked to some of Britain's

the years gone by. One prominent feature in many of these photos is the shining beacon of a smile from a slight, young woman. Other images of that same person, known lovingly by her family as Suzy, are of a happy Girl Guide and fun-loving teenager. It's the images of her as a beautiful and youthful adult that are so vividly remembered in the years since her disappearance made headlines across Britain.

In some of the pictures her dark hair cascades below her shoulders as she places a resting hand on the side of her fair face and gently smiles. In one picture she laughs, sitting alongside her two sisters and brother, each of them dressed in coordinating red and white shirts. In another, a beaming

“HER MOTHER WARNED HER, ‘BE CAREFUL DARLING.’ BUT SUZY DISPLAYED HER CHARACTERISTIC DESIRE FOR NEW EXPERIENCES AND ADVENTURE AND SHE REPLIED, ‘NO, LIFE’S FOR LIVING, MUMMY’ ”

worst serial rapists and killers, police have been unable to offer definitive answers to the mounting questions about her abduction. Where is she? Is she still alive? If not, what happened to her? Where is her body? Who was Mr Kipper? These are questions her family have had to endure for decades, along with the continuous screening of her personal life, which indicated how this sweet-looking young woman had found herself mixed up with a killer.

A MOTHER'S LAST MEETING

Hanging on the walls of the Lamplugh family home in southwest London are photos of treasured memories from

Suzy is dressed in a peach-coloured jacket, and her streaked blonde hair gives her a sunnier disposition. And while that same smile is now absent from the lives of her family, they all choose to live by some of the last words she ever spoke to her mother, just before she went missing.

In what was to be the last conversation they would ever have, Suzy swatted away her mother's concerns that she was “doing too much” during a phone call the day before she disappeared. As Suzy chatted away excitedly about the fun she was having “doing this and that,” her mother warned her, “Be careful darling.” But Suzy displayed her characteristic desire for new experiences and adventure and she replied, “No, life's for living, mummy.”

The last time Suzy's mother Diana set eyes on her daughter was only four days before the mother of four celebrated a significant milestone in her life – her 50th birthday. As Diana was about to celebrate the mid-point in her life, she had much to look forward to. Her children were all grown, and the prospect of seeing them reach new heights in their careers, the sounds of wedding bells and news of grandchildren were eagerly anticipated.

On Saturday 26 July 1986 the Lamplughs were still just an ordinary family, and Diana was able to enjoy her daughter's company one last time. The pair met up in a hotel in Fulham to celebrate Diana's upcoming birthday, catch up with each other and share what was happening in their busy lives.

Born in 1961 to parents Diana and Paul, Suzy was their second child and grew up in Putney, London. After leaving school, Suzy had trained as a beautician and went to work on board the luxurious transatlantic ocean cruise liner the Queen Elizabeth 2 in the early 1980s. Back in London by the mid-1980s, she began working at a local estate agency, Sturgis and Sons, in southwest London. Suzy was known as a lively yet conscientious person who had a thirst for life and new experiences.



MEETING MR KIPPER

28 July 1986 had been a typical Monday morning working at the local estate agents located on Fulham Road, when Suzy's telephone rang. Whoever was on the other end of the telephone would, in a matter of hours, be crucial to the investigation into Suzy's disappearance. The caller enquired about a house on Shorrolds Road. The furnished terrace house had been on the market for only a week with an asking price of £128,000.

After this particular phone call the estate agent marked her diary with an appointment at the house for 12.45pm that day at the request of the caller, who had asked to view it. The name next to the booking was 'Mr Kipper'. This strange, almost satirical name would send police into a tailspin, as it was believed this was the last person to have interacted with Suzy before she vanished – and potentially could have been her killer.

Gathering her things, the estate agent left a few minutes ahead of the appointment. In her possession were the bare minimum of essentials: her house and car

keys and a purse containing £15 and some credit cards, as well as the keys for the house, which she had collected from her manager, Mark Gurdon. Dressed in low stiletto heels, a grey skirt and dark jacket, she stepped out into the sunshine that had descended on London on what would soon become a gloomy day in its history. She hopped

LEFT Reports suggested that Suzy had been dating convicted rapist John Cannan and had broke up with him the day she went missing, prompting the violent criminal to attack her

BELOW Suzy had only been working at Fulham Road estate agents Sturgis and Sons for just over a year when she went missing, after leaving the office at 12.40pm on a summer's afternoon in 1986



The missing estate agent's disappearance was reenacted and televised to the public, in the hope that someone's memory would be jogged into remembering a crucial detail that would lead police to her



Suzy and an impeccably dressed man were seen arguing outside 37 Shorrolds Road when she attended the property to meet a client, 'Mr Fisher'



“AFTER 1PM THERE ARE ONLY FLEETING SIGHTINGS OF A BLONDE-HAIRED WOMAN WITH A SMARTLY DRESSED MAN”

into her white Ford Fiesta, and by all accounts drove directly to Shorrolds Road, which was only a few minutes away from the office. Suzy often used her company car to ferry clients between properties as part of her job selling property in the local area, but that day her car would become a crucial clue in her movements that afternoon.

Arriving at Shorrolds Road, Suzy parked her vehicle outside the house, number 37. Next to the client's name in the diary Suzy had written “O/S” meaning that the man she was meeting had agreed to meet her outside the property. Sure enough, neighbours witnessed Suzy standing outside the house with a well-dressed man that one witness described as the “public schoolboy type”, who was seen to be holding a bottle of champagne. Police presumed this was the elusive Mr Kipper. After 1pm there are only fleeting sightings of a blonde-haired woman with a smartly dressed man carrying a bottle of champagne, but they show that the pair left the property together.

“SUZY HAS NOT RETURNED”

When Suzy's manager noticed that she had not returned from her lunchtime appointment he became concerned. Checking his employee's diary, he saw the appointment with Mr Kipper. Realising the house was only a short distance away he took another employee with him to look for Suzy. When the pair reached Shorrolds Road, they found number 37 was vacant. Suzy's car was nowhere to be found either.

ABOVE A white Ford Fiesta, given to Suzy by Sturgis and Sons for business, was found in Stevenage Road hours after she was last seen and with ominous clues that something sinister had happened to her

THE SUFFOLK STRANGLER CONNECTION

THE ESTATE AGENT'S DEATH WAS FIRST ATTRIBUTED TO AN INFAMOUS IPSWICH SERIAL SLAYER THAT THE VICTIM HAD MET WHILE WORKING ON A CRUISE SHIP

When police discovered that Suzy had befriended a man on board the QE2 in the early 1980s who would one day become known as The Suffolk Strangler, it set alarm bells ringing that she had fallen prey to a dangerous killer long before his days of infamy. Steve Wright targeted five prostitutes in the Ipswich to London area between October and December 2006 before he was finally caught and sentenced to life in prison.

During the investigation into Suzy's disappearance, detectives learned that the pair had worked on board the QE2 together, and were known to be friendly towards one another. Wright's former wife believed him to have been on shore leave the day Suzy went missing and told British tabloid *The Daily Mail* that Wright used the word “kipper” as “slang for face”. But detectives soon realised that he had been on board the ship at the time and was unable to have snatched his former crewmate.

A resident opposite the house saw them looking perplexed and asked them if they were looking for the smartly dressed couple he had spotted outside the property earlier. He had seen the pair leave the property, get into Suzy's car and drive off. When police later spoke with witnesses, some recalled having seen the estate agent in the company of a smartly-dressed man with dark, slicked back hair having an argument outside the house.

Back at the office there was still no sign of Suzy. When he further investigated the movements of his missing employee, Gurdon realised that there were no details regarding the identity of the customer. Not only was there no way to trace Mr Kipper, no one had ever heard of him before today. Being a local estate agents, the customers looking to buy property in Fulham were usually well-known to the company.

The first Diana knew of her daughter's disappearance came later that day when the estate agency manager called her at her home to ask if she had seen Suzy that lunchtime. Thinking perhaps she had urgently gone to her parents, he rang them as soon as he returned to the office and enquired after Suzy. "I don't want to worry you too much... Suzy has not returned," he told Diana. While Suzy's mother hoped she would soon hear that her daughter had returned to the office safe and sound with a reasonable explanation for her absence, when Suzy missed another appointment that afternoon, dread started to set in that something awful had happened to her.

When more time had passed with no word of her daughter, she called Suzy's father Paul at work and asked him to come home. At 6.45pm, with still no sign of Suzy, the police were called. While Diane waited at home for a call from her daughter or the person they now believed had taken her, Paul set out with officers to look for Suzy.

THE SEARCH FOR SUZY

SUZY WAS SEEN IN THE FULHAM AREA BEFORE SHE UNEXPECTEDLY VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE



CLUE BLACK BMW

Reports from an eyewitness on Stevenage Road recalled having seen a black left-hand drive BMW parked in the same location as Suzy's car.



CLUE WHITE FORD FIESTA

Suzy's company car was found on Stevenage Road at 10pm. It had been left unlocked and with the handbrake off. The car keys were missing and the driver's seat had been moved. Her purse and straw hat were in the car.



WITNESS 139 STEVENAGE ROAD

A local Fulham resident recalled seeing Suzy and a suntanned man in a business suit, who she described as being "quite good looking" talking on the corner of her street before getting into a dark coloured car and driving off.



CLUE MR KIPPER

Described as being a good-looking man between 25-30 years old, about 1.73 metres tall, with swept-back hair and wearing a dark suit, Mr Kipper was also spotted holding a champagne bottle.



Meanwhile police broke into Suzy's apartment in Putney, on the other side of Fulham, where they found no evidence of a struggle or anything untoward to suggest the missing estate agent had returned and been attacked in her home, or that she had had to flee all of a sudden. In fact, everything seemed to indicate that she had left that morning and intended to return home. With panic rising, police stepped up the investigation and bumped up the status of the missing persons inquiry.

At around 10pm that evening police found Suzy's company car on Stevenage Road, close to Bishops Park and Fulham football ground. The location of the car was approximately two and a half kilometres from where she was last spotted and in the opposite direction of the office, near a second property she had shown the customer. The car had been abandoned and was found to have been badly parked at an angle from the curb, obstructing a garage door.

Not only was the exterior of the car a concern but it was also found to be unlocked, with the keys missing and the handbrake off. Suzy's straw hat and purse were still in the vehicle however. Due to the position of the driver's seat, it was clear to the police that Suzy wasn't the last person to drive it.

DEADLY MEETING WITH 'MR KIPPER'

WITNESS **BLACK CAB DRIVER**

A black cab driver recalled picking up a man holding a champagne bottle who matched the description of Mr Kipper, and dropping him at Shorrolds Road. He later positively identified the customer as serial rapist and killer John Cannan.

EVENT **37 SHORROLD'S ROAD**

According to Suzy's diary, she had arranged to meet Mr Kipper outside 37 Shorrolds Road at 12.45pm. The two were spotted outside the home at the arranged time but confirmed sightings of them afterwards are scarce.

WITNESS **HARRY RIGGLIN**

The resident who lived opposite 37 Shorrolds Road recalled seeing Suzy stood outside the property with Mr Kipper, who he described as being between 1.72-1.75 metres in height and immaculately dressed.

VICTIM **SUZY LAMPLUGH**

The victim, a 25-year-old estate agent, had been wearing a grey skirt, dark jacket and low stiletto heels the day she went missing. Her formerly dark brunette hair had been streaked blonde only recently.

EVENT **SUZY LEAVES WORK**

Suzy left the estate agents where she worked at 12.40pm and got into her white Ford Fiesta company car. Her intended destination was only a few minutes from the office.

WITNESS **SHOPKEEPER**

A shopkeeper recalled how a man in a suit had entered his shop on Fulham Road at 9.30am and asked for a bottle of their most expensive champagne. He paid and left without waiting for his change.

WITNESS **VAN DRIVER**

A man who was driving in the Fulham area recalled having to swerve his van to avoid colliding head-on with a white Ford Fiesta driven by a "striking blonde" arguing with a man in a suit.



ABOVE Although some of Suzy's possessions were still found inside her car, the ignition key was missing. The vehicle had been left unlocked and abandoned near another property being sold by Sturgis and Sons



THE INVESTIGATION

FALSE STARTS STALLED THE POLICE'S INVESTIGATION INTO MISSING SUZY

"Please let her go." These were the tearful pleas of a mother desperate to find her child in the days after she went missing. Diane's 50th birthday had come and gone and Suzy's parents feared that someone had their daughter locked away somewhere, and they were appealing on national television for her abductor to release her unharmed. Hoping to jog someone's memory, Suzy's picture was splashed across every major newspaper in the nation. The problem was that police had released an outdated photo of the young woman. Three days before she went missing, Suzy had streaked her naturally brunette hair with blonde highlights, making it much lighter in comparison to the picture released.

In 1986 the now long-outdated card index system was the core to police investigations in the decades before computers and databases became the norm. As a result of the intense media focus on the missing estate agent, Suzy's file had more than 26,000 cards added the first month she went missing. What also may have hindered the investigation was that Suzy was considered to be a missing person, and therefore the investigation was treated as such, as opposed to a murder investigation. By October 1987 the investigation into Suzy's disappearance had spanned 15 months, two continents and dozens of lines of enquiry. While her file remained open, the police investigation came to a halt.

Suzy was officially and legally declared dead in 1993, and after years of chasing down fruitless leads, her case was officially closed. However, in the wake of the new millennium, focus shifted from trying to find Suzy alive to searching for her remains. The case was reopened in May 2000, and investigating officers hoped that advances in forensics would lead to some answers at long last. Police also started to focus on a violent offender on their database by the name of John Cannan.

Born in the Midlands, he had a criminal record for violent sex attacks on lone women. He had been sentenced to eight years in prison for a 1981 robbery and rape. When approaching his release, he was transferred to a day-release hostel outside Wormwood Scrubs prison. Three days before Suzy went missing he had been released and within days of her disappearance had moved to the Bristol area. Even more curious was Cannan's prison nickname, 'Kipper', bestowed for his tendency to ask for the fish for breakfast and his ability to fall asleep

quickly. He was now serving a life sentence for abducting and killing a 29-year-old newly wed named Shirley Banks in Bristol as well as two attacks on women in the area.

Suzy's parents recalled their daughter talking about a boyfriend with a West Country accent from the Bristol area, who she said had begun to frighten her, and she had hinted that she was going to break off their relationship soon. Cannan's former girlfriends recalled to police how he had enjoyed calling himself a businessman from the Bristol area, and how the suave and slick predator was often seen carrying a bottle of champagne when meeting a young woman.

A tip-off from a former girlfriend of Cannan's led to a fingertip search at a disused brickworks and army barracks near Norton, Worcestershire. Police also searched a Somerset beauty spot eerily known as Dead Woman's Ditch, where Shirley Banks had been found six months after she was abducted and killed by Cannan. While police came back empty-handed from the searches, the Somerset dig resulted in a strange phone call from a woman known as 'Mrs Butterworth', who reported to a local charity that she had spotted a suspicious man lurking around Dead Woman's Ditch not long after Suzy was last seen.

In 2002, in a daring and "unprecedented" move by Scotland Yard, police officially named serial rapist and murderer Cannan as the "only suspect" in the abduction and killing of the missing estate agent. What made Scotland Yard's announcement so unusual



was that prior to the statement, which was made by Deputy Assistant Commissioner Bill Griffiths, the Crown Prosecution Service had deemed that there was insufficient evidence to charge Cannan with the crime. Despite being interviewed four times by police, he had refused to admit having ever met Suzy. Police were forced to apologise for their assumption that Cannan was the man who murdered Suzy with little proof of their assessment.

CRACK THE CODE

POLICE BELIEVED CANNAN TO BE A CUNNING KILLER WHO HAD GIVEN THEM A TENUOUS CLUE AS TO WHERE SUZY COULD BE FOUND

When police arrested Cannan over the 1987 murder of Shirley Banks, they found a clue that led them to believe the serial rapist knew something about the disappearance of Suzy. Shirley's orange Mini Clubman was in a lockup garage at his block of flats. "Crudely painted" blue, the vehicle's registration plate had also been changed to "SLP386S".

Detectives believed that the letters and numbers stood for 'Suzy Lamplugh' and

'1986', the year she had been taken. They also believed it could be a grid reference alluding to where Suzy's body had been dumped. The coordinates brought police to Norton Barracks in Worcestershire. Detective Chief Inspector Jim Dickie remarked that, "It's the sort of thing Cannan would do. He would throw in a sweetener to either draw you off completely or to give you a big clue and see if you were clever enough."

THE AFTERMATH

THE VICTIM'S FAMILY FOUGHT HARD FOR JUSTICE BUT SO FAR HAVE RECEIVED NO ANSWERS, AND IT SEEMS UNLIKELY THEY WILL EVER GET THEM

In August 2010 police returned to Norton Barracks to conduct a thorough search after reports that a fresh mound of dirt was spotted in the summer of 1986. Despite police efforts nothing was found during the search, which was difficult before digging began as the grounds had since been redeveloped and were now the site of a housing development build. To date, the whereabouts of Suzy's body is still unknown.

The Suzy Lamplugh Trust, which was set up by her parents in 1986 after she went missing, is to this day a leading source of information and education for young people who are in fear of aggressive behaviour, stalking and at risk of becoming victims of violence. For years Paul and Diana worked tirelessly to help people live life to the fullest as Suzy tried to do, but in a safe way so that they can avoid falling prey to aggression. The charity deals with victims of stalking and delivers workshops across the country to encourage personal safety. It also helps those who have lost loved ones in similar tragic circumstances to get counselling and helps them to deal with the after-effects of their loss. Diana Lamplugh received an OBE from the queen in 1992 for her efforts with the trust.

Sadly, Suzy's mother had accepted that she would never get answers before she passed away in 2011 at the age of 75. For all the tribulation the family had gone through, Diana developed Alzheimer's, meaning that in a bittersweet tragedy for the mother of four, she forgot who Suzy was and the pain she had suffered in the decades since she went missing.

Police are still sure that Cannan has something to offer to the investigation, but as it stands it has been more than three decades since the last sighting of Suzy, and it seems unlikely that she is going to turn up with a shocking yet plausible reason for her absence all these years. Suzy's father, who is now in his mid 80s, also accepts that such a possibility is virtually lost.

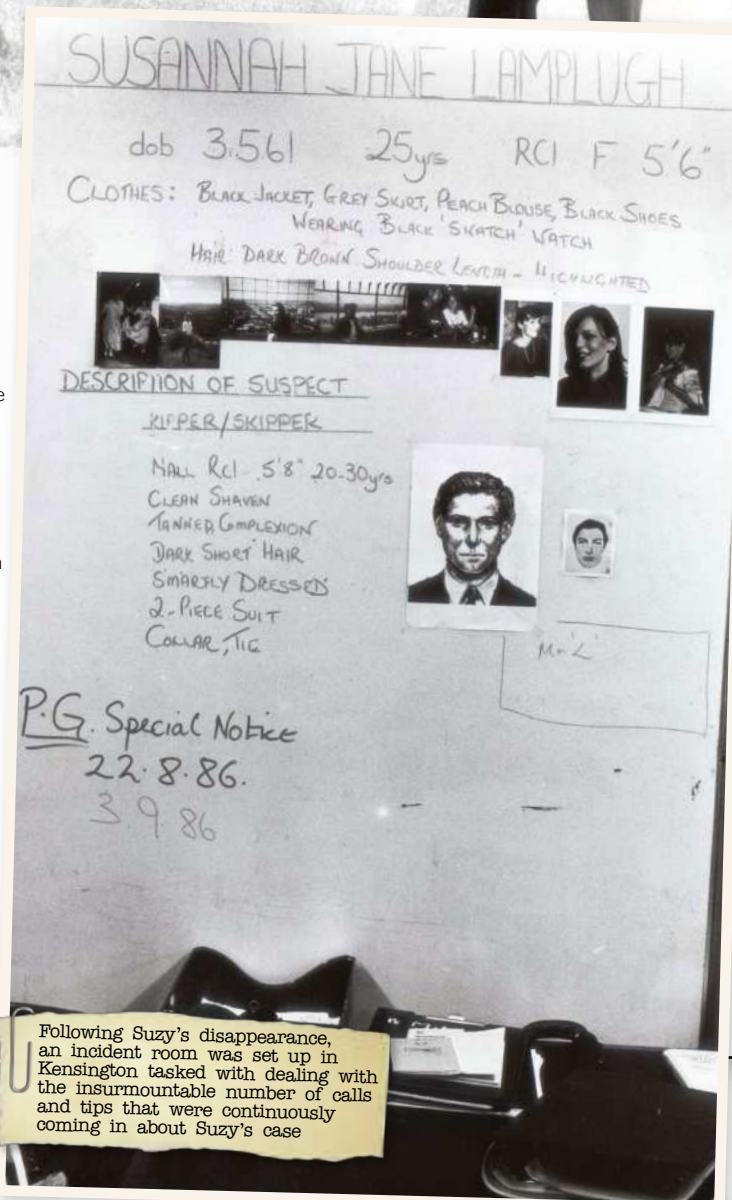
Now in his sixties, Cannan remains in prison and is unwilling to admit to having ever come across the Fulham estate agent during his time on day release, although he remains a strong and viable suspect. Suzy's family accept that Cannan most likely murdered Suzy, but without prosecution it remains merely speculation.

There is always the prospect that police have overlooked a loitering stranger who randomly attacked Suzy the day she was last seen and has since skulked off. The missing estate agent's case is one of the most prominent cold cases in British history, and to this day is a fearful reminder to women everywhere that even in the most professional of situations, no matter what time of day, there is no such thing as completely safe.



ABOVE Numerous digs were made in the hope of recovering the missing estate agent's remains in the years after she vanished, but despite multiple operations no trace of the victim has ever been found

ABOVE-LEFT Cannan's former girlfriend Gilly Paige told police in 2001 that, while they were driving past Norton Barracks, Cannan pointed to the site and hinted that Suzy's body might be buried there





This chilling mural, made in memory of the dozens of children murdered by Luis Alfredo Garvito, is found near the site of a mass grave containing 36 of his victims, in Pereira, Colombia

COLOMBIA LET THEM

KILL

AMID THE NARCO-TERRORISM, POPULATION DISPLACEMENT
AND CIVIL WAR, SOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST TERRIFYING
SERIAL KILLERS HAVE PLIED THEIR TRADE WITH IMPUNITY

WORDS PAUL FRENCH



Jaime Betancourt's own family were among his victims – here his wife's body is recovered from the mass grave he created on his property in Guarne

Successful serial killers thrive on the ability to move around, commit murder and move on without being detected. If nobody can link their crimes then they are just random murders, missing person cases and 'lost' souls. Large nations certainly allow for this to happen more than smaller, more homogenous ones. This is true especially if they are federal and connected national policing is not all it could be. We know this from countries such as America and Australia, where serial killers have been detected, tracked, caught and convicted. It is also assumed that large countries with less efficient nationwide law enforcement communication, such as China and Russia, have more serial killers at large than they are aware of. Having borders with other countries helps too – cross-border co-operation and information sharing is rarely what it should be. But there's one other major environmental and social factor allows mass murderers to thrive – chaos.

Colombia is a fairly large country with sophisticated cities and extremely remote rural and jungle areas, and porous borders with several other countries. Decades of revolutions, civil wars, left-wing terrorist insurgencies, the notorious narco-economy and its controlling cartels have combined with a series of weak, often hopelessly corrupt, government and justice systems that have been hampered by long-running corruption scandals in the National Police. According to the BBC, almost seven million people have been internally displaced by decades of violence and armed struggle in Colombia. Amid this disruption we now know several serial

killers, easily among the world's worst, remained hidden for years carrying out their horrific crimes, while others may still do so undetected.

WAKE UP CALL

In June 2016, 51-year-old María Gladys Arango Cuervo went missing in the town of Guarne, in Colombia's Antioquia province, about 25 kilometres from the notorious narcotic centre of Medellín. Police were concerned as Mrs Arango was clearly nothing to do with the cartels or the various far-left insurgent groups in the area. Additionally, it was the case that a number of other women, also with no known links to drugs or politics, had inexplicably disappeared. Among the large number of narco-war and terrorist murders, the missing women did not immediately leap out to police as the work of a potential serial killer. But the number had become too great – it couldn't be put down to insurgents or the cartels any longer.

The trail of Mrs Arango eventually led police to a nearby farm owned by 44-year-old Jaime Iván Martínez Betancourt. Police began to question Betancourt and he soon confessed to killing Mrs Arango. The police pushed a little harder and he then confessed to killing his wife, two children and 16 other people over a period of about a decade. Most of his victims, including his wife and children, were buried at a grisly mass grave on his farm. A search of his farm buildings revealed that he kept souvenirs (bits of jewellery etc) from each victim



“ BETANCOURT CONFESSED TO KILLING HIS WIFE, TWO CHILDREN AND 16 OTHER PEOPLE OVER A PERIOD OF ABOUT A DECADE ”

ABOVE Having fled across the border, in June 1980 Pedro Alonso López is caught and held in Ambato police station, where he confesses to murdering 300 girls in Peru, Ecuador and Colombia

in his house. Betancourt himself was, due to the civil war, a displaced person who had moved to Guarne. His neighbours barely knew him, he was not a ‘mixer’ in the community. He hid his crimes among the transience of Colombian life, for so many drifters and displaced people floated through Guarne. This lack of community ties saw people come and go and, amid the high murder rates that were linked to politics and drugs, many missing people were never reported to the police at all.

It was time for Colombia, a country still ravaged by political and cartel murder, to wake up to another problem – its serial killers.

ROAMING KILLERS

Throughout the worst years of the chaos, serial killers plied their horrible trade. Born in 1930, Daniel Camargo Barbosa is a classic case – abused as a child, ridiculed by being forced to wear girl's clothes, beaten when naughty. He tried to have a normal life but became fixated with the idea that his wife was not a virgin. He began abusing young girls as early as the 1960s. He was caught and served eight years in prison. Freed after his sentence, he swiftly resumed kidnapping and



Jaime Iván Martínez Betancourt is arrested at his home in 2016 for the murder of 20, including his wife and kids, whom he had strangled to death in November 2015

murdering young girls, obsessed with taking their virginity by raping them and killing them. When caught again police claimed they thought he might have raped and killed as many as 80 girls. In 1984, Camargo escaped from prison. He slipped across the porous border and hid in neighbouring Ecuador, where he was eventually convicted of having raped and killed more than 70 more young girls. The true totals will probably never be known.

At one time Camargo was in a Colombian prison cell adjacent to Pedro López. The so-called ‘Monster of the Andes’ was notorious in Colombia and across the border in neighbouring Ecuador. López too had severe problems with women – problems that have been attributed to his having been raised around prostitution and having witnessed male

IS THIS JUSTICE?

ALL THESE MURDERERS WERE FOUND GUILTY OF KILLING DOZENS, BUT THEIR GEOGRAPHIC LOCATION HAS MADE A HUGE DIFFERENCE TO THE SENTENCES THEY WERE GIVEN



PEDRO ALONSO LÓPEZ

VICTIMS: 110+ **ARRESTED:** 1980

SENTENCE: Committed to psychiatric prison for a total of 18 years and then released on \$50 bail

López targeted young girls in Peru, Colombia and Ecuador. He confessed to up to 300 murders and dumped his victims in mass graves.



LUIS ALFREDO GARAVITO CUBILLOS

VICTIMS: 147+ **ARRESTED:** 1999 **SENTENCE:** 22 years

Garavito earned the nickname 'The Beast', his murders of young boys were so horrific. He preyed on orphans, displaced by the civil war, having lost their parents. Their records were lost, nobody cared for them and so their murders were rarely reported.



DANIEL CAMARGO BARBOSA

VICTIMS: 150+ **ARRESTED:** 1986

SENTENCE: 25 years

Camargo Barbosa targeted young girls. He began raping and killing in the mid 1960s and carried on (with occasional prison sentences) until the mid 1980s. He dumped his victims in forests to be eaten by scavenging animals.



MANUEL OCTAVIO BERMÚDEZ

VICTIMS: 50+ **ARRESTED:** 2003 **SENTENCE:** 40 years

Known as the 'Monster of the Cane Fields', Bermúdez admitted to killing 21 children but the police claimed his total murder count was 50 plus. He worked as an ice cream seller and lured children into nearby fields to murder them.

violence against women as a young child. He also claimed to have been repeatedly raped by a man when he was just eight years old. Falling into petty crime, in the capital of Bogotá he was caught and imprisoned. In jail, he claimed he was repeatedly gang-raped by the other inmates.

Out of prison López (like Camargo) took advantage of the chaos in Colombia and the long, easy-to-cross borders with Peru and Ecuador. The insurgencies and narco-terrorism meant the police and army could never find the time or resources to properly secure the border areas. López later claimed that by 1978 he had raped and killed around 100 girls in Peru. Fearing capture he moved on to Ecuador claiming he killed "about three girls a week". The 'Monster of the Andes' was arrested and imprisoned in Ecuador in 1980 and confessed to over 300 murders, many victims of which were confirmed after a flash flood revealed a mass grave.

In both the cases of Daniel Camargo and Pedro López the chaos, instability and lack of resources available to severely overstretched Colombian police and armed forces meant that these men could kill in large numbers and seemingly only got caught by chance. The cases hit the tabloid newspaper headlines across the country. The question the Colombian

public asked, as the political and cartel situation calmed around the turn of the millennium, was just how many mass killers were there out there?

THE BEAST APPEARS

As Colombia emerged from its long civil war and the worst, most chaotic days of the cartels and their reign of terror, so the police could find time to start to delve deeper into missing person cases and discover patterns. In many cases those patterns added up to looking at the long lists of possible dead at the hands of serial killers.

Rewind to 1999 – peace talks had begun, the government in Bogotá met with the leaders of the far-left insurgents FARC and their leader Manuel 'Sureshot' Marulanda. While talks took place, the ceasefire gave the police time to attend to other business beyond the cartels and the insurgencies. A major investigation led to the arrest of 42-year-old Luis Alfredo Garavito Cubillos, who quickly became known across the country as 'La Bestia' (or 'the Beast').

Garavito may just be the world's most prolific serial killer, though it's sadly a crowded and disputed title. He was

**DR HAROLD SHIPMAN****VICTIMS:** 218+ **ARRESTED:** 1998**SENTENCE:** 15 concurrent life sentences

Shipman was a British doctor. He injected his elderly patients with overdoses of drugs that made their deaths look like natural causes. Shipman hanged himself in jail shortly after sentencing.

**YANG XINHAI****VICTIMS:** 67 **ARRESTED:** 2003**SENTENCE:** Execution by gunshot

Yang is China's most prolific serial killer – a country where the idea of a mass murderer came as a profound shock to the state and police. Yang entered his victim's homes at night to kill them.

**TED BUNDY****VICTIMS:** 35 **ARRESTED:** 1978**SENTENCE:** Execution by electrocution

Bundy is seen by many as the original modern day serial killer – handsome, able to get people to trust him but utterly ruthless. His victims were overwhelmingly women and young girls.

**ANDREI CHIKATILO****VICTIMS:** 53 **ARRESTED:** 1990**SENTENCE:** Execution by gunshot

Known as the 'Red Ripper' Chikatilo went on a killing spree across the Soviet Union. He kidnapped, mutilated and murdered mostly women and children.

once generally considered a nice guy, a kind boyfriend who looked after his girlfriend's small child, an even-tempered man. True, his childhood had been rough. He'd been abused (and probably repeatedly raped) by his father and he'd run away from home at 16, but he seemed to have pulled things together as an adult.

But Garavito was in reality a killer who thrived on the chaos of the 1990s in Colombia – moving around the country, disguising himself to avoid leaving a trail, using different names, targeting young boys mostly, victims of the displacement years. Most of the 147 victims he would later confess to (police believe his victims may number twice that) were teenagers, though some boys as young as six were also among his victims. He tortured them – horribly – with anal rape, castration and beheading. He got away with it for so long because the boys were displaced refugees, internal migrants within Colombia often orphaned by the war, runaways with no papers, no proper IDs, nobody watching out for them. The police never even knew the youngsters were missing (lone orphaned kids swarmed the country) until 1997, when a mass grave was found leading to a more formal investigation.

BELOW 51-year-old Maria Arango had met with Jaime Iván Martínez Betancourt before she disappeared. Her watch and some of her jewellery was found on Betancourt's farm, linking him to the murder

Via old bills found in the mass grave the Colombian police eventually tracked the case to Garavito's girlfriend. He had moved on, but left her with a bag to look after. She surrendered it to the police who found it contained details of many of his murders. Garavito was arrested in April 1999. The police can prove nearly 150 murders but they suspect another 150. Garavito, serving his sentence in a secret location to prevent reprisals and assassination attempts – continues to confess to more killings.

WEAKNESSES IN THE JUSTICE SYSTEM

As an increasing number of serial killer cases have emerged from the social chaos of the two decades of civil war and narco-terrorism, so the Colombian public appears to be angry at the country's justice system and its inability to hand down what many would consider fitting penalties. Namely, death or life without parole. Colombia first outlawed the death penalty in 1910 and then reiterated the prohibition in 1991 after calls, during the worst of the war and narco-infighting years, for its re-introduction. Colombia's judges refused the petition and stated, "The right to life is inviolable. There will be no death penalty." Most Latin American states have largely abolished the death penalty and did so early by international standards, in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. However, some nations, such as Brazil, allow for execution during times of war. Colombia has no such exceptions.

Similarly, across Latin America, the concept of life imprisonment ('life' meaning a stay in prison until death without the possibility of parole) has also been abolished. Maximum sentences vary across the continent, and in Colombia it is now 60 years, recently raised from 40. This is what has annoyed people – few serial killers have been sentenced to the maximum possible six decades. Garavito's sentence is technically 60 years but he could get out as early as 2023 having served only 24 years in prison. In 2023 Garavito will be 66 years of age. Most others have served, or are serving, far shorter sentences.

The Garavito controversy has been stoked further by Colombia's more sensationalist tabloid media, which suggested that if he further co-operates with police to uncover bodies and gets time off for good behaviour while in prison, he could be out even earlier. The maths has some people mad as hell: the original 22 year sentence is just over 8,000 days. If Garavito killed 147 people (as confirmed) then that's just 54 days per victim; if he killed 300 (or more, as suspected) then that's a mere 27 days jail time per victim. That has some people in Colombia very angry.





A LONG-TERM FAILURE

But the problems in the justice system relating to mass murderers are not new. Daniel Camargo was convicted in 1974 of raping and killing a nine-year-old girl. Police suspected he may have killed up to 80 girls or more. He was given a 30-year sentence, which was then reduced to 25 years. Later, after escaping from prison, he was captured, re-arrested and admitted to killing 72 girls in Ecuador while on the run. For this he got 25 years in prison (in Ecuador, which has similar sentencing problems as Colombia) in 1989. He was murdered in jail in 1994.

Pedro López's tale is perhaps even more bizarre. Imprisoned in 1980 in Ecuador, the government in Quito released him in 1994 whereupon he was immediately re-arrested by the Colombian authorities at the border, charged with a 20-year-old murder they could prove he had committed and incarcerated in a Bogotá psychiatric hospital for the criminally insane. However, for reasons that remain unclear, López was declared sane once more in 1998 and released on an insignificant US\$50 bail. Unsurprisingly he promptly absconded and disappeared. Now, nobody knows where he is. He has simply vanished, but could well be out there now, somewhere, killing again.

THE LEGACY OF THE YEARS OF CHAOS

Any country or society that has been through a prolonged civil war, exposed its children and young people to horrific

violence, displacement and chaos knows that the whirlwind of social breakdown doesn't end when peace comes. There is a legacy and, in Colombia's case, it is a deadly one.

Jaime Iván Martínez Betancourt is part of that legacy. As is Manuel Octavio Bermúdez. Bermúdez, who would become notorious as the serial killer 'El Monstruo de los Cañaduzales' (or 'the Monster of the Cane Fields'), was born in 1961 in the scenic Cauca Valley, adjacent to the Pacific Ocean. Working as an ice cream seller he befriended young boys who he then drugged, raped and killed. He was a cold-blooded killer but was himself once a boy affected by Colombia's internal politics. His mother was badly psychologically affected by the earlier Colombian civil war that raged from 1948 to 1957. She beat him badly and threw him off the balcony of the family home – leaving Bermúdez with a permanent limp. After being taken away from her he was given to another family – but they were alcoholics who also beat and abused him. Bermúdez confessed to the murders of 21 boys and was sentenced to 40 years in prison in 2004 – the longest sentence the Colombian justice system allowed at that time. The police suspect he actually killed over 300 children.

TOP Narco-terrorism is rife in Colombia and mass graves of executed innocents aren't uncommon. But this one is different. It holds the bodies of a serial killer's wife and children

ABOVE Much of the Colombian public's anger at their seemingly inadequate justice system is related to images such as this – the remains of Jaime Betancourt's two small children are removed from the mass grave he dumped them in

THE KILLING FIELDS

LIFE SEEMS CHEAPER IN COLOMBIA THAN MANY OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD

MURDER RATE

Colombia's annual murder rate per 100,000 people is high, but falling

COLOMBIA EL SALVADOR

24.4 21.2

DISPLACED PEOPLE

Nearly seven years of civil wars have left millions of Colombians homeless

COLOMBIA

7 million

SYRIA

6.6 million

FEMICIDE

Latin America has internationally high rates of murdered women, per 100,000 people

COLOMBIA

6.3

RUSSIA

5.3

GUN KILLINGS

Colombia is awash with firearms. The number of gun-related deaths per 100,000 people a year dwarfs that of the US

COLOMBIA
USA

23.93
3.43

HUMAN TRAFFICKING

Colombia has acquired a nasty reputation for its high annual number of women trafficked into forced prostitution

COLOMBIA

50,000

NIGERIA

30,000

“IT IS LIKELY MORE MASS MURDERERS WILL COME TO LIGHT AS POLICE GET TO GRIPS WITH THE DATA ON THE MISSING AND THE DISPLACED”

Perhaps even more symbolic of the legacy of the years of chaos is Fredy Armando Valencia, born in 1981 at a time of civil strife and a renewed attempt to violently suppress the drug cartels. When Valencia was a young child violence – political, narcotics related, general street crime – was at its height. His early teenage years saw judges and senior policemen regularly assassinated by far-left insurgent groups like M-19. Pablo Escobar was shot and killed in Medellín in 1993 – he was just the best known of the many drug traffickers, and the police fighting them, to violently die in those years. Any sense of moral authority, or right and wrong, was perhaps absent too. The president was deposed for taking cartel money to fund his election campaign and drugs continued to flood the streets.

None of this, of course, can ultimately excuse Valencia's actions, but perhaps they do go some way to explaining the root causes of them. Valencia, by now in his early thirties, was arrested in 2015 in the Bronx neighbourhood of Bogotá, a particularly poor and drug-infested area of the city. He confessed to killing 16 women, the authorities believe the true number of victims is many more. He was swiftly dubbed ‘El Monstruo de Monserrate’ (or ‘the Monster of Monserrate’) after the mountainous region near the Colombian capital where he dumped his victims' corpses.

It seems Valencia did at one point try to live a normal and productive life. He studied chemistry at Bogotá University. But drugs, violence, unemployment and an inability to find suitable work at decent wages all seem to have combined to send him over the edge. He was arrested in Bogotá, walking on the street, with a plastic bag full of severed body parts from his most recent victim.

Valencia was convicted of murdering nine women and initially sentenced to just nine years but the public was

rightly angry, so that sentence was doubled to 18 years, and then doubled again to 36 years imprisonment

WHAT CAN COLOMBIA DO?

As Colombian society continues to normalise after the civil war and the narco-terrorism decades, hopefully it will be a more peaceful country. However, the legacy of those years means that it is likely more mass murderers and serial killers will come to light and be apprehended, as police get to grips with the data on the missing and the displaced.

It is not the case that Colombian courts don't understand that murder demands harsh penalties. In March 2018 Rafael Uribe Noguera received a 51-year sentence for murdering seven-year-old Yuliana Andrea Samboní. It was a high-profile case in the country – Noguera was Colombian and rich, Samboní was a child, a girl and from a poor, disadvantaged indigenous tribal community. That tribe had been displaced during the civil war, impoverished by losing its lands and forced to eke out a living in Bogotá.

Campaigners around the issue of violence against women felt that Noguera should have got a 60-year sentence. He didn't. However, as we've seen, serial killers whose victims number in the hundreds have received substantially lighter sentences. Of course, it's impossible to weigh the murder of one innocent girl against the murder of hundreds of innocent people. Who is the worst killer? It's a zero-sum game that gets us nowhere. Similarly, few beyond the tabloids want to reintroduce the death penalty. In a system with widespread corruption, weak policing and problems in the judicial system, it's too easy to make a mistake. But, when it comes to Colombia's legacy of serial killers, a growing number of people would like to see life mean life with no parole.

SOMETHING'S AFOOT IN THE SALISH SEA

SINCE 2007, 21 INDIVIDUAL HUMAN FEET HAVE WASHED UP ALONG A STRETCH OF THE NORTHWEST US AND CANADIAN COASTS, PROMPTING RUMOURS OF SERIAL KILLERS, THE PARANORMAL, AND SPOOKY COINCIDENCE

WRITTEN BY BEN BIGGS

The first was discovered in summer 2007, in similar circumstances to the rest: a 12-year-old girl from nearby Washington State was visiting the marine provincial park of Jedediah Island, when she found a size 12 (US) right-footed Adidas Campus trainer. Inside the trainer was a sock bulked out with something, rather like the paper wadding inside a new shoe. She shook it out. Inside the sock was a human foot, thoroughly decomposed and long since disarticulated at the ankle. If this was a work of fiction then the girl would have gagged at the sickly odour and then clasped her hand over her mouth, dropping the shoe in a moment of traumatic realisation. But time and tide had stripped this appendage of most of its flesh and the last vestiges of its humanity. It won't have smelled any worse than a dead crab or small sea creature. It was black and shrivelled, scraps of what looked like shoe leather clung to it. It didn't look very much like anything you'd expect to see inside a sock, so her first reaction would as likely have been confusion as anything else. Discovering a single shoe on a beach is common enough, and no-one anticipates finding the former owner's foot inside. To the girl this shoe had a sock containing what looked like an innocuous, wrinkly stump. Once she got past her

cognitive dissonance, she might have felt repulsed and unnerved, but it would have been hard for anyone even of a nervous disposition to muster up horror from a nub of bone poking out of sock, found on the beach on a glorious summer's day.

The next foot was found just five days after the first, another size 12 inside a white Reebok trainer. This time it was washed up on Gabriola Island, which is the other side of the strait. Like the first, it was completely decayed and otherwise unremarkable. News of this discovery failed to ripple beyond local waters, as did the next, and the next after that. Find number five garnered some international attention, but that was not the end. Equally grim discoveries of feet followed and seemed to increase in frequency so that three years later, rumour and speculation was

“ INSIDE THE SOCK WAS A HUMAN FOOT, THOROUGHLY DECOMPOSED AND LONG SINCE DISARTICULATED AT THE ANKLE ”

BELOW From high above, the twist of the inlet and dozens of islands that make up the Salish Sea can be seen easily



© NASA

BELOW The shores of the Salish Sea aren't a classic seaside scene: wild weather can turn on hikers and explorers



FOOTLOOSE

HOW ANIMALS AND THE ELEMENTS SEPARATE A FOOT FROM THE BODY, BRINGING IT TO SHORE



UNLUCKY FEW

Many of the feet are attributable to victims of suicide, drowning, or accident. Despite using DNA samples and other modern forensic techniques, there are few of these feet that can't be accounted for.



BREAKING DOWN

The elements and animals in the sea make short work of the victim's body, which decomposes rapidly. Crabs and lobsters pick away at the softer parts of the cadaver, eventually pinching apart the sinew and dismembering limbs.



Illustrations by: Kym Winters

WASHED UP

Feet don't usually float but some trainers do. Eventually the Salish Sea feet would have bobbed to the surface of the sea inside the trainer and found their way on a current to the shore.



churning. People saw a pattern and started to fill in the spaces between the lines with their own dubious and often purely fantastic theories.

Foot number ten was discovered on 5 December 2010, on a long, sandy flat in Tacoma, Washington State. It was inside a size 6 boys hiking boot that could have fitted a small adult. But the possibility that it could have come from a child was a more troubling prospect for the local community. Foot number 11 was the most gruesome in this series: the size 9 running shoe and foot was still attached to a limb right up to the knee. Nothing but a blackened tibia and fibula stuck out of a dirty grey sock in the mouth of the shoe, but that was enough for it to be recognisable for what it was at first sight. Fished out of a marina in False Creek, Vancouver, it set the tongues of the city's maritime community wagging. This is when the stories and rumours of the Salish Sea feet began to pick up serious traction as news outlets across the ocean, respectable and otherwise, began to report on the apparently strange frequency with which the feet were being found. Strange to almost everyone except the scientists and investigators who know the area.

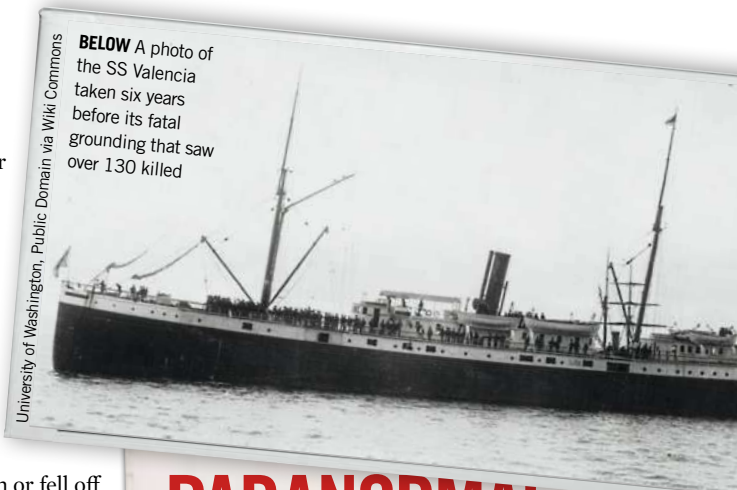
Dr Gail Anderson is a forensic entomologist and associate director at the School of Criminology at Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, in British Columbia. Her research includes studying the decomposition of pig carcasses, which are analogous to a human corpse, at various depths in one of the Salish Sea's many inlets. It gives her rare expert insight in the feet phenomenon. She's dismissive of the many chilling theories surrounding the fact the area seems to attract a disproportionate number of disarticulated feet to its shores, and gives a simple explanation for it: "Once the soft tissue is removed,

then there is very little holding the foot on: think of an X-ray of an ankle. The running shoe holds all the small bones in the shoe and is a flotation device. Soft tissue is most likely eaten by arthropods – crabs, shrimp, amphipods, etc. The Salish Sea is in between the mainland and a very large island so this no doubt affects tidal patterns. Running shoes have lots of air in them and float. So once the foot is disarticulated, then it can be carried by the tide. The rest of the body would also be disarticulated by animal scavenging or water action but would not refloat once skeletonised. Notice that no feet alone have been washed up – it is the running shoes that are being washed up – some just happen to have remains inside them. Running shoes wash up all the time. The first foot was found by a child in a running shoe on a beach in an area where there were several other running shoes as well – just no feet – that probably washed from a beach or fell off a boat."

You don't have to dig very deep to find mundane and conclusive reasons for the suspicious quantity of feet that have washed ashore in this area over the years. Police have linked many of the disembodied feet to suicides or "death by misadventure". Forensics have been able to match DNA profiles to other human remains that have a positive identification, or have narrowed the trainer brand and model down with such precision that it unerringly points to one particular missing person.

The public didn't let science and reason get in the way of a good story, however. Many of the Salish Sea

feet haven't been conclusively matched to anyone, missing or otherwise. So enough doubt has been left in official police reports and expert opinion to give rise to theories of serial killers, drug cartel executions and paranormal activity. Some official statements have appeared to support the more



BELOW A photo of the SS Valencia taken six years before its fatal grounding that saw over 130 killed

PARANORMAL ACTIVITY

GHOST STORIES SURROUND THE SALISH FEET, WHETHER THEY'VE BEEN IDENTIFIED OR NOT

For those more inclined to flight of fancy, the Salish Sea feet and the places where they've been found come with their own crop of spooky rumours, from unexplained phenomena to full-on ghost stories. Reports of eerie mists rising off the beach at night and cold spots on the exact places where the feet were found have taken root in the public consciousness. This supposed paranormal activity has been conflated with native legends and more recent historical events, such as that of the SS Valencia, a steam ship that hit rocks three miles from Pachena Point at the mouth of the Juan de Fuca Strait, on 22 January 1906. It took two days for rough seas to rip the stricken ship apart, during which time dozens of passengers drowned. One survivor described a horrifying scene in which bare-footed women in night dresses clung to their children on the deck. A phantom ship has been seen by sailors in the area in the century since, and one of the missing life rafts was supposed to have been found drifting and unscathed, 26 years after the SS Valencia sunk, in 1933.

“ ENOUGH DOUBT EXISTS TO GIVE RISE TO THEORIES OF SERIAL KILLERS AND CARTEL EXECUTIONS ”



BELOW A few of the Southern Gulf Islands in British Columbia, wild territory in the region

Creative Commons, Wikipedia, Jura, Tatár

outlandish of these theories: after the first two finds in 2007, Corporal Garry Cox of the Oceanside Royal Canadian Mounted Police told the Vancouver Sun: "Two being found in such a short period of time is quite suspicious. Finding one foot is like a million to one odds, but to find two is crazy."

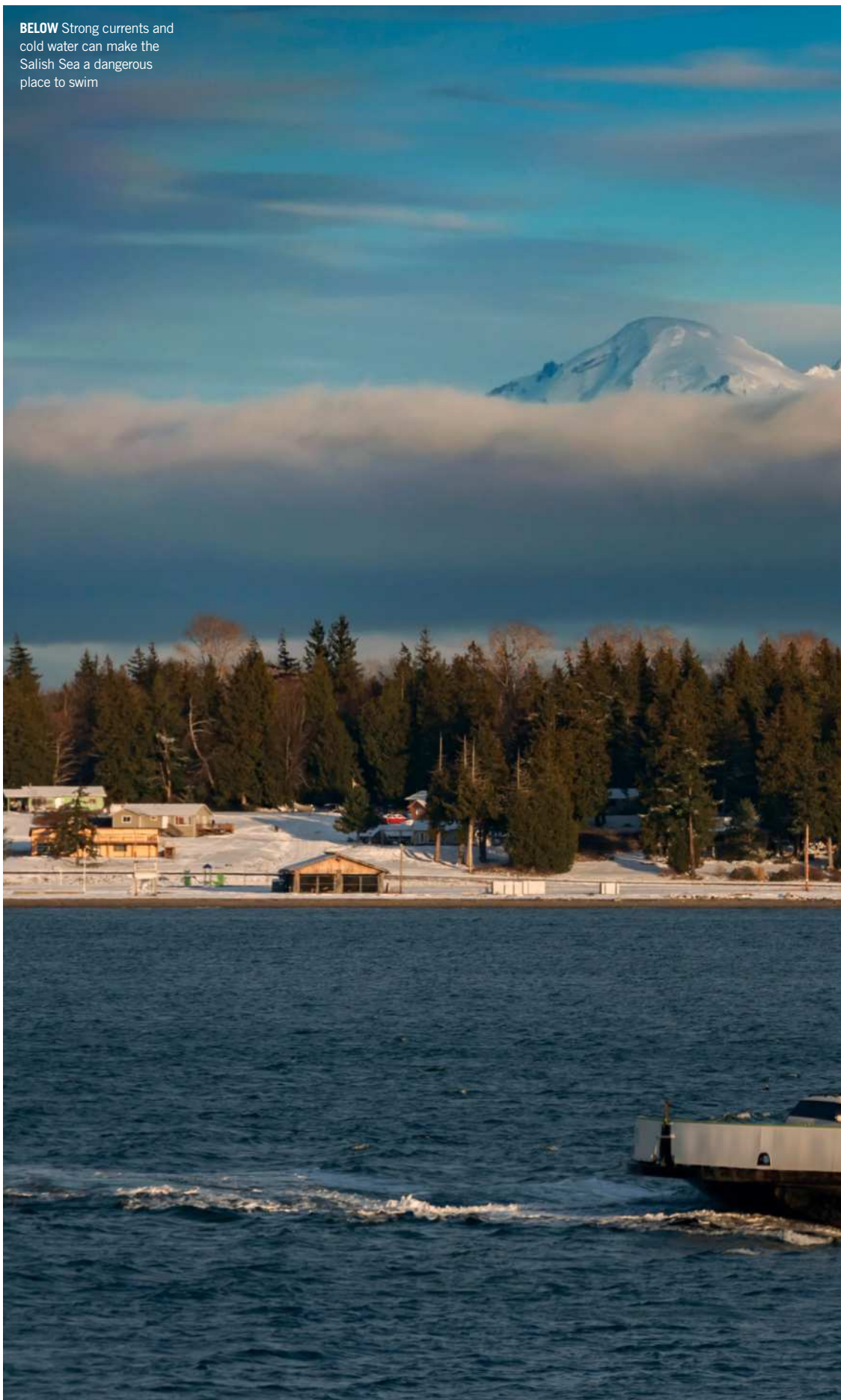
Of the 21 individual feet found on the shore or in the water in the last 14 years, less than half have been identified and none of these came from people who died in suspicious circumstances. That still leaves a dozen or so feet that can't be traced to an individual, which means murder can't be ruled out by the police in any of these cases. One of the more fanciful theories is of a Zodiac-style West Coast serial killer, who cuts the feet off their victims and drops them in the water, leaving them to be found on beaches as a sickening calling card.

The geography and history of the region around the Salish Sea also plays a role in the generation of the mythos. The indigenous Coast Salish population have inhabited the area for thousands of years, long before the Lewis and Clark Expedition found its way over the Rocky Mountains to this side of the continent. So the region is steeped in legends of monsters and the supernatural. Outside the populous port cities of Vancouver and Seattle, there are thousands of miles of temperate coastline that have their own rugged beauty – but they're no Californian beach dream. On a backdrop of breathtaking mountain ranges, the mainland shores and many islands can be treacherous to reach by foot, where crumbling cliffs and wicked rip tides can turn against an intrepid hiker in an instant. Temperature is mild in the summer, plunging to a little above freezing in the winter. This wild country lures you in with the promise of unparalleled natural beauty, but can easily take ill-prepared hikers and swimmers unawares. It's no wonder that people prefer to believe that something far more sinister than nature is at work here.

The fact that more feet have been found in the last decade than ever before can be explained in part by the widespread reporting of the phenomenon. In a vicious cycle, the more feet that are found, the more media attention it receives, and the more inclined some beachcombers will be to seek out old trainers washed ashore. Dr Anderson says that disarticulated feet in shoes can be found on shorelines around the world and that it's common in New Zealand, for example. "When it first hit headlines it was something like two or three feet that had washed up that were all male... everyone remembers those first media releases that made it all sound so spooky. People still say to me, 'but weren't they, like, all left feet?' No – but that is what sticks in people's minds."

Fuelled over the years by further grim finds and many snowballing fringe theories, the Salish Sea feet story has taken on a familiar kind of cult status that could be compared to the UFO conspiracy theories around Area 51. Maybe the real mystery in the Salish Sea feet phenomenon isn't in the grisly secrets this feral stretch of the northeast Pacific occasionally deposits along its shores, but why it's still subject to such mythologising.

BELOW Strong currents and cold water can make the Salish Sea a dangerous place to swim





INTERVIEW

CARTEL WIVES

'FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE, FOR RICHER, FOR POORER': WHEN OLIVIA AND MIA FLORES MADE THESE PROMISES AND MARRIED TWO HIGH-RANKING DRUG LORDS THEY COULDN'T IMAGINE HOW THEIR VOWS WOULD BE TESTED TO THEIR LIMITS

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

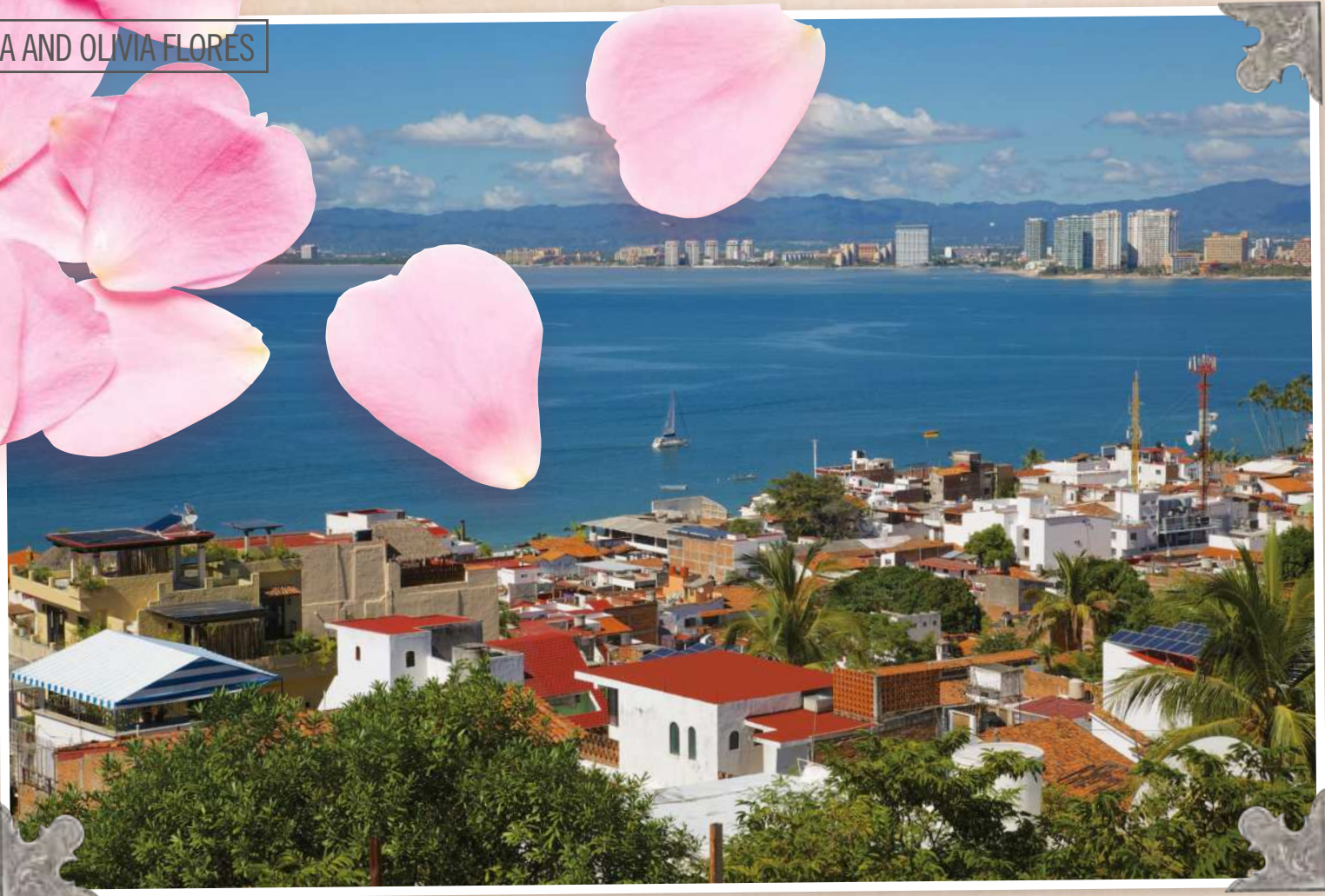




BIO | MIA AND OLIVIA FLORES

Mia and Olivia Flores are currently in hiding awaiting the release of their husbands from a US prison. Their book *Cartel Wives: The True Story of How An Extraordinary Family Brought Down El Chapo And The Sinaloa Drug Cartel* is available from atlanticbooks.co.uk





Listening to Mia and Olivia Flores talk about their husbands, they're clearly madly in love. But at present their spouses Peter and Margarito Flores Jr. sit behind bars, serving 14 years for their roles as top-ranking narco traffickers. The women, who are both the daughters of law enforcement officials, met the twin brothers while the men were running a drug empire in their hometown of Chicago. Shortly after meeting Mia and Olivia, the brothers became wanted men in the US when their safe houses were busted, forcing all four of them to flee to Mexico. Beyond the border the twins' thriving drug business caught the attention of the king of kingpins, El Chapo, who made them part of his most trusted inner circle, as did other big cartel names such as the Beltrán Leyva Organization and El Mayo. Olivia and Mia begged their husbands to leave the cartel life behind, but power and money are narcotically compelling, and that day was a very long time in coming.

When the US war on drugs threatened the Flores clan in 2008, the brothers made a decision that would guarantee their family a degree of safety, but it would mean they could never completely rest easy again. Turning themselves over to the government, the men agreed to record El Chapo and help the FBI bring him to a US courtroom. There, the Flores brothers testified against El Chapo and other men who had grown to trust them, before being sentenced themselves.

Today the wives are in hiding, posing as single soccer mums somewhere in the US. Mia and Olivia (not their real

ABOVE Olivia, Mia and their husbands regularly vacationed at a villa on the outskirts of Puerto Vallarta, a neighbourhood that is frequently visited by celebrities such as Joe Francis, creator of *Girls Gone Wild*, and the star-studded Kardashian family

TOP RIGHT Speaking to *Fox News* about their lives while donned in wigs and glasses to hide their identities, Mia (left) and Olivia (right) spoke of how they fear for their lives because of their husbands' actions against the cartel

BOTTOM RIGHT Speaking about the glamour of being a narco wife, portrayed in TV series such as the Netflix hit *Narcos*, Mia said many Mexican women believed that the life was a justifiable way out of poverty

names of course) told **Real Crime** the true story of how they fell in love with criminals, what it's like to see El Chapo's power first-hand and why, having experienced unimaginable wealth, the wives crave a life of normality when their husbands finally come home.

Why did you decide to stay with these men, knowing what they were doing?

MIA: I stayed because I was in love with my husband. I was the most precious person to this man, and when you think about it, people stay in relationships for all the wrong reasons, so why can't I stay with him for the right reasons? My husband treated me like a queen, and he never let money or the power get the best of him. In reality I absolutely couldn't see my life without him. I looked past everything that he did, and to this very day I still feel the same way as I did all those years ago, so it was easy for me to be with him because of the person that he is – he didn't let what he did for a living define him.

OLIVIA: When I first met Junior I fell in love with his personality. He was respectful and supportive, and he always put me on a pedestal the same way that my dad did with my mum. I was married twice before I married Junior. My first husband went to prison for drug conspiracy, and then my second husband was murdered because he too was involved in this drug world. So when I met Junior after my husband had passed away, I couldn't understand why he was even in this lifestyle. He was smart and intelligent, he could have been anything he wanted, but he chose to be a drug trafficker. I felt like it was my obligation to save him because I didn't want to see him spend the rest of his life in prison like my first husband or murdered like my second.

Early on in our relationship we went on vacation to Mexico. I knew I wanted to spend the rest of my life with

“HE'S A CRIMINAL AND ONE OF THE BIGGEST DRUG DEALERS IN THE US, BUT HE WAS THE MOST HONEST AND LOVING GENTLEMAN”



him, so I convinced him to live there, and I knew I could convince him eventually to stop trafficking drugs. Two months later the feds hijacked their safe house in Chicago and indicted them on drug conspiracy charges. That's when Peter flew out to Mexico, so at that point they were fugitives. I felt like, in due time, he would see it my way. But when I would finally start to get through to him something else would happen, like his brother getting kidnapped or his dad getting kidnapped. There was always something happening – it was like he got sucked into a vacuum cleaner.

Both of you came from quite humble backgrounds. What was it like being married into this lifestyle?

MIA: My father was a Chicago police officer, so two men that I love and respect are polar opposites. On one hand my father was putting on his uniform and protecting the streets of Chicago, and on the other hand the man I loved was committed to the exact opposite: he was flooding the streets of Chicago with drugs, and it was hard for me. Today, when I think about my husband I have no regrets who I chose to marry – he's a criminal and one of the biggest drug dealers in the US, but he was the most honest and loving gentleman I had ever met. It was difficult for me to be a part of that life because I knew nothing about it – I was raised to be a good citizen. I went to college, I wanted to be a court reporter and hope to have a law degree one day, but you can't help who you fall in love with.

OLIVIA: Even though I came from this family of law enforcement I was always attracted to the bad boys. I was

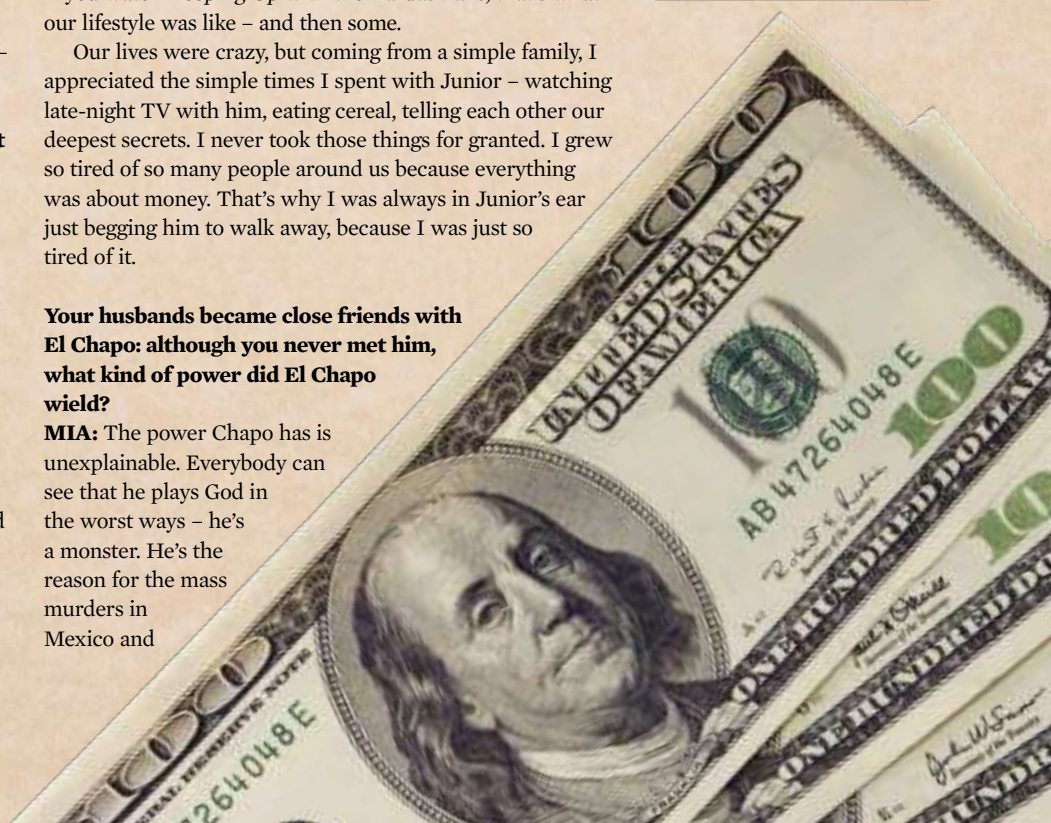
always intrigued by the fast life, which meant fast money and fast cars, but when I was married to Junior it was like a whole new ballgame. I've lived a luxurious life like you only see in movies. We lived in mansions, we had staff, housekeepers, personal assistants, chefs, security, we had every luxury car. We had money beyond our wildest dreams. If you watch *Keeping Up with the Kardashians*, that's what our lifestyle was like – and then some.

Our lives were crazy, but coming from a simple family, I appreciated the simple times I spent with Junior – watching late-night TV with him, eating cereal, telling each other our deepest secrets. I never took those things for granted. I grew so tired of so many people around us because everything was about money. That's why I was always in Junior's ear just begging him to walk away, because I was just so tired of it.

Your husbands became close friends with El Chapo: although you never met him, what kind of power did El Chapo wield?

MIA: The power Chapo has is unexplainable. Everybody can see that he plays God in the worst ways – he's a monster. He's the reason for the mass murders in Mexico and

ABOVE The women had their own star-studded lives outside of their husbands' worlds. For example, as a successful record producer, Olivia rubbed shoulders with the likes of Kanye West and Swiss Beatz



here in the United States too, not to mention the innocent victims whose lives were taken because of the drugs and the war. Even to this day it just keeps getting worse. I don't see any sign of it getting better. When our husbands cooperated I felt like they put a dent in these top cartel officials – who are now in prison – but is it really going to stop? I don't think so. I think there's always going to be someone trying to be better and somebody trying to sell more drugs and be the next best thing to Chapo.

OLIVIA: I felt like the day they decided to work with Chapo they signed a deal with the devil – I knew he was never going to let them go, especially as they were such big assets to him. I say this because Chapo wanted his drugs in the US, and our husbands gave him free range of that. Chapo was so powerful that he rescued us when the Mexican FBI kidnapped us.

My husband had these passwords, and if they were to ever get pulled over, these passwords let law enforcement know they were connected to Chapo and they just let us go. They pretty much had free range of Mexico because of the relationship they had with Chapo. It was insane. Out there, I have never witnessed anything crazier in my life. Chapo was just so powerful I felt like he ran that country.

When your husbands decided to become informants, what was your reaction?

MIA: To tell you the truth, the only thing I was worried about at that time was that my husband was going to go to prison for a while. Nothing was promised to us, so I just knew he was going to go to prison, and I wasn't going to see him for a while. The district attorney, my brother-in-law, my husband, the US attorneys and the lawyers were constantly on the phone every day, so I think that's when reality hit us.

We had so many close calls and very intense, unimaginable moments. It became frightening when our husbands were walking around with the little earplugs in their ears and recording conversations with the top-ranking cartel members. I knew that if any of the cartel members got wind of what we were doing they would come and kill us all in the most unimaginable ways. Olivia and I were both pregnant, so it was just a really scary time in our lives.

OLIVIA: I felt conflicted. I wanted my husband to do the right thing, but I was terrified that they were going to have to testify against the most violent narco terrorists in the world. To this day I feel relieved that it's finally over, and my husband's alive and won't spend the rest of his life in prison.

I'm so happy that one day we are going to be able to have a regular life – the life that I have always dreamt of. It makes it worth it, but I knew it was a decision that was not going to be easy. I knew that we were going to have to live with



this for the rest of our lives. As much as I wanted normalcy for the children and to give them the simple life that I grew up with, I knew that it was going to be far from that, just because of the responsibility he was going to take on to bring Chapo to a US courtroom and testify against him. That's probably the most courageous, bravest thing that somebody would ever want to do.

Thanks to the information your husbands provided, the US authorities were able to catch up with El Chapo and other high-ranking individuals who at one stage had tried to protect you. Were you troubled by this at all?

MIA: No not at all. People might say what our husbands did was the ultimate betrayal, but really there's absolutely no loyalty in that life. The only things that they have loyalty to is to themselves and their money – they will kill you if you lose just \$1 of theirs. Maybe there is a part of cooperating with the feds that is shameful, but the decision that they made was for our family. I'm actually proud: when you think about it our husbands made it to the very top of their careers, and they just lost it without blinking an eye, and they didn't turn back. If Chapo was able to make a deal today to save himself, he would, but that's not going to be an option for him.

“THE POWER CHAPO HAS IS UNEXPLAINABLE. EVERYBODY CAN SEE THAT HE PLAYS GOD IN THE WORST WAYS – HE’S A MONSTER”

HE GOT IT FROM THE FLORES BROTHERS

EL CHAPO ALREADY KNEW HOW TO RUN A SUCCESSFUL DRUG BUSINESS, BUT THAT'S NOT TO SAY HE DIDN'T LEARN A THING OR TWO FROM HIS ASSOCIATES ALONG THE WAY

Actor, activist and journalist Sean Penn was the only reporter ever granted an interview with El Chapo. His story, printed in *Rolling Stone* magazine, caught the attention of Olivia and Mia when Penn mentioned the dozens of labelled 'burner' phones Chapo had – each one for a different person that needed to contact him.

“When we lived in Mexico our husbands had 30 or 40 different burner phones,” Olivia told **Real Crime**. “They would put different names on the back of the phones. When we read

the Sean Penn interview, and he said he got this from Chapo, we knew this was from our husbands. Chapo never even got on a phone until he met our husbands. He was very intrigued by the way that they did business and navigated the US, so he started picking up little things from them. This is an intelligent man, I'm not taking anything from him, but honestly, he got all these little quirks from our husbands. He was very intrigued by how they ran their business and picked a lot of those things up.”



OLIVIA: At first of course it was troublesome, because our husbands were close to a lot of these people. I know that Chapo looked at our husbands like his own sons, practically. So at first for me it was very troublesome. But today, now that I'm not in that world and see a clearer picture of it, it's not troublesome because our husbands decided to do the right thing, morally and lawfully. The cartels are violent people – they were only protecting our husbands because they were huge assets to them, but the tables could have turned at any moment. The same day they protected them could have been the day they killed them and not lost any sleep over it.

You're both now in hiding. How does it compare to your former life? How safe are you in the future?

MIA: We were living a life that was so fast that it blinds you until the situation slaps you right in the face, and you realise that every great moment in our life was always overshadowed by a horrifying moment. It was just one bad thing after another, and we could never savour a happy moment. Today I do feel more endangered, definitely, but now there's a good reason behind it – we're away from that life. I think that we gave our children a better life, and hopefully we'll get through it and have a 'happily ever after'.

OLIVIA: We tried to change our life to live a normal, simple life, and it's ironic because we are never going to have that. I'm constantly looking out of my blinds – I can never rest well. I have been picked up and moved across the country several times by the government. In one instance a private investigator actually found me, and I had to live in a hotel room with my young children for six months.

We have to remember our lies, and we cannot get close to anyone. The only real friend I have is Mia, because she lived the exact same life as I did, and she's going through the exact same things that I am. We keep our children in this bubble: they don't know what happened, they don't even know their father's real name because I'm afraid they might Google him. We say their dad is there [in prison] because he didn't pay his taxes. It's crazy we have to live like this, but when they're old enough to know, we have a lot of explaining to do.

If you could go back and do it all again, would you still make the same decisions?

MIA: I met my husband when we were just kids, and if I could go back in time I would have tried to change his mind

SENDING A MESSAGE

THE WIVES STILL FEAR FOR THE LIVES OF THEIR FAMILY AND THEY HAVE EVERY REASON TO, GIVEN THE CARTEL'S VIOLENT HISTORY

KEEPING SCORE

Hugo Hernandez was kidnapped on 2 January 2010. His body was cut into seven pieces and his face stitched to a football. A message attached read, "Have a happy New Year. It will be your last." It is thought that this was a warning to Sinaloa's rivals the Juarez drug cartel.

SNITCHES GET STITCHES

In 2014 a video was released showing two men who were revealed on camera as being Sinaloa cartel members who had become 'dedos' (Spanish for snitches). In the footage one man is beheaded with a chainsaw, and in the process his friend's arm is sliced off, before he's beheaded himself.

DECAPITATED AND DUMPED

The decapitated bodies of 15 young men aged between 15 and 25 were found near a shopping mall in Acapulco. Three messages signed by Chapo were found alongside the bodies warning against criminal groups fighting his organisation.

about his choice of life, but unfortunately you can't go back. I regret that it took so many years and so much heartache to finally realise that we wanted to change our life.

OLIVIA: I definitely would make the same decisions, I just think there are certain things we probably would have done differently. When we were there in Mexico there was no plan for Mia and I. The day that our husbands decided to turn themselves in, we were basically stranded out there. We had to get out of the country as soon as we could. We uprooted ourselves and took off for the border hoping that we would make it. The border is so cartel infested – Chapo has eyes and ears everywhere, he runs that country. Mia and I didn't know if we would make it out. I wish there was a better plan for all of us so we didn't have to feel like we only had ourselves to survive that situation, get out of that place and stay alive.

But as for the decision they made to cooperate, I would stand by that, because I feel that they chose to do the right thing, and that's important to me. I finally got what I wanted, but I didn't think it would be like this – I thought one day he would be able to just get up and walk away. But that didn't happen, we had to go through a lot more.

TOP LEFT The wives never met drug lord El Chapo, because his safeguarded home in the Mexican mountains did not permit the visitation of women unless they were El Chapo's wives and whores

BELOW LEFT Both wives were devastated when Judge Ruben Castillo sentenced the twins to 14 years each behind bars but were relieved it wasn't longer

BELOW RIGHT After the twins' drug indictments, Olivia and Junior fled the US to their family's ranch in San Juan, a few hours away from Guadalajara. As they enjoyed a simplistic life in Mexico, Olivia decided that she wanted to remain in the country with Junior, who happily agreed

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WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE RICH AND FAMOUS BECOME INFAMOUS?

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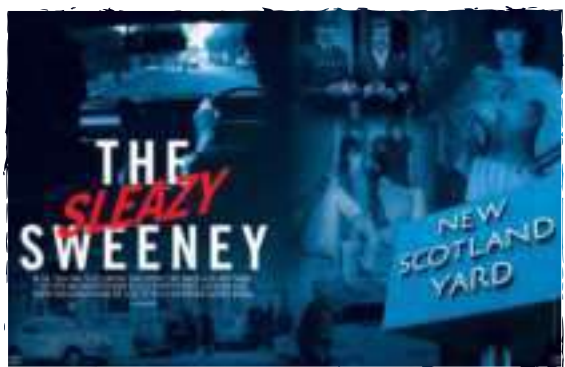
MILWAUKEE MONSTER

HOW DID JEFFREY DAHMER LURE
17 VICTIMS INTO HIS LAIR?



BODY SNATCHERS

BURKE AND HARE WOULD DO ANYTHING
FOR MONEY - INCLUDING MURDER



CORRUPT COPS

CRIME, CORRUPTION AND COVER-UPS
IN LONDON'S DARK UNDERBELLY



FOOTLOOSE

WHY DO HUMAN FEET KEEP WASHING
ASHORE IN THE SALISH SEA?